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THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

CONTAINING

THE TEMPEST.
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.
A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

LONDON:

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TEMPEST.*

* TEMPEST.] *The Tempeſt* and *The Midſummer Night's Dream* are the nobleſt efforts of that ſublime and amazing imagination peculiar to Shakſpeare, which ſoars above the bounds of nature, without forſaking ſenſe; or, more properly, carries nature along with him beyond her eſtabliſhed limits. Fletcher ſeems particularly to have admired theſe two plays, and hath wrote two in imitation of them, *The Sea Voyage* and *The Faithful Shepherdeſs*. But when he preſumes to break a lance with Shakſpeare, and write in emulation of him, as he does in *The Falſe One*, which is the rival of *Antony and Cleopatra*, he is not ſo ſucceſsful. After him, Sir John Suckling and Milton catched the brighteſt fire of their imagination from theſe two plays; which ſhines fantaſtically indeed in *The Goblins*, but much more nobly and ſerenely in *The Maſk at Ludlow Caſtle*.

WARBURTON.

No one has hitherto been lucky enough to diſcover the romance on which Shakſpeare may be ſuppoſed to have founded this play, the beauties of which could not ſecure it from the criticiſm of Ben Jonſon, whoſe malignity appears to have been more than equal to his wit. In the introduction to *Bartholomew Fair*, he ſays: "If there be never a *ſervant monſter* in the fair, who can help it, he ſays, nor a neſt of *antiques?* He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like thoſe that beget *Tales, Tempeſts*, and ſuch like drolleries." STEEVENS.

I was informed by the late Mr. Collins of Chicheſter, that Shakſpeare's *Tempeſt*, for which no origin is yet aſſigned, was formed on a romance called *Aurelio and Iſabella*, printed in Italian, Spaniſh, French, and Engliſh, in 1588. But though this information has not proved true on examination, an uſeful concluſion may be drawn from it, that Shakſpeare's ſtory is ſomewhere to be found in an Italian novel, at leaſt that the ſtory preceded Shakſpeare. Mr. Collins had ſearched this ſubject with no leſs fidelity than judgement and induſtry; but his memory failing in his laſt calamitous indiſpoſition, he probably gave me the name of one novel for another. I remember he added a circumſtance, which may lead to a diſcovery,—that the principal character of the romance, anſwering to Shakſpeare's Proſpero, was a chemical necromancer, who had bound a ſpirit like Ariel to obey his call, and perform his ſervices. It was a common pretence of dealers in the occult ſciences to have a demon at command. At leaſt Aurelio, or Orelio, was probably one of the names of this romance, the production and multiplicity of gold being the grand object of alchemy. Taken at large, the magical part of the *Tempeſt* is founded on that ſort of philoſophy which was practiſed by John Dee and his aſſociates, and

has been called the Roſicrucian. The name Ariel came from the Talmudiſtick myſteries with which the learned Jews had infected this ſcience. T. Warton.

Mr. Theobald tells us, that *The Tempeſt* muſt have been written after 1609, becauſe the Bermuda Iſlands, which are mentioned in it, were unknown to the Engliſh until that year; but this is a miſtake. He might have ſeen in Hackluyt, 1600, folio, a deſcription of Bermuda, by Henry May, who was ſhipwrecked there in 1593.

It was however one of our author's laſt works. In 1598, he played a part in the original *Every Man in his Humour*. Two of the characters are *Proſpero* and *Stephano*. Here Ben Jonſon taught him the pronunciation of the latter word, which is always *right* in *The Tempeſt*:

"Is not this *Stephăno*, my drunken butler?"

And always *wrong* in his earlier play, *The Merchant of Venice*, which had been on the ſtage at leaſt two or three years before its publication in 1600:

"My friend *Stephāno*, ſignify I pray you," &c.

—So little did Mr. Capell know of his author, when he idly ſuppoſed his *ſchool literature* might perhaps have been loſt by the *diſſipation of youth*, or the *buſy ſcene* of publick life! Farmer.

This play muſt have been written before 1614, when Jonſon ſneers at it in his *Bartholomew Fair*. In the latter plays of Shakſpeare, he has leſs of pun and quibble than in his early ones. In *The Merchant of Venice*, he expreſsly declares againſt them. This perhaps might be one criterion to diſcover the dates of his plays. Blackstone.

See Mr. Malone's *Attempt to aſcertain the Order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, and a Note on *The cloud-capp'd towers*, &c. Act IV.

Steevens.

*PERSONS REPRESENTED.**

Alonſo, *king of* Naples.
Sebaſtian, *his brother.*
Proſpero, *the rightful Duke of* Milan.
Antonio, *his brother, the uſurping Duke of* Milan.
Ferdinand, *ſon to the king of* Naples.
Gonzalo, *an honeſt old counſellor of* Naples.
Adrian, } *lords.*
Franciſco, }
Caliban, *a ſavage and deformed ſlave.*
Trinculo, *a jeſter.*
Stephano, *a drunken butler.*
Maſter of a ſhip, Boatſwain, and Mariners.

Miranda, *daughter to* Proſpero.

Ariel, *an airy ſpirit.*
Iris, }
Ceres, }
Juno, } *ſpirits.*
Nymphs, }
Reapers, }

Other ſpirits attending on Proſpero.

SCENE, the ſea, with a ſhip; afterwards an uninhabited iſland.

* This enumeration of perſons is taken from the folio 1623.
STEEVENS.

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TEMPEST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

On a Ship at Sea.

A Storm with Thunder and Lightning.

Enter a Ship-maſter *and a* Boatſwain.

Master. Boatſwain,[1]—

Boats. Here, maſter: What cheer?

Mast. Good: Speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely,[2] or we run ourſelves aground: beſtir, beſtir. [*Exit.*

[1] *Boatſwain,*] In this naval dialogue, perhaps the firſt example of ſailor's language exhibited on the ſtage, there are, as I have been told by a ſkilful navigator, ſome inaccuracies and contradictory orders. Johnson.

The foregoing obſervation is founded on a miſtake. Theſe orders ſhould be conſidered as given, not at once, but ſucceſſively, as the emergency required. One attempt to ſave the ſhip failing, another is tried. Malone.

[2] ——*fall to't* yarely,] i. e. Readily, nimbly. Our author is frequent in his uſe of this word. So, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix:* "They'll make his muſe as *yare* as a tumbler." Steevens.

Here it is applied as a ſea-term, and in other parts of the ſcene. So he uſes the adjective, Act V. ſc. v: "Our ſhip is tight and *yare.*" And in one of the *Henries:* "*yare* are our ſhips." To this day the ſailors ſay, "ſit *yare* to the helm." Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra,* Act II. ſc. iii: "The tackles *yarely* frame the office." T. Warton.

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: Take in the top-ſail; Tend to the maſter's whiſtle.—Blow, till thou burſt thy wind,[3] if room enough!

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, *and others.*

Alon. Good boatſwain, have care. Where's the maſter? Play the men.[4]

[3] *Blow, till thou burſt* thy *wind,* &c.] Perhaps it might be read: *Blow, till thou burſt, wind, if room enough.* Johnson.

Perhaps rather—*Blow, till thou burſt* thee, *wind! if room enough.* Beaumont and Fletcher have copied this paſſage in *The Pilgrim:*

" ——— *Blow, blow weſt wind,*
" *Blow till thou rive!*"

Again, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre,* 1609:

" 1*ſt. Sailor.* Blow, and *ſplit thyſelf!*"

Again, in *K. Lear:*

" Blow, winds, and *burſt your* cheeks!"

Again, in Chapman's verſion of the fifth book of Homer's *Odyſſey:*

" Such as might ſhield them from the winter's worſt,
" Though ſteel it breath'd, and *blew as it would burſt.*"

Again, in Fletcher's *Double Marriage:*

" ——— Riſe, winds,
" *Blow till you burſt the air.*—"

The alluſion in theſe paſſages, as Mr. M. Maſon obſerves, is to the manner in which the winds were repreſented in ancient prints and pictures. Steevens.

[4] *Play the men.*] i. e. act with ſpirit, behave like men. So, in Chapman's tranſlation of the ſecond *Iliad:*

" Which doing, thou ſhalt know what ſouldiers *play the men,*
" And what the cowards."

Again, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine,* 1590, p. 2:

" Viceroys and peers of Turkey, *play the men.*"

Ὦ φίλοι, ἀνέρες ἐσθὲ, *Iliad,* V. v. 529. Steevens.

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the maſter, Boatſwain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour; Keep your cabins: you do aſſiſt the ſtorm.[5]

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the ſea is. Hence! What care theſe roarers for the name of king? To cabin: ſilence: trouble us not.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou haſt aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myſelf. You are a counſellor; if you can command theſe elements to ſilence, and work the peace of the preſent,[6] we will not hand a rope more; uſe your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived ſo long, and make yourſelf ready in your cabin for the miſchance of the hour, if it ſo hap.—Cheerly, good hearts.—Out of our way, I ſay.

[*Exit.*

Gon.[7] I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand faſt, good fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his deſtiny

Again, in ſcripture, 2 Sam. x. 12: "Be of good courage, and let us *play the men* for our people." Malone.

[5] —— *aſſiſt the ſtorm.*] So, in *Pericles:*

"Patience, good ſir; do not *aſſiſt the ſtorm.*" Steevens.

[6] —— *of the preſent,*] i. e. *of* the preſent *inſtant.* So, in the 15th chapter of the 1ſt Epiſtle to the Corinthians: "—— of whom the greater part remain unto this *preſent.*" Steevens.

[7] *Gonzalo.*] It may be obſerved of Gonzalo, that, being the only good man that appears with the king, he is the only man that preſerves his cheerfulneſs in the wreck, and his hope on the iſland. Johnson.

our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our caſe is miſerable.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatſwain.

Boats. Down with the top-maſt; yare; lower, lower; bring her to try with main-courſe.[8] [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.—

Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, *and* Gonzalo.

Yet again? what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to ſink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat! you bawling, blaſphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreſon, inſolent noiſe-maker, we are leſs afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him from drowning; though the ſhip were no ſtronger than a nut-ſhell, and as leaky as an unſtanched wench.[9]

[8] —— *bring her to* try with main-courſe.] Probably from Hackluyt's *Voyages*, 1598: "And when the barke had way, we cut the hauſer, and ſo gate the ſea to our friend, and *tried out* all that day *with our maine courſe*." Malone.

This phraſe occurs alſo in Smith's *Sea Grammar*, 1627, 4to. under the article *How to handle a ſhip in a Storme*: "Let us lie at *Trie with our maine courſe*; that is, to hale the tacke aboord, the ſheat cloſe aft, the boling ſet up, and the helme tied cloſe aboord." P. 40. Steevens.

[9] —— *an* unſtanched *wench.*] *Unſtanched*, I am willing to believe, means incontinent. Steevens.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold;[1] ſet her two courſes; off to ſea again,[2] lay her off.

Enter Mariners *wet.*

Mar. All loſt! to prayers, to prayers! all loſt!

[*Exeunt.*

Boats. What, muſt our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us aſſiſt them,
For our caſe is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We are merely[3] cheated of our lives by drunkards.—
This wide-chapped raſcal;—'Would, thou might'ſt lie drowning,
The waſhing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hanged yet;

[1] *Lay her a-hold, a-hold;*] *To lay a ſhip a-hold,* is to bring her to lie as near the wind as ſhe can, in order to keep clear of the land, and get her out to ſea. Steevens.

[2] ——*ſet her two* courſes; *off to ſea again,*] The courſes are the main ſail and fore ſail. This term is uſed by Raleigh, in his *Diſcourſe on Shipping.* Johnson.

The paſſage, as Mr. Holt has obſerved, ſhould be pointed, *Set her two courſes; off,* &c.

Such another expreſſion occurs in Decker's *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it,* 1612: "——off with your Drablers and your Banners; *out with your courſes.*" Steevens.

[3] ——*merely*—] In this place, ſignifies *abſolutely*; in which ſenſe it is uſed in *Hamlet,* Act I. ſc. iii:

" ——Things rank and groſs in nature
" Poſſeſs it *merely.*"

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Poetaſter:*

" ——at requeſt
" Of ſome *mere* friends, ſome honourable Romans."
Steevens.

Though every drop of water ſwear againſt it,
And gape at wid'ſt to glut him.[3]

[*A confuſed noiſe within*] Mercy on us!—We ſplit, we ſplit!—Farewell, my wife and children!—Farewell, brother![4]—We ſplit, we ſplit, we ſplit!—

Ant. Let's all ſink with the king. [*Exit.*

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

Gon. Now would I give a thouſand furlongs of ſea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze,[5] any thing: The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exit.*

[3] ——*to glut him.*] Shakſpeare probably wrote, *t'englut him, to ſwallow him*; for which I know not that *glut* is ever uſed by him. In this ſignification *englut*, from *engloutir*, Fr. occurs frequently, as in *Henry VI:*

" ——Thou art ſo near the gulf
" Thou needs muſt be *englutted.*"

And again, in *Timon* and *Othello.* Yet Milton writes *glutted offal* for *ſwallowed*, and therefore perhaps the preſent text may ſtand. Johnson.

Thus, in Sir A. Gorges's tranſlation of Lucan, B. VI:

" —— oylie fragments ſcarcely burn'd,
" Together ſhe doth ſcrape and *glut.*"

i. e. ſwallow. Steevens.

[4] *Mercy on us!* &c.——*Farewell, brother!* &c.] All theſe lines have been hitherto given to Gonzalo, who has no brother in the ſhip. It is probable that the lines ſucceeding the *confuſed noiſe within* ſhould be conſidered as ſpoken by no determinate characters. Johnson.

The hint for this ſtage direction, &c. might have been received from a paſſage in the ſecond book of Sidney's *Arcadia*, where the ſhipwreck of Pyrocles is deſcribed, with this concluding circumſtance: " But a monſtrous cry, begotten of many roaring voyces, was able to infect with feare," &c. Steevens.

[5] ——*an acre of barren ground*; long *heath*, brown *furze*, &c.] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*ling*, heath, *broom*, furze.—Perhaps rightly, though he has been charged with tautology. I find in Harriſon's deſcription of Britain, prefixed to our author's good

SCENE II.

The iſland: before the cell of Proſpero.

Enter PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

Mira. If by your art, my deareſt father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The ſky, it ſeems, would pour down ſtinking pitch,
But that the ſea,[6] mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Daſhes the fire out. O, I have ſuffer'd
With thoſe that I ſaw ſuffer! a brave veſſel,
Who had no doubt ſome noble creatures in her,[7]
Daſh'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Againſt my very heart! Poor ſouls! they periſh'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have ſunk the ſea within the earth, or e'er[8]

friend Holinſhed, p. 91: "*Brome, heth, firze,* brakes, whinnes, *ling*," &c. FARMER.

Mr. Tollet has ſufficiently vindicated Sir Thomas Hanmer from the charge of tautology, by favouring me with ſpecimens of three different kinds of heath which grow in his own neighbourhood. I would gladly have inſerted his obſervations at length; but, to ſay the truth, our author, like one of Cato's ſoldiers who was bit by a ſerpent,

Ipſe latet penitus congeſto corpore merſus. STEEVENS.

[6] *But that the ſea,* &c.] So, in *King Lear:*

"The ſea in ſuch a ſtorm as his bare head
"In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
"And quench'd the ſtelled fires." MALONE.

Thus, in Chapman's verſion of the 21ſt *Iliad:*

"——as if his waves would drowne the ſkie,
"And put out all the ſphere of fire." STEEVENS.

[7] ——*creatures in her,*] The old copy reads—*creature*; but the preceding as well as ſubſequent words of Miranda ſeem to demand the emendation which I have received from Theobald. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*or e'er*—] i. e. *before.* So, in *Eccleſiaſtes,* xii. 6:

It ſhould the good ſhip ſo have ſwallowed, and
The freighting ſouls within her.

Pro. Be collected;
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira. O, woe the day!

Pro. No harm.[9]
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better[1]
Than Proſpero, maſter of a full poor cell,[2]
And thy no greater father.

"Or *ever* the ſilver cord be looſed, or the golden bowl be broken——." Again, in our author's *Cymbeline:*

——— *or e'er* I could
"Give him that parting kiſs——." STEEVENS.

[9] Pro. *No harm.*] I know not whether Shakſpeare did not make Miranda ſpeak thus:

O, woe the day! no harm?

To which Proſpero properly anſwers:

I have done nothing but in care of thee.

Miranda, when ſhe ſpeaks the words, *O, woe the day!* ſuppoſes, not that the crew had eſcaped, but that her father thought differently from her, and counted their deſtruction *no harm.*

JOHNSON.

[1] ——*more better*—] This ungrammatical expreſſion is very frequent among our oldeſt writers. So, in *The Hiſtory of Helyas Knight of the Swan,* bl. l. no date, *imprinted by Wm. Copland:* "And alſo the *more ſooner* to come, without prolixity, to the true Chronicles," &c. Again, in the *True Tragedies of Marius and Scilla,* 1594:

"To wait a meſſage of *more better* worth."

Again, ibid:

"That hale *more greater* than Caſſandra now."

STEEVENS.

[2] ——*full poor cell,*] i. e. a cell in a great degree of poverty. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:* "I am *full ſorry.*" STEEVENS.

Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.[3]

Pro. 'Tis time
I ſhould inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magick garment from me.—So;
[*Lays down his mantle.*
Lie there my art.[4]—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful ſpectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compaſſion[5] in thee,
I have with ſuch proviſion in mine art
So ſafely order'd, that there is no ſoul—[6]

[3] *Did never* meddle *with my thoughts.*] i. e. *mix* with them. To *meddle* is often uſed, with this ſenſe, by Chaucer. Hence the ſubſtantive *medley*. The modern and familiar phraſe by which that of Miranda may be explained, is—*never entered my thoughts —never came into my head.* Steevens.

It ſhould rather mean—*to interfere, to trouble, to buſy itſelf,* as ſtill uſed in the North, e. g. *Don't meddle with me*; i. e. Let me alone; Don't moleſt me. Ritson.

See Howell's *Dict.* 1660, in v. *to meddle*; "ſe *meſler* de." Malone.

[4] *Lie there my art.*] Sir Will. Cecil, lord Burleigh, lord high treaſurer, &c. in the reign of queen Elizabeth, when he put off his gown at night, uſed to ſay, *Lie there, lord treaſurer.* Fuller's *Holy State,* p. 257. Steevens.

[5] —— virtue *of compaſſion*—] Virtue; the moſt efficacious part, the energetic quality; in a like ſenſe we ſay, *The* virtue *of a plant is in the extract.* Johnson.

[6] —— *that there is no* ſoul—] Thus the old editions read; but this is apparently defective. Mr. Rowe, and after him Dr. Warburton, read—*that there is no ſoul loſt,* without any notice of the variation. Mr. Theobald ſubſtitutes *no foil,* and Mr. Pope follows him. To come ſo near the right, and yet to miſs it, is unlucky: the author probably wrote *no ſoil,* no ſtain, no ſpot; for ſo Ariel tells:

Not a hair periſh'd;
On their ſuſtaining garments not a blemiſh,
But freſher than before.

And Gonzalo, *The rarity of it is, that our garments being*

No, not ſo much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the veſſel[7]
Which thou heard'ſt cry, which thou ſaw'ſt ſink.
Sit down;
For thou muſt now know further.

Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but ſtopp'd
And left me to a bootleſs inquiſition;
Concluding, *Stay, not yet.*—

Pro. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Can'ſt thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou can'ſt; for then thou waſt not
Out three years old.[8]

Mira. Certainly, ſir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other houſe, or perſon?

drenched in the ſea, keep notwithſtanding their freſhneſs and gloſſes. Of this emendation I find that the author of notes on *The Tempeſt* had a glimpſe, but could not keep it. JOHNSON.

——*no ſoul*—] Such interruptions are not uncommon to Shakſpeare. He ſometimes begins a ſentence, and, before he concludes it, entirely changes its conſtruction, becauſe another, more forcible, occurs. As this change frequently happens in converſation, it may be ſuffered to paſs uncenſured in the language of the ſtage. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*not ſo much perdition as an* hair,
Betid to any creature in the veſſel—] Had Shakſpeare in his mind St. Paul's hortatory ſpeech to the ſhip's company, where he aſſures them that, though they were to ſuffer ſhipwreck, "*not an* hair *ſhould fall from the head of any of them?*" Acts, xxvii. 34. Ariel afterwards ſays, "*Not a* hair *periſh'd.*" HOLT WHITE.

[8] Out *three years old.*] i. e. Quite three years old, three years old full-out, complete.
So, in the 4th Act: "And be a boy right *out.*" STEEVENS.

Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream than an aſſurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me?

Pro. Thou had'ſt, and more, Miranda: But how is it,
That this lives in thy mind? What ſeeſt thou elſe
In the dark backward and abyſm of time?[9]
If thou remember'ſt aught, ere thou cam'ſt here,
How thou cam'ſt here, thou may'ſt.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. Twelve years ſince, Miranda, twelve years ſince,[1]
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She ſaid—thou waſt my daughter; and thy father
Was duke of Milan; and his only heir

[9] ——abyſm *of time?*] i. e. Abyſs. This method of ſpelling the word is common to other ancient writers. They took it from the French *abyſme*, now written *abime*. So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

"And chaſe him from the deep *abyſms* below."

STEEVENS.

[1] *Twelve* years *ſince, Miranda, twelve* years *ſince,*] *Years*, in the firſt inſtance, is uſed as a diſſyllable, in the ſecond as a monoſyllable. But this is not a licence peculiar to the proſody of Shakſpeare. In the ſecond book of Sidney's *Arcadia* are the following lines, exhibiting the ſame word with a ſimilar proſodical variation:

"And ſhall ſhe die? ſhall cruel *fier* ſpill
"Thoſe beames that ſet ſo many hearts on *fire?*"

STEEVENS.

A princeſs;—no worſe iſſued.[2]

Mira. O, the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or bleſſed was't, we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou ſay'ſt, were we heav'd thence;
But bleſſedly holp hither.

Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen[3] that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Pleaſe you, further.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother ſhould
Be ſo perfidious!—he whom, next thyſelf,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my ſtate; as, at that time,
Through all the ſigniories it was the firſt,
And Proſpero the prime duke; being ſo reputed
In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; thoſe being all my ſtudy,
The government I caſt upon my brother,
And to my ſtate grew ſtranger, being tranſported,
And rapt in ſecret ſtudies. Thy falſe uncle—
Doſt thou attend me?

Mira. Sir, moſt heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant ſuits,

[2] A *princeſs;—no worſe* iſſued.] The old copy reads—"And *princeſs.*" For the trivial change in the text I am anſwerable. *Iſſued* is deſcended. So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608:

"For I am by birth a gentleman, and *iſſued* of ſuch parents," &c. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*teen*—] is ſorrow, grief, trouble. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"——to my *teen* be it ſpoken." STEEVENS.

How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom[4]
To trash for over-topping;[5] new created

[4] —— whom *to advance, and* whom—] The old copy has *who* in both places. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

[5] *To trash for over-topping;*] *To trash*, as Dr. Warburton observes, is to cut away the superfluities. This word I have met with in books containing directions for gardeners, published in the time of queen Elizabeth.

The present explanation may be countenanced by the following passage in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. X. ch. 57:

" Who suffreth none by might, by wealth or blood to *overtopp*,
" Himself gives all preferment, and whom listeth him doth *lop*."

Again, in our author's *K. Richard II*:

" Go thou, and, like an executioner,
" Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays
" That look too lofty in our commonwealth."

Mr. Warton's note, however, on—" *trash* for his quick hunting," in the second act of *Othello*, leaves my interpretation of this passage somewhat disputable.

Mr. M. Mason observes, that *to trash for overtopping*, " may mean to lop them, because they did overtop, or in order to prevent them from overtopping. So Lucetta, in the second scene of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, says:

" I was taken up for laying them down,
" Yet here they shall not lie, *for* catching cold."

That is, lest they should catch cold. See Mr. M. Mason's note on this passage.

In another place (a note on *Othello*) Mr. M. Mason observes, that Shakspeare had probably in view, when he wrote the passage before us, " the manner in which Tarquin conveyed to Sextus his advice to destroy the principal citizens of Gabii, by striking off, in the presence of his messengers, the heads of all the tallest poppies, as he walked with them in his garden." STEEVENS.

I think this phrase means " to correct for too much haughtiness or overbearing." It is used by sportsmen in the North when they correct a dog for misbehaviour in pursuing the game. This explanation is warranted by the following passage in *Othello*, Act II. sc. i:

" If this poor trash of Venice, whom I *trash*
" For his quick hunting."

The creatures that were mine; I ſay, or chang'd them,
Or elſe new form'd them: having both the key[6]
Of officer and office, ſet all hearts[7]
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And ſuck'd my verdure out on't.[8]—Thou attend'ſt not:
I pray thee, mark me.[9]

Mira. O good ſir, I do.

Pro. I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicate[1]

It was not till after I had made this remark, that I ſaw Mr. Warton's note on the above lines in *Othello*, which corroborates it. Douce.

A *traſh* is a term ſtill in uſe among hunters, to denote a piece of leather, couples, or any other weight faſtened round the neck of a dog, when his ſpeed is ſuperior to the reſt of the pack; i. e. when he *over-tops* them, when he *hunts too quick*. C.

See *Othello*, Act II. ſc. i. Steevens.

[6] —— *both the* key—] This is meant of a key for tuning the harpſichord, ſpinnet, or virginal; we call it now a tuning hammer. Sir J. Hawkins.

[7] *Of officer and office, ſet all hearts*—] The old copy reads—"all hearts *i'th' ſtate*," but redundantly in regard to metre, and unneceſſarily reſpecting ſenſe; for what hearts, except ſuch as were *i'th' ſtate*, could Alonſo incline to his purpoſes?

I have followed the advice of Mr. Ritſon, who judiciouſly propoſes to omit the words now ejected from the text. Steevens.

[8] *And ſuck'd my* verdure *out on't.*] So, in Arthur Hall's tranſlation of the firſt book of Homer, 1581, where Achilles ſwears by his ſceptre:

"Who having loſt the ſapp of wood, eft *greeneneſſe* cannot drawe." Steevens.

[9] *I pray thee, mark me.*] In the old copy, theſe words are the beginning of Proſpero's next ſpeech; but, for the reſtoration of metre, I have changed their place. Steevens.

[1] *I thus neglecting worldly ends, all* dedicate—] The old copy has—"dedicate*d*;" but we ſhould read, as in the preſent text, "dedicate." Thus, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

To cloſeneſs, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being ſo retir'd,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my falſe brother
Awak'd an evil nature: and my truſt,
Like a good parent,[2] did beget of him
A falſehood, in its contrary as great
As my truſt was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence ſans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might elſe exact,—like one,
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
Made ſuch a ſinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,[3]—he did believe

" Prayers from faſting maids, whoſe minds are *dedicate*
" To nothing temporal." RITSON.

[2] *Like a good* parent, &c.] Alluding to the obſervation, that a father above the common rate of men has commonly a ſon below it. *Heroum filii noxæ.* JOHNSON.

[3] ——————————*like one,*
Who having, unto *truth, by telling of* it,
Made ſuch a ſinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,] There is, perhaps, no correlative, to which the word *it* can with grammatical propriety belong. *Lie,* however, ſeems to have been the correlative to which the poet meant to refer, however ungrammatically.

The old copy reads—" *into* truth." The neceſſary correction was made by Dr. Warburton. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens juſtly obſerves that there is no correlative, &c. This obſervation has induced me to mend the paſſage, and to read:

Who having unto truth, by telling *of 't*—inſtead of, *of it.*

And I am confirmed in this conjecture, by the following paſſage quoted by Mr. Malone, &c. M. MASON.

There is a very ſingular coincidence between this paſſage and one in Bacon's *Hiſtory of King Henry VII.* [Perkin Warbeck] " did in all things notably acquit himſelf; inſomuch as it was generally believed, that he was indeed *Duke* Richard. Nay, *himſelf, with long and continual counterfeiting, and with* OFT *telling a lye, was turned by habit almoſt into the thing he ſeemed to be; and from a liar to be a believer.*" MALONE.

He was the duke; out of the ſubſtitution,[4]
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative:—Hence his ambition
Growing,—Doſt hear?

Mira. Your tale, ſir, would cure deafneſs.

Pro. To have no ſcreen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Abſolute Milan: Me, poor man!—my library
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates
(So dry he was for ſway[5]) with the king of Naples,
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor Milan!)
To moſt ignoble ſtooping.

Mira. O the heavens!

Pro. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me,
If this might be a brother.

Mira. I ſhould ſin
To think but nobly[6] of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad ſons.

Pro. Now the condition.

[4] *He was the duke; out of the ſubſtitution,*] The old copy reads —"He was *indeed* the duke." I have omitted the word *indeed*, for the ſake of metre. The reader ſhould place his emphaſis on —was. STEEVENS.

[5] (*So* dry *he was for ſway*)] i. e. So *thirſty*. The expreſſion, I am told, is not uncommon in the midland counties. Thus, in *Leiceſter's Commonwealth*: "againſt the deſignments of the haſty Erle who *thirſteth a kingdome* with great intemperance." Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*: "His ambition is *dry*." STEEVENS.

[6] *To think* but *nobly*—] *But*, in this place, ſignifies *otherwiſe than*. STEEVENS.

This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's ſuit;
Which was, that he in lieu o' the premiſes,[7]—
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—
Should preſently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: Whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpoſe, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkneſs,
The miniſters for the purpoſe hurried thence
Me, and thy crying ſelf.

Mira. Alack, for pity!
I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,[8]
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint,[9]
That wrings mine eyes.[1]

[7] —— in lieu *o' the premiſes,* &c.] In *lieu of,* means here, in conſideration of; an unuſual acceptation of the word. So, in Fletcher's *Propheteſs,* the chorus, ſpeaking of Druſilla, ſays:

" But takes their oaths, *in lieu* of her aſſiſtance,
" That they ſhall not preſume to touch their lives."

M. Mason.

[8] —— *cried* out —] Perhaps we ſhould read—cried *on't.*

Steevens.

[9] —— *a* hint,] *Hint* is *ſuggeſtion.* So, in the beginning ſpeech of the ſecond act:

" —— our *hint* of woe
" Is common ——."

A ſimilar thought occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra,* Act V. ſc. i:

" —— it is a tidings
" To waſh the eyes of kings." Steevens.

[1] *That* wrings *mine eyes.*] i. e. ſqueezes the water out of them. The old copy reads—

" That wrings mine eyes *to't.*"

To what? every reader will aſk. I have, therefore, by the advice of Dr. Farmer, omitted theſe words, which are unneceſſary to the metre; *hear,* at the beginning of the next ſpeech, being uſed as a diſſyllable.

To *wring,* in the ſenſe I contend for, occurs in the *Merry*

Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the preſent buſineſs
Which now's upon us; without the which, this ſtory
Were moſt impertinent.

Mira. Wherefore did they not
That hour deſtroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that queſtion. Dear, they durſt not;
(So dear the love my people bore me) nor ſet
A mark ſo bloody on the buſineſs; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us ſome leagues to ſea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcaſs of a boat,[2] not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, ſail, nor maſt; the very rats
Inſtinctively had quit it:[3] there they hoiſt us,
To cry to the ſea that roar'd to us;[4] to ſigh
To the winds, whoſe pity, ſighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!

Pro. O! a cherubim
Thou waſt, that did preſerve me! Thou didſt ſmile,
Infuſed with a fortitude from heaven,

Wives of Windſor, Act I. ſc. ii: "his cook, or his laundry, or his waſher, and his *wringer*." Steevens.

[2] ——*of a* boat,] The old copy reads—of a *butt*. Henley.

It was corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

[3] —— had *quit it*:] Old copy—*have* quit it. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

[4] *To* cry *to the ſea that* roar'd *to us*;] This conceit occurs again in the *Winter's Tale*:—"How the poor ſouls *roar'd*, and the ſea *mock'd* them," &c. Steevens.

When I have deck'd the ſea[5] with drops full ſalt;
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing ſtomach,[6] to bear up
Againſt what ſhould enſue.

Mira. How came we aſhore?

Pro. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and ſome freſh water, that

[5] —— deck'd *the ſea*—] *To deck the ſea*, if explained, to honour, adorn, or dignify, is indeed ridiculous, but the original import of the verb *deck*, is *to cover*; ſo in ſome parts they yet ſay *deck the table*. This ſenſe may be borne, but perhaps the poet wrote *fleck'd*, which I think is ſtill uſed in ruſtic language of drops falling upon water. Dr. Warburton reads *mock'd*; the Oxford edition *brack'd*. Johnson.

Verſtegan, p. 61. ſpeaking of beer, ſays "So the *overdecking* or *covering* of beer came to be called berham, and afterwards barme." This very well ſupports Dr. Johnſon's explanation. The following paſſage in *Antony and Cleopatra* may countenance the verb *deck* in its common acceptation:

" ——— do not pleaſe ſharp fate
" To *grace* it with your ſorrows."

What is this but *decking* it with *tears?*

Again, our author's Caliban ſays, Act III. ſc. ii:

" ——— He has brave utenſils,
" Which, when he has a houſe, he'll *deck* withal."

Steevens.

To *deck*, I am told, ſignifies in the North, to *ſprinkle*. See Ray's Dict. *of North Country words*, in *verb.* to *deg*, and to *deck*; and his Dict. *of South Country words*, in *verb. dag*. The latter ſignifies *dew* upon the graſs;—hence *daggle-tailed*. In Cole's Latin Dictionary, 1679, we find,—"*To* dag, *collutulo, irroro*." Malone.

A correſpondent, who ſigns himſelf *Eboracenſis*, propoſes that this conteſted word ſhould be printed *degg'd*, which, ſays he, ſignifies *ſprinkled*, and is in daily uſe in the North of England. When clothes that have been waſhed are too much dried, it is neceſſary to moiſten them before they can be ironed, which is always done by *ſprinkling*; this operation the maidens univerſally call *degging*. Reed.

[6] *An undergoing* ſtomach.] *Stomach* is *ſtubborn reſolution*. So, Horace: "——gravem Pelidæ *ſtomachum*." Steevens.

A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, (who being then appointed
Maſter of this deſign,) did give us ;[7] with

[7] *Some food we had, and ſome freſh water, that*
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, (who *being then appointed*
Maſter of this deſign,) *did give us* ;] Mr. Steevens has ſuggeſted, that we might better read—*he* being then appointed ; and ſo we ſhould certainly now write : but the reading of the old copy is the true one, that mode of phraſelogy being the idiom of Shakſpeare's time. So, in the *Winter's Tale :*

" ———This your ſon-in-law,
" And ſon unto the king, (*whom* heavens directing,)
" Is troth-plight to your daughter."

Again, in *Coriolanus :*

" ———waving thy hand,
" *Which,* often, thus, *correcting thy ſtout heart,*
" Now humble as the ripeſt mulberry,
" That will not hold the handling ; or, ſay to them," &c.

MALONE.

I have left the paſſage in queſtion as I found it, though with ſlender reliance on its integrity.

What Mr. Malone has ſtyled " the idiom of Shakſpeare's time," can ſcarce deſerve ſo creditable a diſtinction. It ſhould be remembered that the inſtances adduced by him in ſupport of his poſition are not from the early quartos which he prefers on the ſcore of accuracy, but from the folio 1623, the inaccuracy of which, with equal judgement, he has cenſured.

The genuine idiom of our language, at its different periods, can only be aſcertained by reference to contemporary writers whoſe works were ſkilfully reviſed as they paſſed through the preſs, and are therefore unſuſpected of corruption. A ſufficient number of ſuch books are before us. If they ſupply examples of phraſeology reſembling that which Mr. Malone would eſtabliſh, there is an end of controverſy between us : Let, however, the diſputed phraſes be brought to their teſt before they are admitted ; for I utterly refuſe to accept the jargon of theatres and the miſtakes of printers, as the idiom or grammar of the age in which Shakſpeare wrote. Every groſs departure from literary rules may be countenanced, if we are permitted to draw examples from vitiated pages ; and our readers, as often as they meet with reſtorations founded on ſuch authorities, may juſtly exclaim, with Othello,—" Chaos is come again." STEEVENS.

Rich garments, linens, ſtuffs, and neceſſaries,
Which ſince have ſteaded much; ſo, of his gentleneſs,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furniſh'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mira. 'Would I might
But ever ſee that man!

Pro. Now I ariſe:[8]—
Sit ſtill, and hear the laſt of our ſea-ſorrow.
Here in this iſland we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy ſchool-maſter, made thee more profit
Than other princes[9] can, that have more time

[8] *Now I ariſe:*] Why does Proſpero *ariſe?* Or, if he does it to eaſe himſelf by change of poſture, why need he interrupt his narrative to tell his daughter of it? Perhaps theſe words belong to Miranda, and we ſhould read:

Mir. *'Would I might*
But ever ſee that man!---Now I ariſe.
Pro. *Sit ſtill, and hear the laſt of our ſea-ſorrow.*

Proſpero, in p. 14, had directed his daughter to *ſit down*, and learn the whole of this hiſtory; having previouſly by ſome magical charm diſpoſed her to fall aſleep. He is watching the progreſs of this charm; and in the mean time tells her a long ſtory, often aſking her whether her attention be ſtill awake. The ſtory being ended (as Miranda ſuppoſes) with their coming on ſhore, and partaking of the conveniences provided for them by the loyal humanity of Gonzalo, ſhe therefore firſt expreſſes a wiſh to ſee the good old man, and then obſerves that ſhe may *now ariſe*, as the ſtory is done. Proſpero, ſurprized that his charm does not yet work, bids her *ſit ſtill*; and then enters on freſh matter to amuſe the time, telling her (what ſhe knew before) that he had been her tutor, &c. But ſoon perceiving her drowſineſs coming on, he breaks off abruptly, and leaves her *ſtill ſitting* to her ſlumbers.

Blackstone.

As the words—"now I ariſe"—may ſignify, "now I *riſe* in my narration,"—"now my ſtory *heightens* in its conſequence," I have left the paſſage in queſtion undiſturbed. We ſtill ſay, that the intereſt of a drama *riſes* or declines. Steevens.

[9] ——— *princes*—] The firſt folio reads—princeſſe. Henley. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

For vainer hours, and tutors not ſo careful.

Mira. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, ſir,
(For ſtill 'tis beating in my mind,) your reaſon
For raiſing this ſea-ſtorm?

Pro. Know thus far forth.—
By accident moſt ſtrange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady,[1] hath mine enemies
Brought to this ſhore: and by my preſcience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A moſt auſpicious ſtar; whoſe influence
If now I court not, but omit,[2] my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here ceaſe more queſtions;
Thou art inclin'd to ſleep; 'tis a good dulneſs,[3]
And give it way;—I know thou can'ſt not chooſe.— [Miranda *ſleeps.*
Come away, ſervant, come: I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariel; come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great maſter! grave ſir, hail! I come

[1] *Now my dear lady,*] i. e. *now my auſpicious miſtreſs.* Steevens.

[2] *I find my zenith doth depend upon*
A moſt auſpicious ſtar; whoſe influence
If now I court not, but omit, &c.] So, in *Julius Cæſar:*
" There is a tide in the affairs of man,
" Which taken at the flood, leads on to *fortune*;
" *Omitted,* all the voyage of their life
" Is bound in ſhallows and in miſeries." Malone.

[3] ——*'tis a good dulneſs,*] Dr. Warburton rightly obſerves, that this ſleepineſs, which Proſpero by his art had brought upon Miranda, and of which he knew not how ſoon the effect would begin, makes him queſtion her ſo often whether ſhe is attentive to his ſtory. Johnson.

To anſwer thy beſt pleaſure; be't to fly,[4]
To ſwim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds;[5] to thy ſtrong bidding, taſk
Ariel, and all his quality.[6]

Pro. Haſt thou, ſpirit,
Perform'd to point[7] the tempeſt that I bade thee?

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ſhip; now on the beak,[8]

[4] *All hail, great maſter! grave ſir, hail! I come*
To anſwer thy beſt pleaſure; be't to fly, &c.] Imitated by Fletcher in *The Faithful Shepherdeſs*:

" —— tell me ſweeteſt,
" What new ſervice now is meeteſt
" For the ſatyre; ſhall I ſtray
" In the middle ayre, and ſtay
" The ſailing racke, or nimbly take
" Hold by the moone, and gently make
" Suit to the pale queene of night,
" For a beame to give thee light?
" Shall I dive into the ſea,
" And bring thee coral, making way
" Through the riſing waves," &c. Henley.

[5] *On the curl'd clouds;*] So, in *Timon*—*Criſp* heaven. Steevens.

[6] ——*and all his* quality.] i. e. all his confederates, all who are of the ſame profeſſion. So, in *Hamlet*:
" Come give us a taſte of your *quality*." See notes on this paſſage, Act II. ſc. ii. Steevens.

[7] *Perform'd to point*—] i. e. to the minuteſt article; a literal tranſlation of the French phraſe—*a point*. So, in the *Chances*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" ——are you all fit?
" To *point*, ſir."

Thus, in Chapman's verſion of the ſecond book of Homer's *Odyſſey*, we have

" ——every due
" *Perform'd to full*:——." Steevens.

[8] ——*now on the* beak,] The beak was a ſtrong pointed body at the head of the ancient gallies; it is uſed here for the forecaſtle, or the boltſprit. Johnson.

So in Philemon Holland's tranſlation of the 2d chapter of the

Now in the waiſt,[9] the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places;[1] on the top-maſt,
The yards and bowſprit, would I flame diſtinctly,
Then meet, and join: Jove's lightnings, the pre-
curſors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps,[2] more momentary
And ſight-out-running were not: The fire, and
cracks
Of ſulphurous roaring, the moſt mighty Neptune
Seem'd to beſiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident ſhake.[3]

32d book of *Pliny's Natural Hiſtory*:—" our goodly tall and proud ſhips, ſo well armed in the *beake-head* with yron pikes," &c. STEEVENS.

[9] *Now in the* waiſt,] The part between the quarter-deck and the forecaſtle. JOHNSON.

[1] —— *Sometimes, I'd divide,*
And burn in many places;] Perhaps our author, when he wrote theſe lines, remembered the following paſſage in Hackluyt's *Voyages*, 1598: " I do remember that in the great and boyſterous ſtorme of this foule weather, in the night there came upon the toppe of our maine yard and maine-maſt a certaine little light, much like unto the light of a little candle, which the Spaniards call the *Cuerpo Santo*. This *light* continued aboord our ſhip about three houres, *flying from maſte to maſte, and from top to top; and ſometimes it would be in two or three places at once.*" MALONE.

Burton ſays, that the Spirits of *fire*, in form of fire-drakes and blazing ſtars, " oftentimes ſit on ſhip-maſts," &c. *Melanch.* P. I. § 2. p. 30. edit. 1632. T. WARTON.

[2] ——— *precurſors*
O' the dreadful thunder-claps,] So, in *King Lear*:
" 'Vant couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts."
STEEVENS.

[3] *Yea, his dread trident ſhake.*] Leſt the metre ſhould appear defective, it is neceſſary to apprize the reader, that in Warwickſhire and other midland counties, *ſhake* is ſtill pronounced by the common people as if it was written ſh*aa*ke, a diſſyllable. FARMER.

Pro. My brave ſpirit!
Who was ſo firm, ſo conſtant, that this coil
Would not infect his reaſon?

Ari. Not a ſoul
But felt a fever of the mad,[4] and play'd
Some tricks of deſperation: All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the veſſel,[5]
Then all a-fire with me: the king's ſon, Ferdinand,
With hair up-ſtaring (then like reeds, not hair,)
Was the firſt man that leap'd; cried, *Hell is empty,*
And all the devils are here.

Pro. Why, that's my ſpirit!
But was not this nigh ſhore?

Ari. Cloſe by, my maſter.

Pro. But are they, Ariel, ſafe?

Ari. Not a hair periſh'd;
On their ſuſtaining[6] garments not a blemiſh,

The word *ſhake* is ſo printed in Golding's verſion of the 9th book of *Ovid's Metamorphoſes*, edit. 1575:

"Hee quaak't and *ſhaak't* and looked pale," &c.

STEEVENS.

[4] *But felt a fever of the mad,*] If it be at all neceſſary to explain the meaning, it is this: *Not a ſoul but felt ſuch a fever as madmen feel, when the frantic fit is upon them.* STEEVENS.

[5] ——*and* quit *the veſſel,*] *Quit* is, I think, here uſed for *quitted.* So, in *K. Lear:*

"——'Twas he inform'd againſt him,
"And *quit* the houſe on purpoſe, that their puniſhment
"Might have the freer courſe."

So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I. *lift,* for *lifted:*

"He ne'er *lift* up his hand, but conquered." MALONE.

[6] ——*ſuſtaining*—] i. e. their garments that bore them up and ſupported them. Thus, in Chapman's tranſlation of the eleventh *Iliad:*

"Who fell, and crawled upon the earth with his *ſuſtaining* palmes."

Again, in *K. Lear,* Act IV. ſc. iv:

"In our *ſuſtaining* corn."

But freſher than before: and, as thou bad'ſt me,
In troops I have diſpers'd them 'bout the iſle:
The king's ſon have I landed by himſelf;
Whom I left cooling of the air with ſighs,
In an odd angle of the iſle, and ſitting,
His arms in this ſad knot.

Pro. Of the king's ſhip,
The mariners, ſay, how thou haſt diſpos'd,
And all the reſt o' the fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ſhip; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dſt me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the ſtill-vex'd Bermoothes,[7] there ſhe's hid:

Again, in *Hamlet:*

" ——— Her *clothes* ſpread wide
" And, mermaid-like, a while they *bore her up.*"

Mr. M. Maſon, however, obſerves that " the word *ſuſtaining* in this place does not mean *ſupporting*, but *enduring*; and by their *ſuſtaining* garments, Ariel means their garments which *bore*, without being injured, the drenching of the ſea." STEEVENS.

[7] *From the ſtill-vex'd* Bermoothes,] Fletcher, in his *Women Pleaſed*, ſays, " *The devil ſhould think of purchaſing that egg-ſhell to victual out a witch for the Beermoothes.*" Smith, in his account of theſe iſlands, p. 172, ſays, " *that the Bermudas were ſo fearful to the world, that many called them* The Iſle of Devils.—P. 174.—*to all ſeamen no leſs terrible than an inchanted den of furies.*" And no wonder, for the clime was extremely ſubject to ſtorms and hurricanes; and the iſlands were ſurrounded with ſcattered rocks lying ſhallowly hid under the ſurface of the water. WARBURTON.

The epithet here applied to the Bermudas, will be beſt underſtood by thoſe who have ſeen the chafing of the ſea over the rugged rocks by which they are ſurrounded, and which render acceſs to them ſo dangerous. It was in our poet's time the current opinion, that Bermudas was inhabited by *monſters*, and *devils.*—*Setebos*, the god of Caliban's dam, was an American devil, worſhipped by the giants of Patagonia. HENLEY.

Again, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it*, 1612: " Sir, if you have made me tell a lye, they'll ſend me on a voyage to the iſland of Hogs and *Devils*, the *Bermudas.*" STEEVENS.

The mariners all under hatches ſtow'd;
Whom, with a charm join'd to their ſuffer'd labour,
I have left aſleep: and for the reſt o' the fleet,
Which I diſpers'd, they all have met again;
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,[8]
Bound ſadly home for Naples;
Suppoſing that they ſaw the king's ſhip wreck'd,
And his great perſon periſh.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
What is the time o' the day?[9]

Ari. Paſt the mid ſeaſon.

The opinion that Bermudas was haunted with evil ſpirits continued ſo late as the civil wars. In a little piece of Sir John Berkinghead's intitled, *Two Centuries of Paul's Church-yard, una cum indice expurgatorio*, &c. 12°, in page 62, under the title *Caſes of Conſcience*, is this:

"34. Whether *Bermudas* and the Parliament-houſe lie under one planet, ſeeing both are *haunted with devils*." PERCY.

Bermudas was on this account the cant name for ſome privileged place, in which the cheats and riotous bullies of Shakſpeare's time aſſembled. So, in *The Devil is an Aſs*, by Ben Jonſon:

"——keeps he ſtill your quarter
"In the *Bermudas?*"

Again, in one of his Epiſtles:

"Have their *Bermudas*, and their ſtraights i' th' Strand."

Again, in *The Devil is an Aſs*:

"——I gave my word
"For one that's run away to the *Bermudas*." STEEVENS.

[8] ——*the Mediterranean* flote,] *Flote* is *wave*. Flot. Fr. STEEVENS.

[9] *What is the time o' the day?*] This paſſage needs not be diſturbed, it being common to aſk a queſtion, which the next moment enables us to anſwer: he that thinks it faulty, may eaſily adjuſt it thus:

Prō. *What is the time o' the day? Paſt the mid ſeaſon?*
Ari. *At leaſt two glaſſes.*
Pro. *The time 'twixt ſix and now*——. JOHNSON.

Mr. Upton propoſes to regulate this paſſage differently:

Ariel. *Paſt the mid ſeaſon, at leaſt two glaſſes.*
Proſ. *The time*, &c. MALONE.

Pro. At leaſt two glaſſes: The time 'twixt ſix and now,
Muſt by us both be ſpent moſt preciouſly.

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou doſt give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou haſt promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moody?
What is't thou can'ſt demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more.

Ari. I pray thee
Remember, I have done thee worthy ſervice;
Told thee no lies, made no miſtakings, ſerv'd[1]
Without or grudge, or grumblings: thou didſt promiſe
To bate me a full year.

Pro. Doſt thou forget[2]

[1] *Told thee no lies, made no miſtakings, ſerv'd.*—] The old copy has—

"Told thee no lies, made *thee* no miſtakings, ſerv'd—."

The repetition of a word will be found a frequent miſtake in the ancient editions. Ritson.

[2] *Doſt thou forget*—] That the character and conduct of Proſpero may be underſtood, ſomething muſt be known of the ſyſtem of enchantment, which ſupplied all the marvellous found in the romances of the middle ages. This ſyſtem ſeems to be founded on the opinion that the fallen ſpirits, having different degrees of guilt, had different habitations allotted them at their expulſion, ſome being confined in hell, *ſome* (as Hooker, who delivers the opinion of our poet's age, expreſſes it,) *diſperſed in air, ſome on earth, ſome in water, others in caves, dens, or minerals under the earth.* Of theſe, ſome were more malignant and miſchievous than others. The earthy ſpirits ſeem to have been thought the moſt depraved, and the aerial the leſs vitiated. Thus Proſpero obſerves of Ariel:

——— *Thou waſt a ſpirit too delicate*
To act her earthy *and abhorr'd commands.*

Over theſe ſpirits a power might be obtained by certain rites per-

From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou doſt? and think'ſt
It much, to tread the ooze of the ſalt deep;
To run upon the ſharp wind of the north;
To do me buſineſs in the veins o' the earth,
When it is bak'd with froſt.

Ari. I do not, ſir.

Pro. Thou lieſt, malignant thing! Haſt thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax,[3] who, with age, and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? haſt thou forgot her?

formed or charms learned. This power was called *The black Art*, or *Knowledge of Enchantment*. The enchanter being (as king James obſerves in his *Demonology*) one *who commands the devil, whereas the witch ſerves him*. Thoſe who thought beſt of this art, the exiſtence of which was, I am afraid, believed very ſeriouſly, held, that certain ſounds and characters had a phyſical power over ſpirits, and compelled their agency; others, who condemned the practice, which in reality was ſurely never practiſed, were of opinion, with more reaſon, that the power of charms aroſe *only* from compact, and was no more than the ſpirits voluntarily allowed them for the ſeduction of man. The art was held by all, though not equally criminal, yet unlawful, and therefore Caſaubon, ſpeaking of one who had commerce with ſpirits, blames him, though he imagines him *one of the beſt kind, who dealt with them by way of command*. Thus Proſpero repents of his art in the laſt ſcene. The ſpirits were always conſidered as in ſome meaſure enſlaved to the enchanter, at leaſt for a time, and as ſerving with unwillingneſs; therefore Ariel ſo often begs for liberty; and Caliban obſerves, that the ſpirits ſerve Proſpero with no good will, but *hate him rootedly*.—Of theſe trifles enough. JOHNSON.

[3] *The foul* witch *Sycorax*,] This idea might have been caught from Dionyſe Settle's *Reporte of the Laſt Voyage of Capteine Frobiſher*, 12mo. bl. l. 1577. He is ſpeaking of a woman found on one of the iſlands deſcribed. "The old wretch, whome diuers of our Saylers ſuppoſed to be a Diuell, or a *Witche*, plucked off her buſkins, to ſee if ſhe were clouen footed, and for her ougly hewe and deformitie, we let her goe." STEEVENS.

Ari. No, ſir.

Pro. Thou haſt: Where was ſhe born? ſpeak; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.[4]

Pro. O, was ſhe ſo? I muſt,
Once in a month, recount what thou haſt been,
Which thou forget'ſt. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,
For miſchiefs manifold, and ſorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'ſt, was baniſh'd; for one thing ſhe did,
They would not take her life: Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, ſir.

Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the ſailors: Thou, my ſlave,
As thou report'ſt thyſelf, waſt then her ſervant:
And, for thou waſt a ſpirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refuſing her grand heſts, ſhe did confine thee,
By help of her more potent miniſters,
And in her moſt unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Impriſon'd, thou did'ſt painfully remain
A dozen years; within which ſpace ſhe died,
And left thee there; where thou did'ſt vent thy groans,
As faſt as mill-wheels ſtrike: Then was this iſland,
(Save for the ſon that ſhe did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born,) not honour'd with
A human ſhape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban her ſon.

[4] —— *in* Argier.] *Argier* is the ancient Engliſh name for *Algiers*. See a pamphlet entitled, *A true Relation of the Travailes, &c. of William Davies, Barber-ſurgeon*, &c. 1614. In this is a chapter "on the deſcription, &c. of *Argier*." STEEVENS.

Pro. Dull thing, I ſay ſo; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in ſervice. Thou beſt know'ſt
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breaſts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, maſter.

Pro. If thou more murmur'ſt, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou haſt howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, maſter:
I will be correſpondent to command,
And do my ſpiriting gently.

Pro. Do ſo; and after two days
I will diſcharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble maſter!
What ſhall I do? ſay what? what ſhall I do?

Pro. Go make thyſelf like to a nymph o' the ſea;[5]
Be ſubject to no ſight but mine; inviſible
To every eye-ball elſe.[6] Go, take this ſhape,

[5] ——*to a nymph o' the ſea*;] There does not appear to be ſufficient cauſe why *Ariel* ſhould aſſume this new ſhape, as he was to be inviſible to all eyes but thoſe of Proſpero. STEEVENS.

[6] *Be ſubject to no ſight but* mine; *inviſible*
To every eye-ball elſe.] The old copy reads—
" Be ſubject to no ſight but *thine and* mine; inviſible," &c.
But redundancy in the firſt line, and the ridiculous precaution that Ariel ſhould not be *inviſible to himſelf*, plainly prove that the words—*and thine*—were the interpolations of ignorance.
STEEVENS.

Go make thyſelf like a nymph o' the ſea: be ſubject
To no ſight but thine and mine; inviſible &c.] The words —" be ſubject"—having been transferred in the firſt copy of this

And hither come in't: hence, with diligence.[7]
[*Exit* ARIEL.
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou haſt ſlept well;
Awake!

MIRA. The ſtrangeneſs[8] of your ſtory put
Heavineſs in me.

PRO. Shake it off: Come on;
We'll viſit Caliban, my ſlave, who never
Yields us kind anſwer.

MIRA. 'Tis a villain, ſir,
I do not love to look on.

PRO. But, as 'tis,

play to the latter of theſe lines, by the careleſſneſs of the tranſcriber or printer, the editor of the ſecond folio, to ſupply the metre of the former, introduced the word *to*;—reading, "like *to* a nymph o' the ſea." The regulation that I have made, ſhews that the addition, like many others made by that editor, was unneceſſary. MALONE.

My arrangement of this paſſage admits the word *to*, which, I think, was judiciouſly reſtored by the editor of the ſecond folio. STEEVENS.

[7] *And hither come in't: hence, with diligence.*] The old copy reads—

"And hither come in't: *go*, hence with diligence."

The tranſcriber or compoſitor had caught the word *go* from the preceding line. RITSON.

[8] *The ſtrangeneſs*—] Why ſhould a wonderful ſtory produce ſleep? I believe experience will prove, that any violent agitation of the mind eaſily ſubſides in ſlumber, eſpecially when, as in Proſpero's relation, the laſt images are pleaſing. JOHNSON.

The poet ſeems to have been apprehenſive that the audience, as well as Miranda, would ſleep over this long but neceſſary tale, and therefore ſtrives to break it. Firſt, by making Proſpero diveſt himſelf of his magic robe and wand: then by waking her attention no leſs than ſix times by verbal interruption: then by varying the action when he riſes and bids her continue ſitting: and laſtly, by carrying on the buſineſs of the fable while Miranda ſleeps, by which ſhe is continued on the ſtage till the poet has occaſion for her again. WARNER.

We cannot miſs him :[9] he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and ſerves in offices
That profit us. What ho! ſlave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! ſpeak.

Cal. [*Within*] There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I ſay; there's other buſineſs for thee:
Come forth, thou tortoiſe! when?[1]

Re-enter Ariel, *like a water-nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it ſhall be done. [*Exit.*

Pro. Thou poiſonous ſlave, got by the devil himſelf
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother bruſh'd
With raven's feather from unwholeſome fen,
Drop on you both![2] a ſouth-weſt blow on ye,
And bliſter you all o'er!

[9] *We cannot miſs him :*] That is, we cannot do without him. M. Mason.

This provincial expreſſion is ſtill uſed in the midland counties. Malone.

[1] *Come forth, thou tortoiſe!* when?] This interrogation, indicative of impatience in the higheſt degree, occurs alſo in *King Richard II.* Act I. ſc. i.: "*When,* Harry?" See note on this paſſage, Act I. ſc. i.

In Proſpero's ſummons to Caliban, however, as it ſtands in the old copy, the word *forth* (which I have repeated for the ſake of metre) is wanting. Steevens.

[2] Cal. *As wicked dew as e'er my mother bruſh'd*
With raven's feather from unwholeſome fen,
Drop on you both!] It was a tradition, it ſeems, that

Pro. For this, be ſure, to-night thou ſhalt have cramps,
Side-ſtitches that ſhall pen thy breath up; urchins [3]

Lord Falkland, Lord C. J. Vaughan, and Mr. Selden concurred in obſerving, that Shakſpeare had not only found out a new character in his Caliban, but had alſo deviſed and adapted a *new manner of language* for that character. What they meant by it, without doubt, was, that Shakſpeare gave his language a certain groteſque air of the ſavage and antique; which it certainly has. But Dr. Bentley took this, *of a new language*, literally; for, ſpeaking of a phraſe in Milton, which he ſuppoſed altogether abſurd and unmeaning, he ſays, *Satan had not the privilege, as Caliban in Shakſpeare, to uſe new phraſe and diction unknown to all others*——and again—*to practiſe diſtances is ſtill a Caliban ſtyle.* Note on Milton's *Paradiſe Loſt*, l. iv. v. 945. But I know of no ſuch *Caliban ſtyle* in Shakſpeare, that hath new phraſe and diction unknown to all others. WARBURTON.

Whence theſe critics derived the notion of a new language appropriated to Caliban, I cannot find: they certainly miſtook brutality of ſentiment for uncouthneſs of words. Caliban had learned to ſpeak of Proſpero and his daughter; he had no names for the ſun and moon before their arrival, and could not have invented a language of his own, without more underſtanding than Shakſpeare has thought it proper to beſtow upon him. His diction is indeed ſomewhat clouded by the gloomineſs of his temper, and the malignity of his purpoſes; but let any other being entertain the ſame thoughts, and he will find them eaſily iſſue in the ſame expreſſions. JOHNSON.

As wicked *dew*—] *Wicked*; having baneful qualities. So Spenſer ſays, *wicked weed*; ſo, in oppoſition, we ſay herbs or medicines have *virtues*. Bacon mentions *virtuous bezoar*, and Dryden *virtuous herbs*. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Book of Haukyng*, &c. bl. l. no date: "If a *wycked* fellon be ſwollen in ſuch a manner that a man may hele it, the hauke ſhall not dye." Under King Henry VI. the parliament petitioned againſt hops, as a *wicked* weed. See Fuller's Worthies: Eſſex. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*urchins*—] i. e. hedgehogs.

Urchins are enumerated by *Reginald Scott* among other terrific beings. So, in Chapman's *May Day*, 1611:

"——to fold thyſelf up like an *urchin*."

Again, in *Selimus Emperor of the Turks*, 1584:

Shall, for that vaſt of night that they may work,[4]
All exerciſe on thee: thou ſhalt be pinch'd

" What, are the *urchins* crept out of their dens,
" Under the conduct of this porcupine!"

Urchins are perhaps here put for *fairies*. Milton in his *Maſque* ſpeaks of " *urchin* blaſts," and we ſtill call any little dwarfiſh child, an *urchin*. The word occurs again in the next act. The *echinus*, or *ſea hedge-hog*, is ſtill denominated the *urchin*.

STEEVENS.

In the *Merry Wives of Windſor* we have " *urchins*, ouphes, and fairies;" and the paſſage to which Mr. Steevens alludes, proves, I think, that *urchins* here ſignifies beings of the fairy kind:

" His *ſpirits* hear me,
" And yet I needs muſt curſe; but they'll nor *pinch*,
" Fright me with *urchin-ſhews*, pitch me i' the mire," &c.

MALONE.

In ſupport of Mr. Steevens's note, which does not appear ſatisfactory to Mr. Malone, take the following proofs from *Hormanni Vulgaria*, 4to. 1515, p. 109:—" *Urchyns* or *Hedgehoggis*, full of ſharpe pryckillys, whan they know that they be hunted, make them rounde lyke a balle." Again, " *Porpyns* have longer prykels than *urchyns*." DOUCE.

[4] ——*for that* vaſt of night *that they may work*,] The *vaſt of night* means the night which is naturally empty and deſerted, without action; or when all things lying in ſleep and ſilence, makes the world appear one great uninhabited *waſte*. So, in *Hamlet*:

" In the dead *waſte* and middle of the night."

It has a meaning like that of *nox vaſta*.

Perhaps, however, it may be uſed with a ſignification ſomewhat different, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

" Thou God of this great *vaſt*, rebuke the ſurges."

Vaſtum is likewiſe the ancient law term for waſte, uncultivated land; and, with this meaning, *vaſt* is uſed by Chapman in his *Shadow of Night*, 1594:

" ——When unlightſome, *vaſt*, and indigeſt,
" The formeleſs matter of this world did lye."

It ſhould be remembered, that, in the pneumatology of former ages, theſe particulars were ſettled with the moſt minute exactneſs, and the different kinds of viſionary beings had different allotments of time ſuitable to the variety or conſequence of their employments. During theſe ſpaces, they were at liberty to act, but were always obliged to leave off at a certain hour, that they might not interfere in that portion of night which belonged to others. Among

As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more ſtinging
Than bees that made them.

Cal. I muſt eat my dinner.
This iſland's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'ſt from me. When thou cameſt firſt,[5]
Thou ſtrok'dſt me, and mad'ſt much of me; would'ſt give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the leſs,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And ſhew'd thee all the qualities o' the iſle,
The freſh ſprings, brine pits, barren place, and fertile;
Curſed be I that did ſo!—All the charms[6]
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the ſubjects that you have,
Which firſt was mine own king: and here you ſty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The reſt of the iſland.

Pro. Thou moſt lying ſlave,
Whom ſtripes may move, not kindneſs: I have us'd thee,

theſe, we may ſuppoſe *urchins* to have had a part ſubjected to their dominion. To this limitation of time Shakſpeare alludes again in *K. Lear*: "*He begins at curfew, and walks till the ſecond cock.*" Steevens.

[5] *Which thou tak'ſt from me. When thou* cameſt *firſt,*] We might read—

"Which thou tak'ſt from me. When thou cam'ſt *here* firſt—." Ritson.

[6] —— *All the* charms—] The latter word, like many others of the ſame kind, is here uſed as a diſſyllable. Malone.

Why ſhould we encourage a ſuppoſition which no inſtance whatever countenances? viz. that *charms* was uſed as a diſſyllable. The verſe is complete without ſuch an effort to prolong it:

"Curſed | be I | that did | ſō! All | the charms—."

Steevens.

Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didſt ſeek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho![7]—'would it had been done!
Thou didſt prevent me; I had peopled elſe
This iſle with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorred ſlave;[8]
Which any print of goodneſs will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee ſpeak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didſt not, ſavage,
Know thine own meaning,[9] but would'ſt gabble like
A thing moſt brutiſh, I endow'd thy purpoſes
With words that made them known: But thy vile race,[1]

[7] *O ho, O ho!*] This ſavage exclamation was originally and conſtantly appropriated by the writers of our ancient Myſteries and Moralities, to the Devil; and has, in this inſtance, been transferred to his deſcendant Caliban. Steevens.

[8] *Abhorred ſlave;*] This ſpeech, which the old copy gives to Miranda, is very judiciouſly beſtowed by Theobald on Proſpero. Johnson.

Mr. Theobald found, or might have found, this ſpeech transferred to Proſpero in the alteration of this play by Dryden and Davenant. Malone.

[9] ——*when thou didſt not, ſavage,*
Know thine own meaning,] By this expreſſion, however defective, the poet ſeems to have meant—*When thou didſt utter ſounds, to which thou hadſt no determinate meaning:* but the following expreſſion of Mr. Addiſon, in his 389th Spectator, concerning the Hottentots, may prove the beſt comment on this paſſage: "—having no language among them but a confuſed gabble, which is *neither well underſtood by themſelves*, or others." Steevens.

[1] ——*But thy* vile race,] The old copy has *vild*, but it is only the ancient mode of ſpelling *vile*. *Race*, in this place, ſeems to ſignify original diſpoſition, inborn qualities. In this ſenſe we ſtill

Though thou didſt learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore waſt thou
Deſervedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadſt deſerv'd more than a priſon.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curſe: The red plague rid you,[2]
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-ſeed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou wert beſt,
To anſwer other buſineſs. Shrug'ſt thou, malice?
If thou neglect'ſt, or doſt unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,
That beaſts ſhall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, 'pray thee!—
I muſt obey: his art is of ſuch power, [*Aſide.*

ſay—*The race of wine:* Thus, in Maſſinger's *New Way to pay old Debts:*

" There came, not ſix days ſince, from Hull, a pipe
" Of rich canary.——
" Is it of the right *race?*"

and Sir W. Temple has ſomewhere applied it to works of literature. Steevens.

Race and racineſs in wine, ſignifies a kind of tartneſs. Blackstone.

[2] ——*the* red *plague* rid *you,*] I ſuppoſe from the redneſs of the body, univerſally inflamed. Johnson.

The *eryſipelas* was anciently called the *red plague.* Steevens.

So again, in *Coriolanus:*

" Now the *red peſtilence* ſtrike all trades in Rome!"

The word *rid,* which has not been explained, means to *deſtroy.* So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II:

" ——If you ever chance to have a child,
" Look, in his youth, to have him ſo cut off,
" As, deathſmen! you have *rid* this ſweet young prince."

Malone.

It would control my dam's god, Setebos,[3]
And make a vaſſal of him.

Pro. So, ſlave; hence!

[*Exit* Caliban.

Re-enter Ariel *inviſible,*[4] *playing and ſinging;* Ferdinand *following him.*

Ariel's Song.

Come unto theſe yellow ſands,
And then take hands:
Court'ſied when you have, and kiſs'd,
(The wild waves whiſt,)[5]

[3] ——*my dam's god,* Setebos,] A gentleman of great merit, Mr. Warner, has obſerved on the authority of *John Barbot*, that "the *Patagons* are reported to dread a great horned devil, called *Setebos*."—It may be aſked, however, how Shakſpeare knew any thing of this, as *Barbot* was a voyager of the preſent century?—Perhaps he had read Eden's *Hiſtory of Travayle*, 1577, who tells us, p. 434, that "the *giantes*, when they found themſelves fettered, roared like bulls, and cried upon *Setebos* to help them."—The *metatheſis* in *Caliban* from *Canibal* is evident. Farmer.

We learn from Magellan's voyage, that *Setebos* was the ſupreme god of the Patagons, and Cheleule was an inferior one. Tollet.

Setebos is alſo mentioned in Hackluyt's *Voyages*, 1598. Malone.

[4] *Re-enter Ariel* inviſible,] In the wardrobe of the Lord Admiral's men, (i. e. company of comedians,) 1598, was—"a robe for to goo *inviſebell*." See the MS. from Dulwich college, quoted by Mr. Malone, Vol. III. Steevens.

[5] *Court'ſied when you have, and* kiſs'd,] As was anciently done at the beginning of ſome dances. So, in *K. Henry VIII.* that prince ſays to Anna Bullen—

"I were unmannerly to take you out,
"And not to *kiſs you*."

The wild waves whiſt;] i. e. the wild waves being *ſilent*. So, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B VII. c. 7. ſ. 59:

"So was the Titaneſs put down, and *whiſt*."

Foot it featly here and there;
And, ſweet ſprites, the burden bear.[6]
Hark, hark!
Bur. Bowgh, wowgh. [*diſperſedly.*
The watch-dogs bark:
Bur. Bowgh, wowgh. [*diſperſedly.*
Hark, hark! I hear
The ſtrain of ſtrutting chanticlere
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

Fer. Where ſhould this muſick be? i' the air, or the earth?
It ſounds no more:—and ſure, it waits upon
Some god of the iſland. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,[7]

And Milton ſeems to have had our author in his eye. See ſtanza 5, of his Hymn on the Nativity:

" The winds with wonder *whiſt*,
" Smoothly the waters *kiſs'd*."

So again, both Lord Surrey and Phaer, in their tranſlations of the ſecond book of Virgil:

" ——— *Conticuere omnes.*
" They *whiſted* all."

and Lyly, in his *Maid's Metamorphoſis*, 1600:

" But every thing is quiet, *whiſt*, and ſtill." Steevens.

[6] ——*the burden bear.*] Old copy—bear the burden. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. Malone.

[7] *Weeping* again *the king my father's wreck,*] Thus the old copy; but in the books of Shakſpeare's age *again* is ſometimes printed inſtead of *againſt*, [i. e. oppoſite to,] which I am perſuaded was our author's word. The placing Ferdinand in ſuch a ſituation that he could ſtill gaze upon the wrecked veſſel, is one of Shakſpeare's touches of nature. *Again* is inadmiſſible; for this would import that Ferdinand's tears had ceaſed for a time; whereas he himſelf tells us, afterwards, that from the hour of his father's wreck they had *never* ceaſed to flow:

" ———Myſelf am Naples,
" Who with mine eyes, *ne'er ſince at ebb*, beheld
" The king my father wreck'd."

This muſick crept by me upon the waters;[8]
Allaying both their fury, and my paſſion,
With its ſweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL ſings.

Full fathom five thy father lies;[9]
Of his bones are coral made;
Thoſe are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,[1]

However, as our author ſometimes forgot to compare the different parts of his play, I have made no change. MALONE.

By the word—*again*, I ſuppoſe the Prince means only to deſcribe the *repetition* of his ſorrows. Beſides, it appears from Miranda's deſcription of the ſtorm, that the ſhip had been *ſwallowed* by the waves, and, conſequently, could no longer be an object of ſight. STEEVENS.

[8] *This muſick* crept *by me upon the waters*;] So, in Milton's *Maſque*:

" —— a ſoft and ſolemn breathing ſound
" Roſe like a ſteam of rich diſtill'd perfumes,
" And *ſtole* upon the air." STEEVENS.

[9] *Full fathom five thy father lies*; &c.] Ariel's lays, [which have been condemned by Gildon as trifling, and defended not very ſucceſsfully by Dr. Warburton,] however ſeaſonable and efficacious, muſt be allowed to be of no ſupernatural dignity or elegance; they expreſs nothing great, nor reveal any thing above mortal diſcovery.

The reaſon for which Ariel is introduced thus trifling is, that he and his companions are evidently of the fairy kind, an order of beings to which tradition has always aſcribed a ſort of diminutive agency, powerful but ludicrous, a humorous and frolick controlment of nature, well expreſſed by the ſongs of Ariel. JOHNSON.

The ſongs in this play, Dr. Wilſon, who reſet and publiſhed two of them, tells us, in his *Court Ayres*, or *Ballads*, publiſhed at Oxford, 1660, that " *Full fathom five*," and " *Where the bee ſucks*," had been firſt ſet by Robert Johnſon, a compoſer contemporary with Shakſpeare. BURNEY.

[1] *Nothing of him that doth fade,*
But doth ſuffer a ſea-change—] The meaning is—Every thing about him, that is liable to alteration, is changed. STEEVENS.

But doth ſuffer a ſea-change[2]
Into ſomething rich and ſtrange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.[3]
[*Burden,* ding-dong.[4]

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father:—
This is no mortal buſineſs, nor no ſound
That the earth owes:[5]—I hear it now above me.

Pro. The fringed curtains[6] of thine eye advance

[2] *But doth* ſuffer *a ſea*-change—] So, in Milton's *Maſque:*
" And *underwent* a quick immortal *change.*"
STEEVENS.

[3] *Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:*
Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, *bell.*
Burden, ding-dong.]
So, in *The Golden Garland of Princely Delight,* &c. 13th edition, 1690:
" Corydon's doleful knell to the tune of *Ding, dong.*"
" I muſt go ſeek a new love,
" Yet will I *ring her knell,*
Ding, dong."
The ſame burthen to a ſong occurs in *The Merchant of Venice,* Act III. ſc. ii. STEEVENS.

[4] Burden, *ding-dong.*] It ſhould be—
Ding-dong, *ding-dong, ding-dong* bell. FARMER.

[5] *That the earth* owes:] *To owe,* in this place, as well as many others, ſignifies *to own.* So, in *Othello:*
" ——— that ſweet ſleep
" Which thou *ow'dſt* yeſterday."
Again, in the *Tempeſt:*
" ——— thou doſt here uſurp
" The name thou *ow'ſt* not."
To uſe the word in this ſenſe, is not peculiar to Shakſpeare. I meet with it in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Beggar's Buſh:*
" If now the beard be ſuch, what is the prince
" That *owes* the beard?" STEEVENS.

[6] *The* fringed curtains, &c.] The ſame expreſſion occurs in *Pericles Prince of Tyre,* 1609:
" ——— *her eyelids*
" Begin to part their *fringes* of bright gold."

And ſay, what thou ſeeſt yond'.

Mira. What is't? a ſpirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, ſir,
It carries a brave form:—But 'tis a ſpirit.

Pro. No, wench; it eats and ſleeps, and hath ſuch ſenſes
As we have, ſuch: This gallant, which thou ſeeſt,
Was in the wreck; and but he's ſomething ſtain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'ſt call him
A goodly perſon: he hath loſt his fellows,
And ſtrays about to find them.

Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever ſaw ſo noble.

Pro. It goes on,[7] [*Aſide.*
As my ſoul prompts it:—Spirit, fine ſpirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

Fer. Moſt ſure, the goddeſs
On whom theſe airs attend![8]—Vouchſafe, my prayer

Again, in Sidney's *Arcadia* Lib. I: "Sometimes my eyes would lay themſelves open—or caſt my lids, as *curtains*, over the image of beauty her preſence had painted in them." Steevens.

[7] *It goes on,*] The old copy reads—"It goes on, *I ſee,*" &c. But as the words *I ſee*, are uſeleſs, and an incumbrance to the metre, I have omitted them. Steevens.

[8] *Moſt ſure,* &c.] It ſeems, that Shakſpeare, in *The Tempeſt*, hath been ſuſpected of tranſlating ſome expreſſions of Virgil; witneſs the *O Dea certe.* I preſume we are here directed to the paſſage, where Ferdinand ſays of Miranda, after hearing the ſongs of Ariel:

Moſt ſure, the goddeſs
On whom theſe airs attend!—

And ſo *very ſmall Latin* is ſufficient for this formidable tranſlation, that, if it be thought any honour to our poet, I am loth to deprive

May know, if you remain upon this iſland;
And that you will ſome good inſtruction give,
How I may bear me here: My prime requeſt,
Which I do laſt pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be made, or no?

Mira. No wonder, ſir;
But, certainly a maid.[9]

him of it; but his honour is not built on ſuch a ſandy foundation. Let us turn to a *real tranſlator*, and examine whether the idea might not be fully comprehended by an Engliſh reader, ſuppoſing it neceſſarily borrowed from Virgil. *Hexameters* in our language are almoſt forgotten; we will quote therefore this time from Stanyhurſt:

" O to thee, fayre virgin, what terme may rightly be fitted?
" Thy tongue, thy viſage no mortal frayltie reſembleth.
" ——No doubt, a goddeſſe!" *Edit.* 1583. FARMER.

[9] ——*certainly a maid.*] Nothing could be more prettily imagined, to illuſtrate the ſingularity of her character, than this pleaſant miſtake. She had been bred up in the rough and plain-dealing documents of moral philoſophy, which teaches us the knowledge of ourſelves; and was an utter ſtranger to the flattery invented by vicious and deſigning men to corrupt the other ſex. So that it could not enter into her imagination, that complaiſance, and a deſire of appearing amiable, qualities of humanity which ſhe had been inſtructed, in her moral leſſons, to cultivate, could ever degenerate into ſuch exceſs, as that any one ſhould be willing to have his fellow-creature believe that he thought her a goddeſs, or an immortal. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has here found a beauty, which I think the author never intended. Ferdinand aſks her not whether ſhe was a *created being*, a queſtion which, if he meant it, he has ill expreſſed, but whether ſhe was unmarried; for after the dialogue which Proſpero's interruption produces, he goes on purſuing his former queſtion:

O if a virgin,
I'll make you queen of Naples. JOHNSON.

A paſſage in Lyly's *Galathea* ſeems to countenance the preſent text: " The queſtion among men is common, *are you a maide?*" —yet I cannot but think, that Dr. Warburton reads very rightly: " If you be *made*, or no." When we meet with a harſh expreſſion in Shakſpeare, we are uſually to look for a *play upon words*.

Fer. My language! heavens!—
I am the beſt of them that ſpeak this ſpeech,

Fletcher cloſely imitates *The Tempeſt* in his *Sea Voyage:* and he introduces *Albert* in the ſame manner to the ladies of *his* Deſert Iſland:

" Be not offended, goddeſſes, that I fall
" Thus proſtrate," &c.

Shakſpeare himſelf had certainly read, and had probably now in his mind, a paſſage in the third book of *The Fairy Queen*, between *Timias* and *Belphœbe:*

" *Angel* or *goddeſs!* do I call thee *right?*
" There-at ſhe bluſhing, ſaid, ah! gentle ſquire,
" Nor *goddeſs* I, nor *angel*, but the *maid*
" And *daughter* of a woody nymph," &c. Farmer.

So Milton, *Comus*, 265:

" ———*Hail foreign wonder!*
" *Whom certain theſe rough ſhades did never breed,*
" *Unleſs the Goddeſs,*" &c.

Milton's imitation explains Shakſpeare. *Maid* is certainly a *created being*, a Woman in oppoſition to Goddeſs. Miranda immediately deſtroys this firſt ſenſe by a quibble. In the mean time, I have no objection to read *made*, i. e. *created*. The force of the ſentiment is the ſame. *Comus* is univerſally allowed to have taken ſome of its tints from *The Tempeſt*. T. Warton.

The firſt copy reads—if you be *maid*, or no. *Made* was not ſuggeſted by Dr. Warburton, being an emendation introduced by the editor of the fourth folio. It was, I am perſuaded, the author's word: There being no article prefixed adds ſtrength to this ſuppoſition. Nothing is more common in his plays than a word being uſed in reply, in a ſenſe different from that in which it was employed by the firſt ſpeaker. Ferdinand had the moment before called Miranda a goddeſs; and the words immediately ſubjoined, —" Vouchſafe my prayer"—ſhow, that he looked up to her as a perſon of a ſuperior order, and ſought her protection, and inſtruction for his conduct, not her love. At *this* period, therefore, he muſt have felt too much awe to have flattered himſelf with the hope of poſſeſſing a being that appeared to him celeſtial; though afterwards, emboldened by what Miranda ſays, he exclaims, " O, if a virgin," &c. words that appear inconſiſtent with the ſuppoſition that he had already *aſked* her whether ſhe was one or not. She had indeed told him, ſhe was; but in his aſtoniſhment at hearing her ſpeak his own language, he may well be ſuppoſed to have forgotten

Were I but where 'tis ſpoken.

Pro. How! the beſt?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A ſingle thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee ſpeak of Naples: He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myſelf am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er ſince at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of Milan,
And his brave ſon, being twain.[1]

Pro. The duke of Milan,

what ſhe ſaid; which, if he had himſelf made the inquiry, would not be very reaſonable to ſuppoſe.

It appears from the alteration of this play by Dryden and Sir W. D'Avenant, that they conſidered the preſent paſſage in this light:

" ——Fair, excellence,
" If, as your form declares, you are divine,
" Be pleas'd to inſtruct me, how you will be worſhip'd;
" So bright a beauty cannot ſure belong
" To human kind."

In a ſubſequent ſcene we have again the ſame inquiry:

Alon. " Is ſhe the *goddeſs* that hath ſever'd us,
" And brought us thus together?"
Fer. " Sir, ſhe's *mortal*."

Our author might have remembered Lodge's deſcription of Fawnia, the Perdita of his *Winter's Tale*: " Yet he ſcarce knew her, for ſhe had attired herſelf in rich apparel, which ſo increaſed her beauty, that ſhe reſembled rather an *angel* than a *creature*." *Doraſtus and Fawnia*, 1592. Malone.

The queſtion, (I uſe the words of Mr. M. Maſon,) is " whether our readers will adopt a natural and ſimple expreſſion which requires no comment, or one which the ingenuity of many commentators has but imperfectly ſupported." Steevens.

[1] *And his brave ſon, being twain.*] This is a ſlight forgetfulneſs. Nobody was loſt in the wreck, yet we find no ſuch character as the ſon of the duke of Milan. Theobald.

And his more braver daughter, could control thee,[2]
If now 'twere fit to do't :—At the firſt ſight
[*Aſide.*
They have chang'd eyes :—Delicate Ariel,
I'll ſet thee free for this !—A word, good ſir ;
I fear, you have done yourſelf ſome wrong :[3] a word.

Mira. Why ſpeaks my father ſo ungently ? This
Is the third man that e'er I ſaw ; the firſt
That e'er I ſigh'd for : pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way !

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, ſir ; one word more.—
They are both in either's powers : but this ſwift buſineſs
I muſt uneaſy make, leſt too light winning [*Aſide.*
Make the prize light.—One word more ; I charge thee,
That thou attend me : thou doſt here uſurp
The name thou ow'ſt not ; and haſt put thyſelf
Upon this iſland, as a ſpy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in ſuch a temple :

[2] ——*control thee,*] Confute thee, unanſwerably contradict thee. JOHNSON.

[3] *I fear, you have done yourſelf ſome wrong :*] i. e. I fear that, in aſſerting yourſelf to be *King of Naples,* you have uttered a falſehood, which is below your character, and, conſequently, injurious to your honour. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*—"This is not well, maſter Ford, this *wrongs you.*" STEEVENS.

If the ill ſpirit have ſo fair an houſe,
Good things will ſtrive to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me.— [*To* Ferd.
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come.
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water ſhalt thou drink, thy food ſhall be
The freſh-brook muſcles, wither'd roots, and huſks
Wherein the acorn cradled: Follow.

Fer. No;
I will reſiſt ſuch entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power. [*He draws.*

Mira. O dear father,
Make not too raſh a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.[4]

[4] *He's gentle, and not* fearful.] *Fearful* ſignifies both terrible and timorous. In this place it may mean *timorous*. She tells her father, that as he is gentle, rough uſage is unneceſſary; and as he is brave, it may be dangerous.

Fearful, however, may ſignify *formidable*, as in *K. Henry IV:*

"A mighty and a *fearful* head they are."

and then the meaning of the paſſage is obvious. Steevens.

"Do not raſhly determine to treat him with ſeverity, he is *mild and harmleſs*, and not in the leaſt *terrible* or *dangerous*."

Ritson.

A late novelliſt has the following remark on this paſſage:—"How have your commentators been puzzled by the following expreſſion in *The Tempeſt*—He's gentle, and not fearful; as if it was a paralogiſm to ſay that being *gentle*, he muſt of courſe be *courageous*: but the truth is, one of the original meanings, if not the ſole meaning, of that word was, *noble, high minded*: and to this day a Scotch woman in the ſituation of the young lady in *The Tempeſt*, would expreſs herſelf nearly in the ſame terms.—Don't provoke him; for being gentle, that is, *high ſpirited*, he won't tamely bear an inſult. Spenſer, in the very firſt ſtanza of his *Fairy Queen*, ſays:

"A *gentle* knight was pricking on the plain,"

which knight, far from being *tame* and fearful, was ſo ſtout that

"Nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad."

Smollett's *Humphrey Clinker*, Vol. II. p. 182.

Reed.

Pro. What, I ſay,
My foot my tutor! [5]—Put thy ſword up, traitor;
Who mak'ſt a ſhew, but dar'ſt not ſtrike, thy conſcience
Is ſo poſſeſs'd with guilt: come from thy ward;[6]
For I can here diſarm thee with this ſtick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beſeech you, father!

Pro. Hence; hang not on my garments.

Mira. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his ſurety.

Pro. Silence: one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impoſtor? huſh!
Thou think'ſt, there are no more ſuch ſhapes as he,
Having ſeen but him and Caliban: Fooliſh wench!
To the moſt of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections
Are then moſt humble; I have no ambition
To ſee a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on; obey: [*To* Ferd.

[5] *My* foot *my tutor!*] So, in *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, 1587, p. 163:

"What honeſt heart would not conceive diſdayne,
"To ſee *the foote* ſurmount above the *head*."

Henderson.

Again, in *K. Lear*, Act IV. ſc. ii. one of the quartos reads—

"My *foot* uſurps my *head*."

Thus alſo Pope, *Eſſay on Man*, I. 260:

"What, if the *foot*, ordain'd the duſt to tread,
"Or hand to toil, aſpir'd to be the *head?*" Steevens.

[6] —— *come from thy* ward;] Deſiſt from any hope of awing me by that poſture of defence. Johnson.

So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. Falſtaff ſays:—"Thou know'ſt my old *ward*;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point." Steevens.

Thy nerves are in their infancy again,[7]
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:
My ſpirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.[8]
My father's loſs, the weakneſs which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am ſubdued, are but light to me,[9]
Might I but through my priſon once a day
Behold this maid:[1] all corners elſe o' the earth
Let liberty make uſe of; ſpace enough
Have I in ſuch a priſon.

Pro. It works:—Come on.—
Thou haſt done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—
[*To* Ferd. *and* Mir.
Hark, what thou elſe ſhalt do me. [*To* Ariel.

[7] *Thy nerves are in their infancy again,*] Perhaps Milton had this paſſage in his mind, when he wrote the following line in his *Maſque at Ludlow Caſtle*:

"Thy nerves are all bound up in alabaſter." Steevens.

[8] *My ſpirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.*] Alluding to a common ſenſation in dreams; when we ſtruggle, but with a total impuiſſance in our endeavours, to run, ſtrike, &c.
Warburton.

[9] —— are *but light to me,*] This paſſage, as it ſtands at preſent, with all allowance for poetical licence, cannot be reconciled to grammar. I ſuſpect that our author wrote—"*were* but light to me," in the ſenſe of—*would be.*—In the preceding line the old copy reads—*nor* this man's threats. The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. Malone.

[1] *Might I but through my priſon once a day*
Behold this maid:] This thought ſeems borrowed from *The Knight's Tale* of Chaucer; v. 1230:

"For elles had I dwelt with Theſeus
"Yfetered in his priſon evermo.
"Than had I ben in bliſſe, and not in wo.
"Only the ſight of hire, whom that I ſerve,
"Though that I never hire grace may deſerve,
"Wold have ſufficed right ynough for me." Steevens.

Mira. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, ſir,
Than he appears by ſpeech; this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou ſhalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the ſyllable.

Pro. Come, follow: ſpeak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Another part of the Iſland

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, *and others.*

Gon. 'Beſeech you, ſir, be merry: you have cauſe
(So have we all) of joy; for our eſcape
Is much beyond our loſs: Our hint of woe[2]
Is common; every day, ſome ſailor's wife,
The maſters of ſome merchant,[3] and the merchant,

[2] —— *Our* hint *of woe*—] *Hint* is that which recalls to the memory. The cauſe that fills our minds with grief is common. Dr. Warburton reads—*ſtint* of woe. Johnson.

Hint ſeems to mean circumſtance. "A danger from which they had eſcaped (ſays Mr. M. Maſon) might properly be called a *hint of woe.*" Steevens.

[3] *The* maſters *of ſome merchant,* &c.] Thus the old copy. If the paſſage be not corrupt (as I ſuſpect it is) we muſt ſuppoſe that by *maſters* our author means the *owners* of a merchant's ſhip, or the *officers* to whom the navigation of it had been truſted.

Have juſt our theme of woe: but for the miracle,[4]
I mean our preſervation, few in millions
Can ſpeak like us: then wiſely, good ſir, weigh
Our ſorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The viſitor[5] will not give him o'er ſo.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will ſtrike.

Gon. Sir,——

Seb. One:——Tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed;[6] you have ſpoken truer than you purpoſed.

I ſuppoſe, however, that our author wrote—
" The *miſtreſs* of ſome merchant," &c.
Miſtreſs was anciently ſpelt—*maiſtreſſe* or *maiſtres*. Hence, perhaps, aroſe the preſent typographical error. See *Merchant of Venice*, Act IV. ſc. i. Steevens.

[4] *Have juſt our theme* of woe: *but for the miracle,*]. The words —*of woe*, appear to me as an idle interpolation. Three lines before we have " our hint *of woe*—." Steevens.

[5] *The* viſitor—] Why Dr. Warburton ſhould change *viſitor* to *'viſer*, for *adviſer*, I cannot diſcover. Gonzalo gives not only advice but comfort, and is therefore properly called *The Viſitor*, like others who viſit the ſick or diſtreſſed to give them conſolation. In ſome of the Proteſtant churches there is a kind of officers termed conſolators for the ſick. Johnson.

[6] *Gon.* Dolour *comes to him, indeed*;] The ſame quibble occurs in *The Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1637:
" And his reward be thirteen hundred *dollars*,
" For he hath driven *dolour* from our heart." Steevens.

Seb. You have taken it wiſelier than I meant you ſhould.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. Fye, what a ſpendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I pr'ythee, ſpare.

Gon. Well, I have done: But yet—

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a good wager, firſt begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done: The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this iſland ſeem to be deſert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!

Ant. So, you've pay'd.[7]

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almoſt inacceſſible,—

Seb. Yet,

[7] —— you've *pay'd.*] Old copy—*you'r* paid. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. To *pay* ſometimes ſignified—to *beat,* but I have never met with it in a metaphorical ſenſe; otherwiſe I ſhould have thought the reading of the folio right: you are *beaten*; you have *loſt.* Malone.

This paſſage ſcarcely deſerves explanation; but the meaning is this:

Antonio lays a wager with Sebaſtian, that Adrian would crow before Gonzalo, and the wager was a laughter. Adrian ſpeaks firſt, ſo Antonio is the winner. Sebaſtian laughs at what Adrian had ſaid, and Antonio immediately acknowledges that by his laughing he has paid the bet.

The old copy reads—*you'r* paid, which will anſwer as well, if thoſe words be given to Sebaſtian inſtead of Antonio.

M. Mason.

Adr. Yet—

Ant. He could not miſs it.

Adr. It muſt needs be of ſubtle, tender, and delicate temperance.[8]

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.[9]

Seb. Ay, and a ſubtle; as he moſt learnedly delivered.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here moſt ſweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True; ſave means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How luſh[1] and luſty the graſs looks? how green?

[8] —— *and delicate* temperance.] *Temperance* here means *temperature.* Steevens.

[9] Temperance *was a delicate wench.*] In the puritanical times it was uſual to chriſtian children from the titles of religious and moral virtues.

So Taylor, the water-poet, in his deſcription of a ſtrumpet:

" Though bad they be, they will not bate an ace,
" To be call'd Prudence, *Temperance,* Faith, or Grace."

Steevens.

[1] *How* luſh *&c.*] *Luſh,* i. e. of a *dark full* colour, the oppoſite to *pale* and *faint.* Sir T. Hanmer.

The words, *how green?* which immediately follow, might have intimated to Sir T. Hanmer, that *luſh* here ſignifies *rank,* and not *a dark full colour.* In Arthur Golding's tranſlation of *Julius Solinus,* printed 1587, a paſſage occurs, in which the word is explained.—" Shrubbes *luſhe* and almoſt like a gryſtle." So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream:*

" Quite over-canopied with *luſhious* woodbine."

Henley.

The word *luſh* has not yet been rightly interpreted. It appears from the following paſſage in Golding's tranſlation of Ovid, 1587, to have ſignified *juicy, ſucculent:*

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.[2]

Ant. He miſſes not much.

Seb. No; he doth but miſtake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is (which is indeed almoſt beyond credit)—

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the ſea, hold, notwithſtanding, their freſhneſs, and gloſſes; being rather new dy'd, than ſtain'd with ſalt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could ſpeak, would it not ſay, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falſely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as freſh as when we put them on firſt in Africk, at the

" What? ſeeſt thou not, how that the year, as repreſenting plaine
" The age of man, departes himſelf in quarters foure: firſt, baine
" And tender in the ſpring it is, even like a ſucking babe,
" Then greene and void of ſtrength, and *luſh* and *foggy* is the blade;
" And cheers the huſbandman with hope."

Ovid's lines (Met. XV.) are theſe:

" Quid? non in ſpecies ſuccedere quattuor annum
" Aſpicis, ætatis peragentem imitamina noſtræ?
" Nam tener et lactens, puerique ſimillimus ævo,
" Vere novo eſt. Tunc *herba recens, et roboris expers,*
" *Turget, et inſolida eſt,* et ſpe delectat agreſtem."

Spenſer in his *Shepheard's Calender*, (Feb.) applies the epithet *luſty* to green:

" With leaves engrain'd in *luſtie green.*" Malone.

[2] *With an* eye *of green in't.*] An *eye* is a ſmall ſhade of colour:

" Red, with an *eye* of blue, makes a purple." *Boyle.*

Again, in *Fuller's Church Hiſtory*, p. 237, xvii Cent. Book XI: " —ſome cole-black (all *eye* of purple being put out therein)—."

Again, in Sandys's *Travels*, lib. i: " —cloth of ſilver tiſſued with an *eye* of green—." Steevens.

marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel[3] to the king of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a ſweet marriage, and we proſper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with ſuch a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not ſince widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o'that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido![4]

[3] —— *Claribel*—] Shakſpeare might have found this name in the bl. l. *Hiſtory of George Lord Faukonbridge*, a pamphlet that he probably read when he was writing *King John*. Clarabel is there the concubine of King Richard I. and the mother of Lord Falconbridge. Malone.

[4] —— *Widow Dido!*] The name of a widow brings to their minds their own ſhipwreck, which they conſider as having made many widows in Naples. Johnson.

Perhaps our author remembered "An inſcription for the ſtatue of Dido," copied from Auſonius, and inſerted in *Daviſon's* Poems:

"O moſt unhappy *Dido*,
"Unhappy wife, and more unhappy *widow!*
"Unhappy in thy mate,
"And in thy lover more unfortunate!" &c.

The edition from whence I have tranſcribed theſe lines was printed in 1621, but there was a former in 1608, and another ſome years before, as I collect from the following paſſage in a letter from Mr. John Chamberlain to Mr. Carleton, July 8, 1602: "It ſeems young Daviſon means to take another courſe, and turn poet, for he hath lately *ſet out* certain ſonnets and epigrams." Chamberlain's Letters, Vol. I. among Dr. Birch's MSS. in the Britiſh Muſeum. Malone.

A ballad of *Queen Dido* is in the Pepyſian collection, and is alſo printed in Dr. Percy's *Reliques*. It appears at one time to have been a great favourite with the common people. "O you ale-knights," exclaims an ancient writer, "you that devoure the marrow of the mault, and drinke whole ale-tubs into conſumptions; that ſing Queen Dido over a cupp, and tell ſtrange newes over an ale-pot," &c. *Jacke of Dover his queſt of Inquirie, or his privy Search for the verieſt Foole in England*, 4to. 1604, ſig. F. Ritson.

Seb. What if he had ſaid, widower Æneas too? good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, ſaid you? you make me ſtudy of that: She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, ſir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I aſſure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.[5]

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houſes too.

Ant. What impoſſible matter will he make eaſy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this iſland home in his pocket, and give it his ſon for an apple.

Ant. And, ſowing the kernels of it in the ſea, bring forth more iſlands.

Gon. Ay?

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments ſeem now as freſh, as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rareſt that e'er came there.

Seb. 'Bate, I beſeech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, ſir, my doublet as freſh as the firſt day I wore it? I mean, in a ſort.

Ant. That ſort was well fiſh'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

[5] ——*the miraculous harp.*] Alluding to the wonders of Amphion's muſic. Steevens.

Alon. You cram theſe words into mine ears, againſt
The ſtomach of my ſenſe:[6] 'Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My ſon is loſt; and, in my rate, ſhe too,
Who is ſo far from Italy remov'd,
I ne'er again ſhall ſee her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what ſtrange fiſh
Hath made his meal on thee!

Fran. Sir, he may live;
I ſaw him beat the ſurges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whoſe enmity he flung aſide, and breaſted
The ſurge moſt ſwoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himſelf with his good arms in luſty ſtroke
To the ſhore, that o'er his wave-worn baſis bow'd,
As ſtooping to relieve him: I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourſelf for this great loſs;
That would not bleſs our Europe with your daughter,
But rather loſe her to an African;
Where ſhe, at leaſt, is baniſh'd from your eye,
Who hath cauſe to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and impórtun'd otherwiſe

[6] *The ſtomach of my* ſenſe:] By *ſenſe*, I believe, is meant both *reaſon and natural affection*. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:
" Againſt all *ſenſe* do you impórtune her."
Mr. M. Maſon, however, ſuppoſes " *ſenſe*, in this place, means *feeling*." Steevens.

By all of us; and the fair ſoul herſelf
Weigh'd, between lothneſs and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam ſhe'd bow.[7] We have loſt
your ſon,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this buſineſs' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them:[8] the fault's
Your own.

Alon. So is the deareſt of the loſs.

Gon. My lord Sebaſtian,
The truth you ſpeak doth lack ſome gentleneſs,
And time to ſpeak it in: you rub the ſore,
When you ſhould bring the plaſter.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And moſt chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good ſir,
When you are cloudy.

[7] Weigh'd, *between lothneſs and obedience, at*
Which end o' the beam ſhe'd *bow.*] *Weigh'd* means *deliberated.* It is uſed in nearly the ſame ſenſe in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, and in *Hamlet*. The old copy reads—*ſhould* bow. *Should* was probably an abbreviation of *ſhe would*, the mark of eliſion being inadvertently omitted [ſh'ould]. Thus *he has* is frequently exhibited in the firſt folio—*h'as*. Mr. Pope corrected the paſſage thus: "at which end the beam ſhould bow." But omiſſion of any word in the old copy, without ſubſtituting another in it's place, is ſeldom ſafe, except in thoſe inſtances where the repeated word appears to have been caught by the compoſitor's eye glancing on the line above, or below, or where a word is printed twice in the ſame line. Malone.

[8] *Than we bring men to comfort them:*] It does not clearly appear whether the king and theſe lords thought the ſhip loſt. This paſſage ſeems to imply, that they were themſelves confident of returning, but imagined part of the fleet deſtroyed. Why, indeed, ſhould Sebaſtian plot againſt his brother in the following ſcene, unleſs he knew how to find the kingdom which he was to inherit? Johnson.

Seb. Foul weather?
Ant. Very foul.
Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—
Ant. He'd sow it with nettle-seed.
Seb. Or docks, or mallows.
Gon. And were the king of it, What would I do?
Seb. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.
Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffick
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;[9]

[9] ——*for* no kind of traffick
Would I admit; no name of magistrate; *&c.*] Our author has here closely followed a passage in Montaigne's Essaies, translated by John Florio, folio, 1603: "It is a nation (would I answer Plato) that hath no *kind of trafficke*, no *knowledge of letters*, no intelligence of numbers, no *name of magistrate*, nor of *politic superioritie*; *no use of service, of riches, or of povertie, no contracts, no successions, no partitions, no occupation, but idle*; no respect of kindred but common; no apparel but natural; *no use of wine, corne, or metal.* The very words that import lying, falshood, *treason*, dissimulations, covetousnes, envie, detraction and pardon, were never heard amongst them."—This passage was pointed out by Mr. Capell, who knew so little of his author as to suppose that Shakspeare had the original French before him, though he has almost literally followed Florio's translation.

Montaigne is here speaking of a *newly discovered country*, which he calls "Antartick France." In the page preceding that already quoted, are these words: "The other testimonie of antiquitie to which some will refer the *discoverie* is in Aristotle (if at least that little book of unheard-of wonders be his) where he reporteth that certain Carthaginians having sailed athwart the Atlanticke sea, without the strait of Gibraltar, discovered a great fertil Island, all replenished with goodly woods, and deepe rivers, farre distant from any land."

Whoever shall take the trouble to turn to the old translation here quoted, will, I think, be of opinion, that in whatsoever

Letters ſhould not be known; no uſe of ſervice,
Of riches or of poverty; no contracts,
Succeſſions; bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:[1]

novel our author might have found the *fable* of *The Tempeſt*, he was led by the peruſal of this book to make the *ſcene* of it an unfrequented iſland. The title of the chapter, which is—"*Of the Canniballes*,"—evidently furniſhed him with the name of one of his characters. In his time almoſt every proper name was twiſted into an anagram. Thus, "*I moyl in law*," was the anagram of the laborious William Noy, Attorney General to Charles I. By inverting this proceſs, and tranſpoſing the letters of the word *Canibal*, Shakſpeare (as Dr. Farmer long ſince obſerved) formed the name of *Caliban*. MALONE.

[1] *Letters ſhould not be known; no uſe of ſervice,*
Of riches or of poverty; no contracts,
Succeſſions; bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:] The words already quoted from Florio's Tranſlation (as Dr. Farmer obſerves to me) inſtruct us to regulate our author's metre as it is now exhibited in the text.

Probably Shakſpeare firſt wrote (in the room of *partition*, which did not ſuit the ſtructure of his verſe) *bourn*; but recollecting that one of its ſignifications was a *rivulet*, and that his iſland would have fared ill without freſh water, he changed *bourn* to *bound of land*, a phraſe that could not be miſunderſtood. At the ſame time he might have forgot to ſtrike out *bourn*, his original word, which is now rejected; for if not uſed for a *brook*, it would have exactly the ſame meaning as *bound of land*. There is therefore no need of the diſſyllabical aſſiſtance recommended in the following note. STEEVENS.

And uſe of ſervice, none; contract, ſucceſſion,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none.] The defective metre of the ſecond of theſe lines affords a ground for believing that ſome word was omitted at the preſs. Many of the defects however in our author's metre have ariſen from the words of one line being transferred to another. In the preſent inſtance the preceding line is redundant. Perhaps the words here, as in many other paſſages, have been ſhuffled out of their places. We might read—

And uſe of ſervice, none; ſucceſſion,
Contract, bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none.

—*ſucceſſion* being often uſed by Shakſpeare as a quadriſyllable. It muſt however be owned, that in the paſſage in Montaigne's

No uſe of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too; but innocent and pure:
No ſovereignty:—

Seb. And yet he would be king on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.[2]

Gon. All things in common nature ſhould produce
Without ſweat or endeavour: treaſon, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,[3]
Would I not have; but nature ſhould bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foizon,[4] all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Eſſays the words *contract* and *ſucceſſion* are arranged in the ſame manner as in the firſt folio.

If the error did not happen in this way, *bourn* might have been uſed as a diſſyllable, and the word omitted at the preſs might have been *none*:

——— contract, ſucceſſion,
None; bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none.

MALONE.

[2] *The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.*] All this dialogue is a fine ſatire on the Utopian treatiſes of government, and the impracticable inconſiſtent ſchemes therein recommended. WARBURTON.

[3] ——*any* engine,] An *engine* is the *rack*. So, in *K. Lear*:

" —— like an *engine*, wrench'd my frame of nature
" From the fix'd place."

It may, however, be uſed here in its common ſignification of inſtrument of war, or military machine. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*all* foizon,] *Foiſon*, or *foizon*, ſignifies plenty, *ubertas*; not moiſture, or juice of graſs, as Mr. Pope ſays. EDWARDS.

So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. XIII. ch. 78:

" Union, in breeſe, is *foyſonous*, and diſcorde works decay."

Mr. Pope, however, is not entirely miſtaken, as *foiſon*, or *fizon*, ſometimes bears the meaning which he has affixed to it. See Ray's Collection of South and Eaſt Country words. STEEVENS.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his ſubjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle; whores, and knaves.

Gon. I would with ſuch perfection govern, ſir,
To excel the golden age.[5]

Seb. 'Save his majeſty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, ſir?—

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more: thou doſt talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highneſs; and did it to miniſter occaſion to theſe gentlemen, who are of ſuch ſenſible and nimble lungs, that they always uſe to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: ſo you may continue, and laugh at nothing ſtill.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

——nature *ſhould bring forth,*
Of its own kind, all foizon, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.] "And if notwithſtanding, in divers fruits of thoſe countries that were never tilled, we ſhall find that in reſpect of our's they are moſt excellent, and as delicate unto our taſte, there is no reaſon Art ſhould gain the point of our great and puiſſant mother, *Nature.*" Montaigne's *Eſſaies*, ubi ſup. MALONE.

[5] *I would with ſuch perfection govern, ſir,*
To excel the golden age.] So Montaigne, ubi ſupra: "Me ſeemeth that what in thoſe [newly diſcovered] nations we ſee by experience, doth not only EXCEED *all the pictures wherewith licentious poeſie hath proudly imbelliſhed the* GOLDEN AGE, and all her quaint inventions to fain a happy condition of man, but alſo the conception and deſire of philoſophy." MALONE.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle;[6] you would lift the moon out of her ſphere, if ſhe would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel *inviſible, playing ſolemn muſick.*[7]

Seb. We would ſo, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my diſcretion ſo weakly. Will you laugh me aſleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go ſleep, and hear us.

[*All ſleep but* Alon. Seb. *and* Ant.

Alon. What, all ſo ſoon aſleep! I wiſh mine eyes
Would, with themſelves, ſhut up my thoughts: I find,
They are inclin'd to do ſo.

Seb. Pleaſe you, ſir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It ſeldom viſits ſorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your perſon, while you take your reſt,
And watch your ſafety.

[6] ——*of brave* mettle;] The old copy has—*metal.* The two words are frequently confounded in the firſt folio. The epithet, *brave,* ſhews clearly, that the word now placed in the text was intended by our author. Malone.

[7] Enter Ariel, *&c. playing ſolemn muſic.*] This ſtage-direction does not mean to tell us that Ariel himſelf was the *fidicen*; but that ſolemn muſic attended his appearance, was an accompaniment to his entry. Steevens.

Alon. Thank you: Wond'rous heavy.—
[Alonso *ſleeps.* *Exit* Ariel.

Seb. What a ſtrange drowſineſs poſſeſſes them?

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids ſink? I find not
Myſelf diſpos'd to ſleep.

Ant. Nor I; my ſpirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by conſent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-ſtroke. What might,
Worthy Sebaſtian?—O, what might?—No more:—
And yet, methinks, I ſee it in thy face,
What thou ſhould'ſt be: the occaſion ſpeaks thee; and
My ſtrong imagination ſees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me ſpeak?

Seb. I do; and, ſurely,
It is a ſleepy language; and thou ſpeak'ſt
Out of thy ſleep: What is it thou didſt ſay?
This is a ſtrange repoſe, to be aſleep
With eyes wide open; ſtanding, ſpeaking, moving,
And yet ſo faſt aſleep.

Ant. Noble Sebaſtian,
Thou let'ſt thy fortune ſleep—die rather; wink'ſt
Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou doſt ſnore diſtinctly;
There's meaning in thy ſnores.

Ant. I am more ſerious than my cuſtom: you
Muſt be ſo too, if heed me; which to do,

Trebles thee o'er.[8]

Seb. Well; I am ſtanding water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do ſo: to ebb,
Hereditary ſloth inſtructs me.

Ant. O,
If you but knew, how you the purpoſe cheriſh,
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in ſtripping it,
You more inveſt it![9] Ebbing men, indeed,

[8] *I am more ſerious than my cuſtom: you*
Muſt be ſo too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.] This paſſage is repreſented to me as an obſcure one. The meaning of it ſeems to be—You muſt put on more than your uſual ſerioufneſs, if you are diſpoſed to pay a proper attention to my propoſal; which attention if you beſtow, it will in the end make you *thrice what you are.* Sebaſtian is already brother to the throne; but, being made a king by Antonio's contrivance, would be (according to our author's idea of greatneſs) *thrice* the man he was before. In this ſenſe he would be *trebled* o'er. So, in *Pericles,* 1609:

" ——— the maſter calls,
" And *trebles* the confuſion."

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinſmen,* 1634:

" ——— *thirds* his own worth." STEEVENS.

Again, in the *Merchant of Venice:*

" ———Yet, for you,
" I would be *trebled* twenty times myſelf." MALONE.

[9] *If you but knew, how you the purpoſe cheriſh,*
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in ſtripping it,
You more inveſt it!] A judicious critic in *The Edinburgh Magazine* for Nov. 1786, offers the following illuſtration of this obſcure paſſage. " Sebaſtian introduces the ſimile of water. It is taken up by Antonio, who ſays he will teach his ſtagnant water to flow. ' —It has already learned to ebb,' ſays Sebaſtian. To which Antonio replies, ' *O if you but knew how much even that metaphor, which you uſe in jeſt, encourages to the deſign which I hint at; how in ſtripping the words of their common meaning, and uſing them figuratively, you adapt them to your own ſituation!*" STEEVENS.

Moſt often do ſo near the bottom run,
By their own fear, or ſloth.

Seb. Pr'ythee, ſay on:
The ſetting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, ſir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance,[1] this
(Who ſhall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd,) hath here almoſt perſuaded
(For he's a ſpirit of perſuaſion only,)
The king, his ſon's alive; 'tis as impoſſible
That he's undrown'd, as he that ſleeps here, ſwims.[2]

[1] —— *this lord of weak remembrance,*] This lord, who, being now in his dotage, has outlived his faculty of remembering; and who, once laid in the ground, ſhall be as little remembered himſelf, as he can now remember other things. Johnson.

[2] —— *hath here almoſt perſuaded,*
(For he's a ſpirit of perſuaſion, only
Profeſſes to perſuade) *the king his ſon's alive;*
'Tis as impoſſible that he's undrown'd,
As he, that ſleeps here, ſwims.] Of this entangled ſentence I can draw no ſenſe from the preſent reading, and therefore imagine that the author gave it thus:

For he, *a ſpirit of perſuaſion, only*
Profeſſes to perſuade the king, his ſon's alive;

Of which the meaning may be either, that *he alone, who is a ſpirit of perſuaſion, profeſſes to perſuade the king*; or that, *He only profeſſes to perſuade,* that is, *without being ſo perſuaded himſelf, he makes a ſhow of perſuading the king.* Johnson.

The meaning may be—He is a mere rhetorician, one who profeſſes the art of perſuaſion, and nothing elſe; i. e. he profeſſes to perſuade another to believe that of which he himſelf is not convinced; he is content to be plauſible, and has no further aim. So, (as Mr. Malone obſerves,) in *Troilus and Creſſida:*
" —why he'll anſwer nobody, he *profeſſes* not anſwering."
Steevens.

The obſcurity of this paſſage ariſes from a miſconception of the word *he's,* which is not an abbreviation of *he is,* but of *he has*;

Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,

and partly from the omiſſion of the pronoun *who,* before the word *profeſſes,* by a common poetical ellipſis. Supply that deficiency, and the ſentence will run thus :—

" Although this lord of weak remembrance
" ——hath here almoſt perſuaded
" For *he has* a ſpirit of perſuaſion, *who,* only
" Profeſſes to perſuade, the king his ſon's alive ;"—

And the meaning is clearly this.—This old lord, though a mere dotard, has almoſt perſuaded the king that his ſon is alive ; for he is ſo willing to believe it, that any man who undertakes to perſuade him of it, has the powers of perſuaſion, and ſucceeds in the attempt.

We find a ſimilar expreſſion in *The Firſt Part of Henry IV.* When Poins undertakes to engage the Prince to make one of the party to Gads-hill, Falſtaff ſays :

" Well ! may'ſt thou *have the ſpirit of perſuaſion,* and he the ears of profiting ! that what thou ſpeakeſt may move, and what he hears may be believed !" M. Mason.

The light Mr. M. Maſon's conjecture has thrown on this paſſage, I think, enables me to diſcover and remedy the defect in it.

I cannot help regarding the words—" *profeſſes to perſuade*"—as a mere gloſs or paraphraſe on " —*he has a ſpirit of perſuaſion.*" This explanatory ſentence, being written in the margin of an actor's part, or playhouſe copy, was afterwards injudiciouſly incorporated with our author's text. Read the paſſage (as it now ſtands in the text) without theſe words, and nothing is wanting to its ſenſe or metre.

On the contrary, the inſertion of the words I have excluded, by lengthening the parentheſis, obſcures the meaning of the ſpeaker, and, at the ſame time, produces redundancy of meaſure.

Irregularity of metre ought always to excite ſuſpicions of omiſſion or interpolation. Where ſomewhat has been omitted, through chance or deſign, a line is occaſionally formed by the junction of hemiſtichs previouſly unfitted to each other. Such a line will naturally exceed the eſtabliſhed proportion of feet ; and when marginal obſervations are crept into the text, they will have juſt ſuch aukward effects as I conceive to have been produced by one of them in the preſent inſtance.

" Perhaps (ſays that excellent ſcholar and perſpicacious critic Mr. *Porſon,* in his 6th Letter to Archdeacon *Travis*) you think

What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
Another way ſo high an hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,[3]
But doubts diſcovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; ſhe that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life;[4] ſhe that from Naples
Can have no note,[5] unleſs the ſun were poſt,

it an affected and abſurd idea that a marginal note can ever creep into the text: yet I hope you are not ſo ignorant as not to know that this has actually happened, not merely in *hundreds* or *thouſands*, but in *millions* of places," &c. &c.—

"From this known propenſity of tranſcribers to turn every thing into the text which they found written in the margin of their MSS. or between the lines, ſo many interpolations have proceeded, that at preſent the ſureſt canon of criticiſm is, *Præferatur lectio brevior.*" P. 149, 150.

Though I once expreſſed a different opinion, I am now well convinced that the metre of Shakſpeare's plays had originally no other irregularity than was occaſioned by an accidental uſe of hemiſtichs. When we find the ſmootheſt ſeries of lines among our earlieſt dramatic writers (who could fairly boaſt of no other requiſites for poetry) are we to expect leſs poliſhed verſification from Shakſpeare? Steevens.

[3] —— *a wink beyond,*] That this is the utmoſt extent of the proſpect of ambition, the point where the eye can paſs no farther, and where objects loſe their diſtinctneſs, ſo that what is there diſcovered is faint, obſcure, and doubtful. Johnson.

[4] —— *beyond man's life;*] i. e. at a greater diſtance than the life of man is long enough to reach. Steevens.

[5] ——*ſhe that from Naples*
Can have no note, *&c.*] *Note* (as Mr. Malone obſerves) is *notice*, or *information*.

(The man i' the moon's too ſlow,) till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable: ſhe, from whom[6]
We were all ſea-ſwallow'd, though ſome caſt again;[7]
And, by that, deſtin'd[8] to perform an act,
Whereof what's paſt is prologue; what to come,
In yours and my diſcharge.[9]

Seb. What ſtuff is this?—How ſay you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is ſhe heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is ſome ſpace.

Ant. A ſpace whoſe every cubit
Seems to cry out, *How ſhall that Claribel*
Meaſure us back to Naples?—Keep in Tunis,[1]

Shakſpeare's great ignorance of geography is not more conſpicuous in any inſtance than in this, where he ſuppoſes Tunis and Naples to have been at ſuch an immeaſurable diſtance from each other. He may, however, be countenanced by *Apollonius Rhodius*, who ſays, that both the *Rhone* and *Po* meet in one, and diſcharge themſelves into the gulph of *Venice*; and by *Æſchylus*, who has placed the river *Eridanus* in *Spain*. Steevens.

[6] ——*ſhe, from whom*—] i. e. in coming from whom. The old copy has—ſhe *that* from, &c. which cannot be right. The compoſitor's eye probably glanced on a preceding line, "*ſhe that* from Naples—." The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

[7] ——*though ſome* caſt *again*;] *Caſt* is here uſed in the ſame ſenſe as in *Macbeth*, Act II. ſc. iii: "—though he took my legs from me, I made a ſhift to *caſt* him." Steevens.

[8] *And, by that,* deſtin'd—] It is a common plea of wickedneſs to call temptation deſtiny. Johnson.

The late Dr. Muſgrave very reaſonably propoſed to ſubſtitute—deſtin'*d* for—deſtiny. As the conſtruction of the paſſage is made eaſier by this ſlight change, I have adopted it. Steevens.

[9] *In yours and my diſcharge.*] i. e. depends on what you and I are to perform. Steevens.

[1] ——keep *in Tunis,*] There is in this paſſage a propriety loſt, which a ſlight alteration will reſtore:

And let Sebaſtian wake!—Say, this were death
That now hath ſeiz'd them; why, they were no worſe
Than now they are: There be, that can rule Naples,
As well as he that ſleeps; lords, that can prate
As amply, and unneceſſarily,
As this Gonzalo; I myſelf could make
A chough [2] of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a ſleep were this
For your advancement! Do you underſtand me?

Seb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember,
You did ſupplant your brother Proſpero.

Ant. True:
And, look, how well my garments ſit upon me;
Much feater than before: My brother's ſervants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conſcience—

Ant. Ay, ſir; where lies that? if it were a kybe,
'Twould put me to my ſlipper; But I feel not
This deity in my boſom: twenty conſciences,
That ſtand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,

" ——— Sleep *in Tunis,*
" *And let Sebaſtian wake!*" JOHNSON.

The old reading is ſufficiently explicable. *Claribel* (ſays he) *keep where thou art, and allow Sebaſtian time to awaken thoſe ſenſes by the help of which he may perceive the advantage which now preſents itſelf.* STEEVENS.

[2] *A chough*—] Is a bird of the jack-daw kind. So, in *Macbeth*, Act III. ſc. iv:

" By magot-pies, and *choughs*, and rooks," &c.
STEEVENS.

And melt, ere they moleſt ! [3] Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,[4]
If he were that which now he's like; whom I,
With this obedient ſteel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: [5] whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye [6] might put

[3] And *melt, ere they moleſt !*] I had rather read—
Would *melt, ere they moleſt.*
i. e. *Twenty conſciences, ſuch as ſtand between me and my hopes, though they were congealed, would melt before they could moleſt me,* or prevent the execution of my purpoſes. JOHNSON.

Let twenty conſciences be firſt congealed, and then diſſolved, ere they moleſt me, or prevent me from executing my purpoſes. MALONE.

If the interpretation of Johnſon and Malone is juſt, *and* is certainly as intelligible as *or*; but I can ſee no reaſonable meaning in this interpretation. It amounts to nothing more as thus interpreted, than *My conſcience muſt melt and become ſofter than it is before it moleſts me*; which is an inſipidity unworthy of the Poet. I would read "Candy'd be they, *or* melt;" and the expreſſion then has ſpirit and propriety. *Had I twenty conſciences,* ſays Antonio, *they might be hot or cold for me; they ſhould not give me the ſmalleſt trouble.*—*Edinburgh Magazine,* Nov. 1786. STEEVENS.

[4] *No better than the earth he lies upon,*] So, in *Julius Cæſar:*
" —— at Pompey's baſis lies along,
" *No worthier than the duſt.*" STEEVENS.

[5] *If he were that which now he's like; whom I,*
With this obedient ſteel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed &c.] The old copy reads—
" If he were that which now he's like, *that's dead;*
" Whom I with this obedient ſteel, three inches of it,
" Can lay to bed," &c.
The words—" that's dead" (as Dr. Farmer obſerves to me) are evidently a gloſs, or marginal note, which had found its way into the text. Such a ſupplement is uſeleſs to the ſpeaker's meaning, and one of the verſes becomes redundant by its inſertion. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*for* aye—] i. e. for ever. So, in *K. Lear:*
" ——— I am come
" To bid my king and maſter *aye* good night." STEEVENS.

This ancient morſel,[7] this ſir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our courſe. For all the reſt,
They'll take ſuggeſtion, as a cat laps milk;[8]
They'll tell the clock to any buſineſs that
We ſay befits the hour.

Seb. Thy caſe, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'ſt Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy ſword: one ſtroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'ſt;
And I the king ſhall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word.

[*They converſe apart.*

[7] *This ancient* morſel,] For *morſel*, Dr. Warburton reads—*ancient moral*, very elegantly and judiciouſly; yet I know not whether the author might not write *morſel*, as we ſay a *piece of a man*. Johnson.

So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" How doth my dear *morſel*, thy miſtreſs?" Steevens.

[8] —— *take* ſuggeſtion,] i. e. Receive any hint of villainy. Johnson.

So, in *Macbeth*, Act I. ſc. iii:

" If good, why do I yield to that *ſuggeſtion*
" Whoſe horrid image," &c. Steevens.

They'll take ſuggeſtion, *as a cat laps milk*;] That is, will adopt, and bear witneſs to, any tale you ſhall invent; you may ſuborn them as evidences to clear you from all ſuſpicion of having murthered the king. A ſimilar ſignification occurs in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

" Love bad me ſwear, and love bids me forſwear:
" O ſweet *ſuggeſting* love, if thou haſt ſinn'd,
" Teach me, thy tempted ſubject, to excuſe it." Henley.

Muſick. Re-enter ARIEL, *inviſible.*

ARI. My maſter through his art foreſees the danger
That theſe, his friends, are in; and ſends me forth,
(For elſe his project dies,) to keep them living.[9]
[*Sings in* GONZALO'S *ear.*

[9] ——*to keep* them *living.*] By *them,* as the text now ſtands, Gonzalo and Alonſo muſt be underſtood. Dr. Johnſon objects very juſtly to this paſſage. "As it ſtands, ſays he, at preſent, the ſenſe is this. He ſees *your* danger, and will therefore ſave *them.*" He therefore would read—"That *theſe* his friends are in."

The confuſion has, I think, ariſen from the omiſſion of a ſingle letter. Our author, I believe, wrote—

"——and ſends me forth,
"For elſe his projects dies, to keep them living."

i. e. he has ſent me forth, to keep his projects alive, which elſe would be deſtroyed by the murder of his friend Gonzalo.—The oppoſition between the life and death of a project appears to me much in Shakſpeare's manner. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "What *life* is in that, to be the *death* of this marriage?"—The plural noun joined to a verb in the ſingular number, is to be met with in almoſt every page of the firſt folio. So, to confine myſelf to the play before us, edit. 1623:

"My old *bones akes.*"

Again, *ibid:*

"*Lies* at my mercy all my *enemies.*"

Again, *ibid:*

"His *tears runs* down his beard—."

Again:

"What *cares* theſe *roarers* for the name of king."

It was the common language of the time; and ought to be corrected, as indeed it generally has been in the modern editions of our author, by changing the number of the verb. Thus, in the preſent inſtance we ſhould read—For elſe his projects *die,* &c.

MALONE.

I have received Dr. Johnſon's amendment. Ariel, finding that Proſpero was equally ſolicitous for the preſervation of Alonſo and Gonzalo, very naturally ſtyles them both his *friends,* without adverting to the guilt of the former. Toward the ſucceſs of Proſpero's deſign, their lives were alike neceſſary.

While you here do ſnoring lie,
Open-ey'd conſpiracy
His time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off ſlumber, and beware:
Awake! Awake!

Ant. Then let us both be ſudden.

Gon. Now, good angels, preſerve the king!
[*They wake.*

Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are you drawn?[1]
Wherefore this ghaſtly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we ſtood here ſecuring your repoſe,
Even now, we heard a hollow burſt of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you?
It ſtruck mine ear moſt terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monſter's ear;
To make an earthquake! ſure it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Mr. Henley ſays that "By *them* are meant *Sebaſtian* and *Antonio*. The project of Proſpero, which depended upon Ariel's *keeping them alive*, may be ſeen, Act III."

The ſong of Ariel, however, ſufficiently points out which were the immediate objects of his protection. He cannot be ſuppoſed to have any reference to what happens in the laſt ſcene of the next Act. Steevens.

[1] —— *drawn?*] Having your ſwords drawn. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"What, art thou *drawn* among theſe heartleſs hinds?"
Johnson.

Gon. Upon mine honour, ſir, I heard a humming,
And that a ſtrange one too, which did awake me:
I ſhak'd you, ſir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I ſaw their weapons drawn:—there was a noiſe,
That's verity: 'Beſt ſtand upon our guard;[2]
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make further ſearch
For my poor ſon.

Gon. Heavens keep him from theſe beaſts!
For he is, ſure, i' the iſland.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. Proſpero my lord ſhall know what I have done: [*Aſide.*
So, king, go ſafely on to ſeek thy ſon. [*Exeunt.*

[2] *That's* verity: *'Beſt ſtand upon our guard*;] The old copy reads—

"That's *verily*: *'Tis* beſt *we* ſtand upon our guard."

Mr. Pope very properly changed *verily* to *verity*: and as the verſe would be too long by a foot, if the words *'tis* and *we* were retained, I have diſcarded them in favour of an elliptical phraſe which occurs in our ancient comedies, as well as in our author's *Cymbeline*, Act III. ſc. iii:

"'Beſt draw my ſword;"

i. e. *it were* beſt to draw it. Steevens.

SCENE II.

Another part of the Iſland.

Enter CALIBAN, *with a burden of wood.*

A noiſe of thunder heard.

CAL. All the infections that the ſun ſucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Proſper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a diſeaſe! His ſpirits hear me,
And yet I needs muſt curſe. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin ſhows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unleſs he bid them; but
For every trifle are they ſet upon me:
Sometime like apes, that moe[3] and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks[4] at my foot-fall; ſometime am I
All wound with adders,[5] who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiſs me into madneſs:—Lo! now! lo!

[3] ——*that* moe *&c.*] i. e. make mouths. So, in the old verſion of the *Pſalms:*

" ——making *moes* at me."

Again, in the Myſtery of *Candlemas-Day*, 1512:

" And make them to lye and *mowe* like an *ape*."

Again, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book III:

" *Ape* great thing gave, though he did *mowing* ſtand,
" The inſtrument of inſtruments, the hand." STEEVENS.

So, in Naſhe's *Apologie of Pierce Pennileſs*, 1593: " —found nobody at home but an *ape*, that ſate in the porch and made mops and *mows* at him." MALONE.

[4] *Their* pricks—] i. e. prickles. STEEVENS.

[5] ——wound *with adders*,] Enwrapped by adders *wound* or twiſted about me. JOHNSON.

Enter TRINCULO.

Here comes a ſpirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in ſlowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

TRIN. Here's neither buſh nor ſhrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another ſtorm brewing; I hear it ſing i' the wind: yond' ſame black cloud, yond' huge one, looks like a foul bumbard[6] that would ſhed his liquor. If it ſhould thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond' ſame cloud cannot chooſe but fall by pail-fuls.—What have we here? a man or a fiſh? Dead or alive? A fiſh: he ſmells like a fiſh; a very ancient and fiſh-like ſmell; a kind of, not of the

[6] —— *looks like a foul* bumbard —] This term again occurs in *The Firſt Part of Henry IV:* "—that ſwoln parcel of dropſies, that huge *bumbard* of ſack—" And again, in *Henry VIII.* "And here you lie baiting of *bombards*, when ye ſhould do ſervice." By theſe ſeveral paſſages, 'tis plain, the word meant a large veſſel for holding drink, as well as the piece of ordnance ſo called. THEOBALD.

Ben Jonſon, in his *Maſque of Augurs*, confirms the conjecture of Theobald: "The poor cattle yonder are paſſing away the time with a cheat loaf, and a *bumbard* of broken beer."

So, again in *The Martyr'd Soldier*, by Shirley, 1638:

"His boots as wide as the black-jacks,
"Or *bumbards*, toſs'd by the king's guards."

And it appears from a paſſage in Ben Jonſon's *Maſque of Love Reſtor'd*, that a *bombard-man* was one who carried about proviſions. "I am to deliver into the buttery ſo many firkins of *aurum potabile*, as it delivers out *bombards* of bouge," &c.

Again, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

"You are aſcended up to what you are, from the black-jack to the *bumbard* diſtillation." STEEVENS.

Mr. Upton would read—a *full* bumbard. See a note on—"I thank the Gods, I am *foul*;" *As you like it*, Act III. ſc. iii. MALONE.

neweſt, Poor-John. A ſtrange fiſh! Were I in England now, (as once I was,) and had but this fiſh painted,[7] not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of ſilver: there would this monſter make a man;[8] any ſtrange beaſt there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to ſee a dead Indian.[9] Legg'd

[7] —— *this fiſh painted,*] To exhibit fiſhes, either real or imaginary, was very common about the time of our author. So, in Jaſper Maine's comedy of the *City Match*:

"Enter Bright, &c. hanging out the picture of a *ſtrange fiſh*."

"—— This is the fifth *fiſh* now

"That he hath ſhewn thus."

It appears from the books at Stationers' Hall, that in 1604 was publiſhed, "A ſtrange reporte of a monſtrous *fiſh*, that appeared in the form of a woman from her waiſt upward, ſeene in the ſea."

So likewiſe, in Churchyard's *Prayſe and Reporte of Maiſter Martyne Forboiſher's Voyage to Meta Incognita*, &c. bl. l. 12mo. 1578: "And marchyng backe, they found a *ſtraunge Fiſh* dead, that had been caſte from the ſea on the ſhore, who had a boane in his head like an Unicorne, which they brought awaye and preſented to our Prince, when thei came home."

STEEVENS.

[8] —— make *a man*;] That is, make a man's fortune. So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*: "—we are all *made men*."

JOHNSON.

Again, in *Ram-alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"—— She's a wench

"Was born to *make* us all." STEEVENS.

[9] —— *a dead* Indian.] In a ſubſequent ſpeech of Stephano, we have: "—ſavages and *men of Inde*;" in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, "—a rude and ſavage *man of Inde*;" and in *K. Henry VIII.* the porter aſks the mob, if they think "ſome ſtrange *Indian*, &c. is come to court." Perhaps all theſe paſſages allude to the Indians brought home by Sir Martin Frobiſher.

Queen Elizabeth's original inſtructions to him (MS. now before me) "concerning his voyage to Cathaia," &c. contain the following article:

"You ſhall not bring aboue iii or iiii perſons of that countrey, the which ſhall be of diuers ages, and ſhall be taken in ſuch ſort as you may beſt avoyde offence of that people."

In the year 1577, "A deſcription of the portrayture and ſhape

like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let looſe my opinion,[1] hold it no longer; this is no fiſh, but an iſlander, that hath lately ſuffered by a thunder-bolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas! the ſtorm is come again: my beſt way is to creep under his gaberdine;[2] there is no other ſhelter hereabout: Miſery acquaints a man with ſtrange bedfellows.[3] I will here ſhroud, till the dregs of the ſtorm be paſt.

of thoſe ſtrange kinde of people which the wurthie Mr. Martin Fourboſier brought into England in A°. 1576," was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company.

By Frobiſher's *Firſt Voyage for the Diſcoverie of Cataya*, bl. l. 4to. 1578, the fate of the firſt ſavage taken by him is aſcertained.—" Whereupon when he founde himſelf in captiuitie, for very choler and diſdain he bit his tong in twaine within his mouth: notwithſtanding, he died not thereof, but *liued untill he came in Englande*, and *then he died of colde* which he had taken at ſea." STEEVENS.

[1] ——let looſe *my opinion*, &c.] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*: " —Now you will be my purgation, and *let me looſe*."

STEEVENS.

[2] —— *his* gaberdine;] A *gaberdine* is properly the coarſe frock or outward garment of a peaſant. Spaniſh *Gaberdina*. So, in *Look about you*, 1600:

" I'll conjure his *gaberdine*."

The *gaberdine* is ſtill worn by the peaſants in Suſſex.

STEEVENS.

It here however means, I believe, a looſe felt cloak. Minſheu in his DICT. 1617, calls it " a rough Iriſh mantle, or horſeman's coat. *Gaban*, Span. and Fr.—Læna, i. e. veſtis quæ ſuper cætera veſtimenta imponebatur." See alſo Cotgrave's DICT. in v. *gaban*, and *galleverdine*. MALONE.

[3] —— *a very ancient and fiſh like ſmell—miſery acquaints a man with ſtrange* bedfellows.] One would almoſt think that Shakſpeare had not been unacquainted with a paſſage in the fourth book of Homer's *Odyſſey*, as tranſlated by Chapman:

" ——The ſea-calves ſavour was
" So paſſing ſowre (they ſtill being bred at ſeas,)
" It much afflicted us: for who can pleaſe
" To *lie* by one of theſe ſame ſea-bred whales?"

STEEVENS.

Enter STEPHANO, *ſinging; a bottle in his hand.*

STE. *I ſhall no more to ſea, to ſea,*
Here ſhall I dye a-ſhore;—

This is a very ſcurvy tune to ſing at a man's funeral: Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

The maſter, the ſwabber, the boatſwain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate:
For ſhe had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a ſailor, Go, hang:
She lov'd not the ſavour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might ſcratch her where-e'er ſhe did itch:
Then to ſea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a ſcurvy tune too: But here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

CAL. Do not torment me: O!

STE. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with ſavages,[4] and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'ſcap'd drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been ſaid, As proper a man as ever went on four legs, cannot make him give ground: and it ſhall be ſaid ſo again, while Stephano breathes at noſtrils.

CAL. The ſpirit torments me: O!

STE. This is ſome monſter of the iſle, with four

[4] ——*ſavages,*] The folio reads—*ſalvages,* and rightly. It was the ſpelling and pronunciation of the time. So, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen,* B. VI. c. 8, ſt. 35:
"There dwelt a *ſalvage* nation," &c. REED.

legs; who hath got, as I take it, an ague: Where the devil ſhould he learn our language? I will give him ſome relief, if it be but for that: If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a preſent for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee;
I'll bring my wood home faſter.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wiſeſt. He ſhall taſte of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit:[5] if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much[6] for him: he ſhall pay for him that hath him, and that ſoundly.

Cal. Thou doſt me yet but little hurt; thou wilt
Anon, I know it by thy trembling:[7]
Now Proſper works upon thee.

[5] ——*if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit*:] This is no impertinent hint to thoſe who indulge themſelves in a conſtant uſe of wine. When it is neceſſary for them as a medicine, it produces no effect. Steevens.

[6] ——too much —] *Too much* means, *any ſum, ever ſo much.* So, in the *Letters from the Paſton Family*, Vol. II. p. 219: "And ye be beholdyng unto my Lady for hyr good wurde, for ſche hath never preyſyd yowe *to much*." i. e. though ſhe has praiſed you much, her praiſe is not above your merit.

It has, however, been obſerved to me, that when the vulgar mean to aſk an extravagant price for any thing, they ſay, with a laugh, I won't make him pay twice for it. This ſenſe ſufficiently accommodates itſelf to Trinculo's expreſſion. Mr. M. Maſon explains the paſſage differently.—"I will not take for him even more than he is worth." Steevens.

I think the meaning is, Let me take what ſum I will, however great, *I ſhall not take too much for him*: it is impoſſible for me to ſell him too dear. Malone.

[7] ——*I know it by thy* trembling:] This *tremor* is always repreſented as the effect of being poſſeſſed by the devil. So, in the *Comedy of Errors*, Act IV. ſc. iv:

"Mark how he *trembles* in his extacy!" Steevens.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth: here is that which will give language to you, cat;[8] open your mouth: this will ſhake your ſhaking, I can tell you, and that ſoundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Trin. I ſhould know that voice: It ſhould be—But he is drowned; and theſe are devils: O! defend me!—

Ste. Four legs, and two voices; a moſt delicate monſter! His forward voice[9] now is to ſpeak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul ſpeeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: Come,——Amen![1] I will pour ſome in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano,—

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monſter: I will leave him; I have no long ſpoon.[2]

Trin. Stephano!—if thou beeſt Stephano, touch me, and ſpeak to me; for I am Trinculo;—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

[8] —— *cat;*] Alluding to an old proverb, that *good liquor will make a cat ſpeak.* Steevens.

[9] *His forward voice* &c.] The perſon of Fame was anciently deſcribed in this manner. So, in *Penelope's Web*, by Greene, 1601: "Fame hath two faces, readie as well to back-bite as to flatter." Steevens.

[1] —— *Amen!*] Means, ſtop your draught: come to a concluſion. *I will pour ſome,* &c. Steevens.

[2] *I have no long ſpoon.*] Alluding to the proverb, *A long ſpoon to eat with the devil.*" Steevens.

See *Comedy of Errors,* Act IV. ſc. iii. and Chaucer's *Squier's Tale,* 10,916 of the late edit.

" Therefore behoveth him a full long ſpoone,
" That ſhall ete with a fend."—— Tyrwhitt.

Ste. If thou beeſt Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the leſſer legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, theſe are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed: How cam'ſt thou to be the ſiege of this moon-calf?[3] Can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-ſtroke:—But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drowned. Is the ſtorm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the ſtorm: And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scap'd!

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my ſtomach is not conſtant.

Cal. Theſe be fine things, an if they be not
ſprites.
That's a brave god, and bears celeſtial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How did'ſt thou 'ſcape? How cam'ſt thou hither? ſwear by this bottle, how thou cam'ſt hither. I eſcaped upon a butt of ſack, which the ſailors heaved over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, ſince I was caſt a-ſhore.

Cal. I'll ſwear, upon that bottle, to be thy
True ſubject; for the liquor is not earthly.

[3] —— *to be the* ſiege *of this* moon-calf?] *Siege* ſignifies *ſtool* in every ſenſe of the word, and is here uſed in the dirtieſt.

So, in Holinſhed, p. 705: "In this yeare alſo, a houſe on London Bridge, called the common *ſiege*, or privie, fell downe into the Thames."

A *moon-calf* is an inanimate ſhapeleſs maſs, ſuppoſed by Pliny to be engendered of woman only. See his Nat. Hiſt. B. X. ch. 64.

Again, in Philemon Holland's Tranſlation of Book XXX. ch. 14. edit. 1601: "—— there is not a better thing to diſſolve and ſcatter *moon-calves*, and ſuch like falſe conceptions in the wombe." Steevens.

Ste. Here; ſwear then how thou eſcap'dſt.[4]

Trin. Swam a-ſhore, man, like a duck; I can ſwim[5] like a duck, I'll be ſworn.

Ste. Here, kiſs the book: Though thou canſt ſwim like a duck, thou art made like a gooſe.

Trin. O Stephano, haſt any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the ſea-ſide, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Haſt thou not dropped from heaven?[6]

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do aſſure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have ſeen thee in her, and I do adore thee;

[4] Cal. *I'll ſwear, upon that bottle, to be thy True ſubject*; &c.

Ste. *Here*; *ſwear then how thou eſcap'dſt.*] The paſſage ſhould probably be printed thus:

Ste. [to *Cal.*] Here, ſwear then. [to *Trin.*] How eſcap'dſt thou?

The ſpeaker would naturally take notice of Caliban's proffered allegiance. Beſides, he bids Trinculo kiſs the book after he has anſwered the queſtion; a ſufficient proof of the rectitude of the propoſed arrangement. Ritson.

[5] I *can ſwim*—] I believe Trinculo is ſpeaking of Caliban, and that we ſhould read—"*'a* can *ſwim*," &c. See the next ſpeech. Malone.

I do not perceive how Trinculo could anſwer for Caliban's expertneſs in ſwimming, having only lain under his gaberdine for an hour.

Ritſon's arrangement of the preceding line is well imagined. M. Mason.

[6] *Haſt thou not dropped from heaven?*] The new-diſcovered Indians of the iſland of St. Salvador, aſked, by ſigns, whether Columbus and his companions were *not come down from heaven*. Tollet.

My miſtreſs ſhewed me thee, thy dog, and buſh.[7]

Ste. Come, ſwear to that; kiſs the book: I will furniſh it anon with new contents: ſwear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very ſhallow monſter:—I afeard of him?—a very weak monſter:[8]—The man i' the moon?—a moſt poor credulous monſter:—Well drawn, monſter, in good ſooth.

Cal. I'll ſhew thee every fertile inch o' the iſland;
And kiſs thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.[9]

Trin. By this light, a moſt perfidious and drunken monſter; when his god's aſleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiſs thy foot: I'll ſwear myſelf thy ſubject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and ſwear.

Trin. I ſhall laugh myſelf to death at this puppy-headed monſter: A moſt ſcurvy monſter! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiſs.

[7] *My miſtreſs ſhewed me thee, thy dog, and buſh.*] The old copy, which exhibits this and ſeveral preceding ſpeeches of Caliban as proſe, (though it be apparent they were deſigned for verſe,) reads—"My miſtreſs ſhewed me thee, *and* thy dog and *thy* buſh." Let the editor who laments the loſs of the words—*and* and *thy*, compoſe their elegy. Steevens.

[8] *I afeard of him?—a very weak monſter:* &c.] It is to be obſerved, that Trinculo, the ſpeaker, is not charged with being afraid; but it was his conſciouſneſs that he was ſo that drew this brag from him. This is nature. Warburton.

[9] *And kiſs thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.*] The old copy redundantly reads:

"And *I will* kiſs thy foot," &c. Ritson.

Trin. —but that the poor monſter's in drink: An abominable monſter!

Cal. I'll ſhew thee the beſt ſprings; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fiſh for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I ſerve!
I'll bear him no more ſticks, but follow thee,
Thou wond'rous man.

Trin. A moſt ridiculous monſter; to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Shew thee a jay's neſt, and inſtruct thee how
To ſnare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee
To cluſt'ring filberds, and ſometimes I'll get thee
Young ſea-mells[1] from the rock: Wilt thou go with me?

[1] ——*ſea-mells*—] This word has puzzled the commentators; Dr. Warburton reads *ſhamois*; Mr. Theobald would read any thing rather than *ſea-mells*. Mr. Holt, who wrote notes upon this play, obſerves, that limpets are in ſome places called *ſcams*, and therefore I had once ſuffered *ſcamels* to ſtand.

JOHNSON.

Theobald had very reaſonably propoſed to read *ſea-malls*, or *ſea-mells*. An *e*, by theſe careleſs printers, was eaſily changed into a *c*, and from this accident, I believe, all the difficulty ariſes, the word having been ſpelt by the tranſcriber, *ſeamels*. Willoughby mentions the bird as Theobald has informed us. Had Mr. Holt told us in what part of England *limpets* are called *ſcams*, more regard would have been paid to his aſſertion.

I ſhould ſuppoſe, at all events, a *bird* to have been deſign'd, as *young* and *old fiſh* are taken with equal facility; but *young birds* are more eaſily ſurpriſed than *old ones*. Beſides, Caliban had already proffered to *fiſh* for Trinculo. In Cavendiſh's ſecond voyage, the ſailors eat *young gulls* at the iſle of Penguins.

STEEVENS.

I have no doubt but Theobald's propoſed amendment ought to be received. Sir Joſeph Banks informs me, that in Willoughby's, or rather John Ray's *Ornithology*, p. 34, No. 3, is mentioned

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company elſe being drowned, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. *Farewell maſter; farewell, farewell.*

[*Sings drunkenly.*

Trin. A howling monſter; a drunken monſter.

Cal. *No more dams I'll make for fiſh;*
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor ſcrape trenchering,[2] *nor waſh diſh;*
'Ban 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,[3]
Has a new maſter—Get a new man.[4]

the common ſea mall, *Larus cinereus minor*; and that young ſea gulls have been eſteemed a delicate food in this country, we learn from Plott, who, in his *Hiſtory of Staffordſhire*, p. 231, gives an account of the mode of taking a ſpecies of gulls called in that country pewits, with a plate annexed, at the end of which he writes, "they being accounted a good diſh at the moſt plentiful tables." To this it may be added, that Sir Robert Sibbald in his *Ancient State of the Shire of Fife*, mentions, amongſt fowls which frequent a neighbouring iſland, ſeveral ſorts of *ſea-malls*, and one in particular, the *katiewake*, a fowl of the *Larus* or *mall kind*, of the bigneſs of an ordinary pigeon, which ſome hold, ſays he, to be as ſavoury and as good meat as a partridge is. Reed.

[2] *Nor ſcrape trenchering,*] In our author's time trenchers were in general uſe; and male domeſticks were ſometimes employed in cleanſing them. "I have helped (ſays Lyly, in his *Hiſtory of his Life and Times*, ad an. 1620,) to carry eighteen tubs of water in one morning;—all manner of drudgery I willingly performed; *ſcrape-trenchers*," &c. Malone.

[3] *'Ban 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,*] Perhaps our author remembered a ſong of Sir P. Sidney's:

"Da, da, da—Daridan."

Aſtrophel and Stella, fol. 1627. Malone.

[4] —— *Get a new man.*] When Caliban ſings this laſt part of his ditty, he muſt be ſuppoſed to turn his head ſcornfully toward the cell of Proſpero, whoſe ſervice he had deſerted. Steevens.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom,
hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monſter! lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before Proſpero's *Cell.*

Enter Ferdinand, *bearing a log.*

Fer. There be ſome ſports are painful; but their
labour
Delight in them ſets off:[5] ſome kinds of baſeneſs
Are nobly undergone; and moſt poor matters

[5] *There be ſome ſports are* painful; but *their* labour
Delight *in them ſets off*:]
Molliter auſterum ſtudio fallente laborem.
Hor. ſat. 2. lib. ii.
The old copy reads: "—*and* their labour," &c. Steevens.

We have again the ſame thought in *Macbeth*:
"The *labour* we *delight* in phyſicks *pain*."
After "and," *at the ſame time* muſt be underſtood. Mr. Pope, unneceſſarily reads—"*But* their labour—," which has been followed by the ſubſequent editors.

In like manner in *Coriolanus*, Act IV. the ſame change was made by him. "I am a Roman, *and* (i. e. and *yet*) my ſervices are, as you are, againſt them." Mr. Pope reads—"I am a Roman, *but* my ſervices," &c. Malone.

I prefer Mr. Pope's emendation, which is juſtified by the following paſſage in the ſame ſpeech:

"——This my mean taſk would be
"As heavy to me as 'tis odious; *but*
"The miſtreſs that I ſerve," &c.

It is ſurely better to change a ſingle word, than to countenance one corruption by another, or ſuppoſe that four words, neceſſary to produce ſenſe, were left to be underſtood. Steevens.

Point to rich ends. This my mean taſk would be[6]
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious; but
The miſtreſs, which I ſerve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleaſures: O, ſhe is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
And he's compoſed of harſhneſs. I muſt remove
Some thouſands of theſe logs, and pile them up,
Upon a ſore injunction: My ſweet miſtreſs
Weeps when ſhe ſees me work; and ſays, ſuch baſeneſs
Had ne'er like executor. I forget:[7]
But theſe ſweet thoughts do even refreſh my labours;
Moſt buſy-leſs, when I do it.[8]

[6] *This my mean taſk* would be—] The metre of this line is defective in the old copy, by the words *would be* being transferred to the next line. Our author and his contemporaries generally uſe *odious* as a triſyllable. MALONE.

Mr. Malone prints the paſſage as follows:

" —— *This my mean taſk would be*
" *As heavy to me, as odious; but—*"

The word *odious*, as he obſerves, is ſometimes uſed as a triſyllable.—Granted; but then it is *always* with the penult. *ſhort*. The metre, therefore, as regulated by him, would ſtill be defective.

By the advice of Dr. Farmer, I have ſupplied the neceſſary monoſyllable—*'tis*; which completes the meaſure, without the ſlighteſt change of ſenſe. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *I forget:*] Perhaps Ferdinand means to ſay—I forget *my taſk*; but *that is not ſurpriſing, for I am thinking on Miranda, and* theſe ſweet thoughts, &c. He may, however mean, that he *forgets or thinks little of the baſeneſs of his employment*. Whichſoever be the ſenſe, *And*, or *For*, ſhould ſeem more proper in the next line, than *But*. MALONE.

[8] Moſt buſy-*leſs, when I do it.*] The two firſt folios read:

" *Moſt buſy* left, *when I do it.*"

'Tis true this reading is corrupt; but the corruption is ſo very little removed from the truth of the text, that I cannot afford to think well of my own ſagacity for having diſcovered it.

THEOBALD.

Enter MIRANDA; *and* PROSPERO *at a diſtance.*

MIRA. Alas, now! pray you,
Work not ſo hard: I would, the lightning had
Burnt up thoſe logs, that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, ſet it down, and reſt you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you: My father
Is hard at ſtudy; pray now, reſt yourſelf;
He's ſafe for theſe three hours.

FER. O moſt dear miſtreſs,
The ſun will ſet, before I ſhall diſcharge
What I muſt ſtrive to do.

MIRA. If you'll ſit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: Pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.

FER. No, precious creature:
I had rather crack my ſinews, break my back,
Than you ſhould ſuch diſhonour undergo,
While I ſit lazy by.

MIRA. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I ſhould do it
With much more eaſe; for my good will is to it,
And yours againſt.[9]

PRO. Poor worm! thou art infected;
This viſitation ſhews it.

MIRA. You look wearily.

FER. No, noble miſtreſs; 'tis freſh morning with me,

[9] *And yours againſt.*] The old copy reads:—
"And yours *it is* againſt."
By the advice of Dr. Farmer I have omitted the words in Italicks, as they are needleſs to the ſenſe of the paſſage, and would have rendered the hemiſtich too long to join with its ſucceſſor in making a regular verſe. STEEVENS.

When you are by at night.[1] I do beſeech you,
(Chiefly, that I might ſet it in my prayers,)
What is your name?

Mira. Miranda:—O my father,
I have broke your heſt[2] to ſay ſo!

Fer. Admir'd Miranda
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's deareſt to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with beſt regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for ſeveral virtues
Have I lik'd ſeveral women; never any
With ſo full ſoul, but ſome defect in her
Did quarrel with the nobleſt grace ſhe ow'd,
And put it to the foil: But you, O you,
So perfect, and ſo peerleſs, are created
Of every creature's beſt.[3]

[1] ——*'tis freſh morning with me,*
When you are by at night.]
" Tu mihi curarum requies, *tu nocte* vel atrâ
" Lumen——."
Tibul. Lib. iv. El. xiii. Malone.

[2] ——*heſt*—] For *beheſt*; i. e. command. So before, Act I. ſc. ii:
" Refuſing her grand *heſts*——" Steevens.

[3] *Of every creature's beſt.*] Alluding to the picture of Venus by Apelles. Johnson.

Had Shakſpeare availed himſelf of this elegant circumſtance, he would ſcarcely have ſaid, " of every *creature's* beſt," becauſe ſuch a phraſe includes the component parts of the brute creation. Had he been thinking on the judicious ſelection made by the Grecian Artiſt, he would rather have expreſſed his meaning by " every *woman's*," or " every *beauty's* beſt." Perhaps he had only in his thoughts a fable related by Sir Phillip Sidney in the third book of his *Arcadia*. The beaſts obtained permiſſion from Jupiter to make themſelves a King; and accordingly created one *of every creature's beſt*:

Mira. I do not know
One of my ſex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glaſs, mine own; nor have I ſeen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am ſkill-leſs of; but, by my modeſty,
(The jewel in my dower,) I would not wiſh
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a ſhape,
Beſides yourſelf, to like of: But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
Therein forget.[4]

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
(I would, not ſo!) and would no more endure
This wooden ſlavery, than I would ſuffer[5]

" Full glad they were, and tooke the naked ſprite,
" Which ſtraight the earth yclothed in his clay:
" The lyon heart; the ounce gave active might;
" The horſe good ſhape; the ſparrow luſt to play;
" Nightingale voice, entiſing ſongs to ſay, &c. &c.
" Thus *man* was made; thus *man* their lord became."

In the 1ſt book of the *Arcadia*, a ſimilar praiſe is alſo beſtowed by a lover on his miſtreſs:

" She is her ſelfe of *beſt things the collection*."

Steevens.

[4] *Therein forget.*] The old copy, in contempt of metre, reads —" *I* therein *do* forget." Steevens.

[5] —— *than* I would *ſuffer*, &c.] The old copy reads—Than *to* ſuffer. The emendation is Mr. Pope's. Steevens.

The reading of the old copy is right, however ungrammatical. So, in *All's well that ends well*: " No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; leſt it be rather thought you affect a ſorrow, *than to have*." Malone.

The defective metre ſhows that ſome corruption had happened in the preſent inſtance. I receive no deviations from eſtabliſhed grammar, on the ſingle authority of the folio. Steevens.

Bayerische Staatsbibliothek München

The fleſh-fly blow my mouth.[6]—Hear my ſoul ſpeak;—
The very inſtant that I ſaw you, did
My heart fly to your ſervice; there reſides,
To make me ſlave to it; and for your ſake,
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witneſs to this ſound,
And crown what I profeſs with kind event,
If I ſpeak true; if hollowly, invert
What beſt is boded me, to miſchief! I,
Beyond all limit of what elſe i' the world,[7]
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.[8]

[6] *The fleſh-fly* blow *my mouth.*] Mr. Malone obſerves, that to *blow,* in this inſtance, ſignifies to "ſwell and inflame." But I believe he is miſtaken. To *blow,* as it ſtands in the text, means *the act of a fly by which ſhe lodges eggs in fleſh.* So, in Chapman's verſion of the *Iliad:*

"——I much fear, leſt with the *blows* of flies
"His braſs-inflicted wounds are fill'd—" Steevens.

[7] —— *of* what elſe *i' the world.*] i. e. of *aught* elſe; of whatſoever elſe there is in the world. I once thought we ſhould read —*aught* elſe. But the old copy is right. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

"With promiſe of his ſiſter, and *what elſe,*
"To ſtrengthen and ſupport king Edward's place."
Malone.

[8] *I am a fool,*
To weep at what I am glad of.] This is one of thoſe touches of nature that diſtinguiſh Shakſpeare from all other writers. It was neceſſary, in ſupport of the character of Miranda, to make her appear unconſcious that exceſs of ſorrow and exceſs of joy find alike their relief from tears; and as this is the firſt time that conſummate pleaſure had made any near approaches to her heart, ſhe calls ſuch a ſeeming contradictory expreſſion of it, *folly.*

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two moſt rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthineſs, that dare not offer
What I deſire to give; and much leſs take,
What I ſhall die to want: But this is trifling;
And all the more it ſeeks[9] to hide itſelf,
The bigger bulk it ſhews. Hence, baſhful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife,[1] if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow[2]
You may deny me; but I'll be your ſervant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My miſtreſs, deareſt,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My huſband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't:[3] And now farewell,

The ſame thought occurs in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" Back, fooliſh tears, back, to your native ſpring!
" Your tributary drops belong to woe,
" Which you, miſtaking, offer up to joy." Steevens.

[9] ——*it ſeeks*—] i. e. my affection ſeeks. Malone.

[1] *I am your wife,* &c.]

" Si tibi non cordi fuerant connubia noſtra,
" Attamen in veſtras potuiſti ducere ſedes,
" Quæ tibi jucundo famularer ſerva labore;
" Candida permulcens liquidis veſtigia lymphis,
" Purpureâve tuum conſternens veſte cubile."

Catul. 62. Malone.

[2] ——*your* fellow—] i. e. companion. Steevens.

[3] ——*here's my hand.*
Miran. *And mine, with my heart in't:*] It is ſtill cuſtomary

Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thouſand! thouſand!

[*Exeunt* Fer. *and* Mir.

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are ſurpriz'd with all;[4] but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere ſupper time, muſt I perform
Much buſineſs appertaining. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the Iſland.

Enter Stephano *and* Trinculo; Caliban *following with a bottle.*

Ste. Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear

in the weſt of England, when the conditions of a bargain are agreed upon, for the parties to ratify it by joining their hands, and at the ſame time for the purchaſer to give an earneſt. To this practice the poet alludes. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

" Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
" And clap thyſelf my love; then didſt thou utter
" *I am your's for ever.*"

And again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

" *Pro.* Why then we'll make exchange; here, take you this.
" *Jul.* And ſeal the bargain with a holy kiſs.
" *Pro.* Here is my hand for my true conſtancy."

Henley.

[4] *So glad of this as they, I cannot be,*
Who are ſurpriz'd with all;] The ſenſe might be clearer, were we to make a ſlight tranſpoſition:

" So glad of this as they, who are ſurpriz'd
" With all, I cannot be—"

Perhaps, however, more conſonantly with ancient language, we ſhould join two of the words together, and read—

" Who are ſurpriz'd *withal.*" Steevens.

up, and board 'em :[5] Servant-monſter, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monſter? the folly of this iſland! They ſay, there's but five upon this iſle: we are three of them; if the other two be brained like us, the ſtate totters.[6]

Ste. Drink, ſervant-monſter, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almoſt ſet in thy head.

Trin. Where ſhould they be ſet elſe? he were a brave monſter indeed, if they were ſet in his tail.[7]

Ste. My man-monſter hath drowned his tongue in ſack: for my part, the ſea cannot drown me: I ſwam,[8] ere I could recover the ſhore, five-and-

[5] ——*bear up, and board 'em:*] A metaphor alluding to a chace at ſea. Sir. J. Hawkins.

[6] ——*if the other two be brained like us, the ſtate totters.*] We meet with a ſimilar idea in *Antony and Cleopatra:* "He bears the third part of the world."—"The third part then is drunk." Steevens.

[7] ——*he were a brave monſter indeed, if they were ſet in his tail.*] I believe this to be an alluſion to a ſtory that is met with in *Stowe,* and other writers of the time. It ſeems in the year 1574, a whale was thrown aſhore near *Ramſgate:* "A *monſtrous fiſh* (ſays the *chronicler*) but not ſo *monſtrous* as ſome reported—for his *eyes* were in his *head,* and not in his *back.*"
Summary, 1575, p. 562. Farmer.

[8] ——*I ſwam,* &c.] This play was not publiſhed till 1623. *Albumazar* made its appearance in 1614, and has a paſſage relative to the eſcape of a ſailor yet more incredible. Perhaps, in both inſtances, a ſneer was meant at the *Voyages of Ferdinando Mendez Pinto,* or the exaggerated accounts of other lying travellers:

" ——— five days I was under water: and at length
" Got up and ſpread myſelf upon a cheſt,
" Rowing with arms, and ſteering with my feet:
" And thus in five days more got land." Act III. ſc. v.
Steevens.

thirty leagues, off and on, by this light.—Thou ſhalt be my lieutenant, monſter, or my ſtandard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you liſt; he's no ſtandard.[9]

Ste. We'll not run, monſieur monſter.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs; and yet ſay nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, ſpeak once in thy life, if thou beeſt a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy ſhoe:
I'll not ſerve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou lieſt, moſt ignorant monſter; I am in caſe to juſtle a conſtable: Why, thou deboſhed fiſh thou,[1] was there ever man a coward, that hath drunk ſo much ſack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monſtrous lie, being but half a fiſh, and half a monſter?

[9] ——— *or my* ſtandard.
Trin. *Your lieutenant, if you liſt; he's no* ſtandard.] Meaning, he is ſo much intoxicated, as not to be able to ſtand. The quibble between *ſtandard*, an enſign, and *ſtandard*, a fruit-tree that grows without ſupport, is evident. Steevens.

[1] ——*thou* deboſhed *fiſh thou*,] I met with this word, which I ſuppoſe to be the ſame as *debauched*, in Randolph's *Jealous Lovers*, 1634:

" ——— See, your houſe be ſtor'd
" With the *deboiſheſt* roarers in this city."

Again, in *Monſieur Thomas*, 1639:

" ——— ſaucy fellows,
" *Deboſhed* and daily drunkards."

The ſubſtantive occurs in *Partheneia Sacra*, 1633:

" —A hater of men, rather than the *deboiſhments* of their manners."

When the word was firſt adopted from the French language, it appears to have been ſpelt according to the pronunciation, and therefore wrongly; but ever ſince it has been ſpelt right, it has been uttered with equal impropriety. Steevens.

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he!—that a monſter ſhould be ſuch a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—The poor monſter's my ſubject, and he ſhall not ſuffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be
pleas'd
To hearken once again the ſuit I made thee?[2]

Ste. Marry will I: kneel and repeat it; I will ſtand, and ſo ſhall Trinculo.

Enter Ariel, *inviſible.*

Cal. As I told thee
Before, I am ſubject to a tyrant;[3]
A ſorcerer, that by his cunning hath
Cheated me of this iſland.

Ari. Thou lieſt.

Cal. Thou lieſt, thou jeſting monkey, thou;

[2] *I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd*
To hearken once again the ſuit I made thee?] The old copy, which erroneouſly prints this and other of Caliban's ſpeeches as proſe, reads—
" ——— *to* the ſuit I made thee;"
But the elliptical mode of expreſſion in the text, has already occurred in the ſecond ſcene of the firſt act of this play:
" ——— being an enemy
" To me inveterate, *hearkens my brother's ſuit.*"
Steevens.

[3] —— *a* tyrant;] *Tyrant* is here employed as a triſyllable. Steevens.

I would, my valiant maſter would deſtroy thee:
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will ſupplant ſome of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I ſaid nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more.—[*To* Caliban.] Proceed.

Cal. I ſay, by ſorcery he got this iſle;
From me he got it. If thy greatneſs will
Revenge it on him—for, I know, thou dar'ſt;
But this thing dare not.

Ste. That's moſt certain.

Cal. Thou ſhalt be lord of it, and I'll ſerve thee.

Ste. How now ſhall this be compaſſed? Can'ſt thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee aſleep,
Where thou may'ſt knock a nail into his head.[4]

Ari. Thou lieſt, thou canſt not.

Cal. What a pied ninny's this?[5] Thou ſcurvy patch!—

[4] —— *I'll yield him thee* aſleep,
Where thou may'ſt knock a nail into his head.] Perhaps Shakſpeare caught this idea from the 4th chapter of *Judges*, v. 21: "Then Jael, Heber's wife, took a *nail* of the tent, and took a hammer in her hand, and went ſoftly unto him, and *ſmote the nail into his temples*, &c. *for he was faſt aſleep*," &c.
Steevens.

[5] *What a pied ninny's this?*] It ſhould be remembered that *Trinculo* is no *ſailor*, but a *jeſter*; and is ſo called in the ancient *dramatis perſonæ*. He therefore wears the party-coloured dreſs of one of theſe characters. See fig. XII. in the plate annexed to

I do beſeech thy greatneſs, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He ſhall drink nought but brine; for I'll not ſhew
him
Where the quick freſhes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monſter one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a ſtock-fiſh of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

Ste. Didſt thou not ſay, he lied?

Ari. Thou lieſt.

Ste. Do I ſo? take thou that. [*Strikes him.*] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie:—Out o' your wits, and hearing too?——A pox o' your bottle! this can ſack, and drinking do.—A murrain on your monſter, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee ſtand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

the Firſt Part of K. Henry IV. and Mr. Tollet's explanation of it. So, in the *Devil's Law Caſe*, 1623:

"Unleſs I wear a *pied* fool's coat." Steevens.

Dr. Johnſon obſerves, that Caliban could have no knowledge of the ſtriped coat uſually worn by fools; and would therefore transfer this ſpeech to Stephano. But though *Caliban* might not know this circumſtance, Shakſpeare did. Surely he who has given to all countries and all ages the manners of his own, might forget himſelf here, as well as in other places. Malone.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a cuſtom with him
I' the afternoon to ſleep: there thou may'ſt brain him,
Having firſt ſeiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his ſkull, or paunch him with a ſtake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife: Remember,
Firſt to poſſeſs his books; for without them
He's but a ſot, as I am, nor hath not
One ſpirit to command:[6] They all do hate him,

[6] ——— *Remember,*
Firſt to poſſeſs his books; *for without them*
He's but a ſot, as I am, nor hath not
One ſpirit to command:] Milton, in his *Maſque at Ludlow Caſtle,* ſeems to have caught a hint from the foregoing paſſage:

" Oh, ye miſtook; ye ſhould have ſnatch'd his wand,
" And bound him faſt; without his rod revers'd,
" And backward mutters of diſſevering power,
" We cannot free the lady."—— STEEVENS.

In a former ſcene Proſpero ſays.

" ——— I'll to my *book*;
" For yet, ere ſupper time, muſt I perform
" Much buſineſs appertaining."

Again, in Act V:

" And deeper than did ever plummet ſound,
" I'll drown my *book*."

In the old romances the ſorcerer is always furniſhed with a *book,* by reading certain parts of which he is enabled to ſummon to his aid whatever dæmons or ſpirits he has occaſion to employ. When he is deprived of his book, his power ceaſes. Our author might have obſerved this circumſtance much inſiſted on in the *Orlando Innamorato* of Boyardo, (of which, as the Rev. Mr. Bowle informs me, the firſt three Cantos were tranſlated and publiſhed in 1598,) and alſo in Harrington's tranſlation of the *Orlando Furioſo,* 1591.

A few lines from the former of theſe works may prove the beſt illuſtration of the paſſage before us.

Angelica, by the aid of Argalia, having bound the enchanter Malagigi:

" The damſel ſearcheth forthwith in his breaſt,
" And there the damned *booke* ſhe ſtraightway founde,
" Which circles ſtrange and ſhapes of fiendes expreſt;
" No ſooner ſhe ſome wordes therein did ſound,
" And opened had ſome damned leaves unbleſt,

As rootedly as I: Burn but his books;
He has brave utenſils, (for ſo he calls them,)
Which, when he has a houſe, he'll deck withal.
And that moſt deeply to conſider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himſelf
Calls her a non-pareil: I ne'er ſaw woman,[7]
But only Sycorax my dam, and ſhe;
But ſhe as far ſurpaſſeth Sycorax,
As greateſt does leaſt.

Ste. Is it ſo brave a laſs?

Cal. Ay, lord; ſhe will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monſter, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen; (ſave our graces!) and Trinculo and thyſelf ſhall be viceroys:—Doſt thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am ſorry I beat thee: but, while thou liveſt, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be aſleep; Wilt thou deſtroy him then?

"But *ſpirits* of th' ayre, earth, ſea, came out of hand,
"Crying alowde, what is't you us *command?*"

MALONE.

[7] *Calls her a non-pareil: I ne'er ſaw woman,*] The old copy reads:

"Calls her a non-pareil: I *never* ſaw *a* woman." But this verſe, being too long by a foot, Hanmer judiciouſly gave it as it now ſtands in the text.

By means as innocent, the verſification of Shakſpeare, has, I hope, in many inſtances been reſtored. The temerity of ſome critics had too long impoſed ſevere reſtraints on their ſucceſſors.

STEEVENS.

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my maſter.

Cal. Thou mak'ſt me merry: I am full of pleaſure;
Let us be jocund: Will you troll the catch[8]
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy requeſt, monſter, I will do reaſon, any reaſon: Come on, Trinculo, let us ſing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em, and ſkout 'em; and ſkout 'em, and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[Ariel *plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Ste. What is this ſame?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of No-body.[9]

Ste. If thou beeſt a man, ſhew thyſelf in thy likeneſs: if thou beeſt a devil, take't as thou liſt.

Trin. O, forgive me my ſins!

[8] *Will you* troll *the catch*—] Ben Jonſon uſes the word in *Every Man in his Humour*:

"If he read this with patience, I'll *troul* ballads."

Again, in the *Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:

"A fellow that will *troul* it off with tongue.

"Faith, you ſhall hear me *troll* it after my faſhion."

To *troll* a catch, I ſuppoſe, is to diſmiſs it *trippingly from the tongue.* Steevens.

[9] *This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of* No-body.] A ridiculous figure, ſometimes repreſented on ſigns. *Weſtward for Smelts*, a book which our author appears to have read, was printed for John Trundle in Barbican, at the *ſigne* of the *No-body*. Malone.

The alluſion is here to the print of *No-body*, as prefixed to the anonymous comedy of "*No-body* and *Some-body*;" without date, but printed before the year 1600. Reed.

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee:—
Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?[1]

Ste. No, monſter, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard; the iſle is full of noiſes,
Sounds, and ſweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thouſand twangling inſtruments
Will hum about mine ears; and ſometime voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long ſleep,
Will make me ſleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and ſhew riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I ſhall have my muſic for nothing.

Cal. When Proſpero is deſtroyed.

Ste. That ſhall be by and by: I remember the ſtory.

Trin. The ſound is going away: let's follow it, and after, do our work.

Ste. Lead, monſter; we'll follow.—I would, I could ſee this taborer:[2] he lays it on.

[1] —— *afeard?*] Thus the old copy.—*To affear* is an obſolete verb, with the ſame meaning as to *affray*.

So, in the *Shipmannes Tale* of Chaucer, v. 13,330:

"This wif was not *aferde* ne *affraide*."

Between *aferde* and *afraide*, in the time of Chaucer, there might have been ſome nice diſtinction which is at preſent loſt.

STEEVENS.

[2] *I would I could ſee this* taborer:] Several of the incidents in this ſcene, viz.—Ariel's *mimickry of* Trinculo—the tune played on the *tabor*,—and Caliban's deſcription of the *twangling inſtrument*, &c.—might have been borrowed from Marco Paolo, the old Venetian voyager; who in Lib. I. ch. 44, deſcribing the

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.[3]

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another part of the Iſland.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, *and others.*

Gon. By'r lakin,[4] I can go no further, ſir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights, and meanders! by your patience,
I needs muſt reſt me.

deſert of Lop in Aſia, ſays—"Audiuntur ibi voces *dæmonum*, &c. *voces fingentes eorum quos comitari ſe putant.* Audiuntur interdum *in aere concentus muſicorum inſtrumentorum*," &c. This paſſage was rendered acceſſible to Shakſpeare by an Engliſh tranſlation entitled *The moſt noble and famous Trauels of Marcus Paulus, one of the Nobilitie of the State of Venicè*, &c. bl. l. 4to. 1579, by John Frampton. "—You ſhall heare in the ayre the ſound of *tabers and other inſtruments*, to put the trauellers in feare, &c. by euill ſpirites that make theſe ſoundes, and alſo do *call diuerſe of the trauellers by their names*," &c. ch. 36, p. 32.

To ſome of theſe circumſtances Milton alſo alludes:

"——calling ſhapes, and beckoning ſhadows dire,
"And aery tongues that ſyllable men's names,
"On ſands, and ſhores, and deſert wilderneſſes."

Steevens.

[3] *Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.*] The firſt words are addreſſed to Caliban, who, vexed at the folly of his new companions idly running after the muſick, while they ought only to have attended to the main point, the diſpatching Proſpero, ſeems, for ſome little time, to have ſtaid behind. Heath.

The words—*Wilt come?* ſhould be added to Stephano's ſpeech. *I'll follow*, is Trinculo's anſwer. Ritson.

[4] *By'r lakin,*] i. e. The diminutive only of our lady, i. e. ladykin. Steevens.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myſelf attach'd with wearineſs,
To the dulling of my ſpirits: ſit down, and reſt.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we ſtray to find; and the ſea mocks
Our fruſtrate ſearch [5] on land: Well let him go.

Ant. I am right glad that he's ſo out of hope.
[*Aſide to* Sebastian.
Do not, for one repulſe, forego the purpoſe
That you reſolv'd to effect.

Seb. The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppreſs'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, uſe ſuch vigilance,
As when they are freſh.

Seb. I ſay, to-night: no more.

Solemn and ſtrange muſick; and Prospero *above, inviſible. Enter ſeveral ſtrange Shapes, bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of ſalutation; and, inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.*

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!

Gon. Marvellous ſweet muſick!

[5] Our *fruſtrate* ſearch—] *Fruſtrate* for fruſtrated. So, in Chapman's tranſlation of Homer's *Hymn to Apollo:*

" ——— ſome God hath fill'd,
" Our *fruſtrate* ſails, defeating what we will'd."

Steevens.

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were theſe?

Seb. A living drollery:[6] Now I will believe,
That there are unicorns; that, in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne;[7] one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does elſe want credit, come to me,
And I'll be ſworn 'tis true: Travellers ne'er did lie,[8]

[6] *A living* drollery:] Shows, called *drolleries*, were in Shakſpeare's time performed by puppets only. From theſe our modern *drolls*, exhibited at fairs, &c. took their name. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian*:

"I had rather make a *drollery* till thirty." Steevens.

A living drollery, i. e. a drollery not repreſented by wooden machines, but by perſonages who are alive. Malone.

[7] —— *one tree, the* phœnix' *throne*;] For this idea, our author might have been indebted to Phil. Holland's Tranſlation of Pliny, B. XIII. chap. 4: "I myſelf verily have heard ſtraunge things of this kind of tree; and namely in regard of the bird *Phœnix*, which is ſuppoſed to have taken that name of this date tree; [called in Greek, φοινιξ]; for it was aſſured unto me, that the ſaid bird died with that tree, and revived of itſelfe as the tree ſprung again." Steevens.

Again, in one of our author's poems, p. 732, edit. 1778:

"Let the bird of loudeſt lay,
"On the *ſole* Arabian tree," &c.

Our poet had probably Lyly's *Euphues, and his England*, particularly in his thoughts: ſignat. Q 3.—"As there is but one phœnix in the world, ſo is there but *one tree* in Arabia wherein ſhe buildeth." See alſo, Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "*Raſin*, a tree in Arabia, whereof there is but *one* found, and upon it the phœnix ſits." Malone.

[8] *And I'll be ſworn* 'tis true: *Travellers ne'er did lie*,] I ſuppoſe this redundant line originally ſtood thus:

"And I'll be ſworn *to't*: Travellers ne'er did lie—."

Hanmer reads, as plauſibly:

"And I'll be ſworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er lied."

Steevens.

Though fools at home condemn them.

Gon. If in Naples
I ſhould report this now, would they believe me?
If I ſhould ſay, I ſaw ſuch iſlanders,[9]
(For, certes,[1] theſe are people of the iſland,)
Who, though they are of monſtrous ſhape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind,[2] than of
Our human generation you ſhall find
Many, nay, almoſt any.

Pro. Honeſt lord,
Thou haſt ſaid well; for ſome of you there preſent,
Are worſe than devils. [*Aſide.*

Alon. I cannot too much muſe,[3]
Such ſhapes, ſuch geſture, and ſuch ſound, expreſſing
(Although they want the uſe of tongue,) a kind
Of excellent dumb diſcourſe.

Pro. Praiſe in departing.[4]
[*Aſide.*

[9] ——*ſuch* iſlanders,] The old copy has *iſlands*. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[1] *For,* certes, &c.] *Certes* is an obſolete word, ſignifying *certainly*. So, in *Othello*:

" ——— *certes,* ſays he,
" I have already choſe my officer." Steevens.

[2] *Their manners are more* gentle-kind,] The old copy has—" gentle, kind—." I read (in conformity to a practice of our author, who delights in ſuch compound epithets, of which the firſt adjective is to be conſidered as an adverb,) *gentle-kind*. Thus, in *K. Richard III.* we have *childiſh-fooliſh, ſenſeleſs-obſtinate,* and *mortal-ſtaring*. Steevens.

[3] —— *too much* muſe,] To *muſe,* in ancient language, is to admire, to wonder.

So, in *Macbeth*:

" Do not *muſe* at me, my moſt worthy friends."
Steevens.

[4] *Praiſe in departing.*] i. e. Do not praiſe your entertainment

Fran. They vaniſh'd ſtrangely.

Seb. No matter, ſince
They have left their viands behind; for we have ſtomachs.—
Will't pleaſe you taſte of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, ſir, you need not fear: When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers,[5]
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whoſe throats had hanging at them
Wallets of fleſh? or that there were ſuch men,
Whoſe heads ſtood in their breaſts?[6] which now we find,

too ſoon, leſt you ſhould have reaſon to retract your commendation. It is a proverbial ſaying.

So, in *The Two angry Women of Abingdon*, 1599:

"And ſo ſhe doth; but *praiſe* your luck *at parting*."

Again, in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1661:

"Now *praiſe* at thy *parting*."

Stephen Goſſon, in his pamphlet entitled, *Playes confuted in five Actions*, &c. (no date) acknowledges himſelf to have been the author of a morality called, *Praiſe at Parting*. Steevens.

[5] —— *that there were* mountaineers, *&c.*] Whoever is curious to know the particulars relative to theſe *mountaineers*, may conſult *Maundeville's Travels*, printed in 1503, by Wynken de Worde; but it is yet a known truth that the inhabitants of the Alps have been long accuſtomed to ſuch excreſcences or tumours.

Quis tumidum guttur miratur in Alpibus? Steevens.

[6] ——*men,*
Whoſe heads ſtood in their breaſts?] Our author might have had this intelligence likewiſe from the tranſlation of Pliny, B. V. chap. 8: "The Blemmyi, by report, have no heads, but mouth and eies both in their breaſts." Steevens.

Or he might have had it from Hackluyt's *Voyages*, 1598: "On that branch which is called *Caora* are a nation of people, whoſe heads appear not above their ſhoulders. They are reported to have their eyes in their ſhoulders, and their mouths in the middle of their breaſts. Malone.

Each putter-out on five for one,[7] will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will ſtand to, and feed,
Although my laſt: no matter, ſince I feel

[7] *Each putter-out* &c.] The ancient cuſtom here alluded to was this. In this age of travelling, it was a practice with thoſe who engaged in long and hazardous expeditions, to place out a ſum of money on condition of receiving great intereſt for it at their return home. So, Puntarvolo, (it is Theobald's quotation,) in Ben Jonſon's *Every Man out of his Humour*: "I do intend, this year of jubilee coming on, to travel; and (becauſe I will not altogether go upon expence) I am determined to put ſome *five* thouſand pound, to be paid me *five* for *one*, upon the return of my wife, myſelf, and my dog, from the Turk's court in Conſtantinople."

To this inſtance I may add another from *The Ball*, a comedy, by Chapman and Shirley, 1639:

"I did moſt politickly diſburſe my ſums
"To have *five for one* at my return from Venice."

Again, in *Amends for Ladies*, 1639:

"I would I had *put out* ſomething upon my return;
"I had as lieve be at the *Bermoothes*."

"—*on* five for one" means *on the terms of five for one*. So, in Barnaby Riche's *Faults, and nothing but Faults*, 1607: "—thoſe whipſters, that having ſpent the greateſt part of their patrimony in prodigality, will give out the reſt of their ſtocke, *to be paid two or three for one*, upon their return from Rome," &c. &c.

STEEVENS.

Each putter-out on *five for one*,] The old copy has:

"——— *of* five for one."

I believe the words are only tranſpoſed, and that the author wrote:

"Each putter-out of *one for five*."

So, in *The Scourge of Folly*, by J. Davies of Hereford, printed about the year 1611:

"Sir Solus ſtraight will travel, as they ſay,
"And *gives out one for three*, when home comes he."

It appears from Moryſon's ITINERARY, 1617, Part I. p. 198, that "this cuſtom of giving out money upon theſe adventures was firſt uſed in court, and among noblemen;" and that ſome years before his book was publiſhed, "bankerouts, ſtage-players, and men of baſe condition had drawn it into contempt," by undertaking journeys merely for gain upon their return. MALONE.

The beſt is paſt :[8]—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand too, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL *like a harpy*;[9] *claps his wings upon the table, and, with a quaint device, the banquet vaniſhes.*[1]

ARI. You are three men of ſin, whom deſtiny

[8] *I will ſtand to, and feed,*
Although my laſt: no matter, ſince I feel
The beſt is paſt:] I cannot but think that this paſſage was intended to be in a rhyme, and ſhould be printed thus:

" *I will ſtand to and feed; although my laſt,*
" *No matter, ſince I feel the beſt is paſt.*" M. MASON.

[9] *Enter Ariel like a harpy*; &c.] This circumſtance is taken from the third book of the *Æneid* as tranſlated by Phaer, bl. l. 4to. 1558:

" —— faſt *to meate* we fall.
" But ſodenly from down the hills with grifly fall to fyght,
" The *harpies* come, and *beating wings* with great noys out thei ſhright,
" And *at our meate they ſnach*; and with their clawes," &c.

Milton, *Parad. Reg.* B. II. has adopted the ſame imagery:

" ——— with that
" Both table and proviſions vaniſh'd quite,
" With ſound of harpies' wings, and talons heard."
STEEVENS.

[1] —— *and, with a quaint device, the banquet vaniſhes.*] Though I will not undertake to prove that all the culinary pantomimes exhibited in France and Italy were known and imitated in this kingdom, I may obſerve that flying, riſing, and deſcending ſervices were to be found at entertainments given by the Duke of Burgundy, &c. in 1453, and by the Grand Duke of Tuſcany in 1600, &c. See M. Le Grand D'Auſſi's *Hiſtoire de la vie privée des François*, Vol. III. p. 294, &c. Examples, therefore, of machinery ſimilar to that of Shakſpeare in the preſent inſtance, were to be met with, and perhaps had been adopted on the ſtage, as well as at public feſtivals here in England. See my note on *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act. V. ſc. v. from

(That hath to inſtrument this lower world,[2]
And what is in't,) the never-ſurfeited ſea
Hath cauſed to belch up; and on this iſland
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongſt men
Being moſt unfit to live. I have made you mad;
[*Seeing* ALON. SEB. *&c. draw their ſwords.*
And even with ſuch like valour, men hang and drown
Their proper ſelves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are miniſters of fate; the elements
Of whom your ſwords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at ſtabs
Kill the ſtill-cloſing waters, as diminiſh
One dowle that's in my plume;[3] my fellow-miniſters

whence it appears that a ſtriking conceit in an entertainment given by the Vidame of Chartres, had been transferred to another feaſt prepared in England as a compliment to Prince Alaſco, 1583. STEEVENS.

[2] *That hath to* inſtrument *this lower world,* &c.] i. e. that makes uſe of this world, and every thing in it, as its *inſtruments* to bring about its ends. STEEVENS.

[3] *One* dowle *that's in my* plume;] The old copy exhibits the paſſage thus:

"One *dowle* that's in my *plumbe.*" Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Bailey, in his Dictionary, ſays, that *dowle* is a feather, or rather the ſingle particles of the down.

Since the firſt appearance of this edition, my very induſtrious and learned correſpondent, Mr. Tollet, of *Betley*, in *Staffordſhire*, has enabled me to retract a too haſty cenſure on Bailey, to whom we were long indebted for our only *Engliſh Dictionary*. In a ſmall book, entitled *Humane Induſtry*: or, *A Hiſtory of moſt Manual Arts*, printed in 1661, page 93, is the following paſſage: "The wool-bearing trees in Æthiopia, which Virgil ſpeaks of, and the Eriophori Arbores in *Theophraſtus*, are not ſuch trees as have a certain wool or DOWL upon the outſide of them, as the ſmall cotton; but ſhort trees that bear a ball upon the top, pregnant with wool, which the Syrians call Cott, the Græcians Goſſypium, the Italians Bombagio, and we Bombaſe." —"There is a certain ſhell-fiſh in the ſea, called Pinna, that

Are like invulnerable:[4] if you could hurt,
Your ſwords are now too maſſy for your ſtrengths,
And will not be uplifted: But, remember,
(For that's my buſineſs to you,) that you three
From Milan did ſupplant good Proſpero;
Expos'd unto the ſea, which hath requit it,
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the ſeas and ſhores, yea, all the creatures,
Againſt your peace: Thee, of thy ſon, Alonſo,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Ling'ring perdition (worſe than any death
Can be at once,) ſhall ſtep by ſtep attend
You, and your ways; whoſe wraths to guard you from
(Which here, in this moſt deſolate iſle, elſe falls

bears a moſſy DOWL, or wool, whereof cloth was ſpun and made."—Again p. 95: "Trichitis, or the hayrie ſtone, by ſome Greek authors, and Alumen *plumaceum*, or *downy* alum, by the Latiniſts: this hair or DOWL is ſpun into thread, and weaved into cloth." I have ſince diſcovered the ſame word in *The Ploughman's Tale*, erroneouſly attributed to Chaucer, v. 3202:

"And ſwore by cock 'is herte and blode,
"He would tere him every *doule*." STEEVENS.

Cole in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, interprets "young *dowle*," by *lanugo*. MALONE.

[4] ——— *the elements*
Of whom your ſwords *are temper'd, may as well*
Wound *the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at ſtabs*
Kill the ſtill-cloſing-waters, as diminiſh
One dowle that's in my plume; my fellow miniſters
Are like invulnerable:] So, in Phaer's Virgil, 1573:

"Their *ſwords* by them they laid—
"And on the filthy birds they beat—
"But *fethers* none do from them fal, nor *wound* for ſtrok doth bleed,
"Nor force of weapons hurt them can." RITSON.

Upon your heads,) is nothing, but heart's ſorrow,
And a clear life[5] enſuing.[6]

He vaniſhes in thunder: then, to ſoft muſick, enter the Shapes again, and dance with mops and mowes[7] *and carry out the table.*

Pro. [*Aſide.*] Bravely the figure of this harpy haſt thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my inſtruction haſt thou nothing 'bated,
In what thou hadſt to ſay: ſo, with good life,[8]

[5] ——clear *life*—] Pure, blameleſs, innocent. Johnson.
So, in *Timon*: "—roots you *clear* heavens." Steevens.

[6] ——*is nothing, but heart's ſorrow,*
And a clear life enſuing.] The meaning, which is ſomewhat obſcured by the expreſſion, is,—*a miſerable fate, which nothing but contrition and amendment of life can avert.* Malone.

[7] ——*with* mops *and* mowes—] So, in *K. Lear*:
" ——and Flibbertigibbet of *mopping* and *mowing*."
Steevens.

The old copy, by a manifeſt error of the preſs, reads—with *mocks*. So afterwards: "Will be here with *mop* and mowe."
Malone.

To *mock* and to *mowe*, ſeem to have had a meaning ſomewhat ſimilar; i. e. to inſult, by making mouths, or wry faces.
Steevens.

[8] ——*with* good life,] *With good life* may mean, with *exact preſentation of their ſeveral characters, with obſervation ſtrange* of their particular and diſtinct parts. So we ſay, he acted to the *life*. Johnson.

Thus in the 6th Canto of the *Barons' Wars*, by Drayton:
" Done for the laſt with ſuch exceeding *life*,
" As art therein with nature ſeem'd at ſtrife."
Again, in our author's *King Henry VIII.* Act I. ſc. i:
" ——the tract of every thing
" Would by a good diſcourſer loſe ſome *life*,
" Which action's ſelf was tongue to."

And obſervation ſtrange, my meaner miniſters
Their ſeveral kinds have done:[9] my high charms work,
And theſe, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their diſtractions: they now are in my power;
And in theſe fits I leave them, whilſt I viſit
Young Ferdinand, (whom they ſuppoſe is drown'd,)
And his and my loved darling.

[*Exit* PROSPERO *from above.*

GON. I' the name of ſomething holy, ſir, why ſtand you
In this ſtrange ſtare?

Good life, however, in *Twelfth Night*, ſeems to be uſed for innocent *jollity*, as we now ſay a *bon vivant*: "Would you (ſays the *Clown*) have a love ſong, or a ſong of *good life?*" *Sir Toby* anſwers, "A love ſong, a love ſong;"—"Ay, ay, (replies *Sir Andrew*,) I care not for *good life*." It is plain, from the character of the laſt ſpeaker, that he was meant to miſtake the ſenſe in which *good life* is uſed by the *Clown*. It may, therefore, in the preſent inſtance, mean, *honeſt alacrity, or cheerfulneſs*.

Life ſeems to be uſed in the chorus to the fifth act of *K. Henry V.* with ſome meaning like that wanted to explain the approbation of Proſpero:

"Which cannot in their huge and proper *life*
"Be here preſented."

The ſame phraſe occurs yet more appoſitely in Chapman's tranſlation of Homer's *Hymn to Apollo*:

"And theſe are acted with ſuch *exquiſite life*,
"That one would ſay, Now the Ionian ſtrains
"Are turn'd immortals." STEEVENS.

To do any thing with *good life*, is ſtill a provincial expreſſion in the Weſt of England, and ſignifies, to do it *with the full bent and energy of mind*:—"And *obſervation ſtrange*," is with *ſuch minute attention to the orders given, as to excite admiration*.

HENLEY.

[9] *Their ſeveral* kinds have done:] i. e. have diſcharged the ſeveral functions allotted to their different natures. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act V. ſc. ii. the Clown ſays—"You muſt think this, look you, that the worm will *do his kind*."

STEEVENS.

Alon. O, it is monſtrous! monſtrous!
Methought, the billows ſpoke, and told me of it;
The winds did ſing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Proſper; it did baſs my treſpaſs.[1]
Therefore my ſon i' the ooze is bedded; and
I'll ſeek him deeper than e'er plummet ſounded,
And with him there lie mudded.[2] [*Exit.*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy ſecond.
[*Exeunt* Seb. *and* Ant.

Gon. All three of them are deſperate; their great guilt,
Like poiſon given[3] to work a great time after,

[1] ——baſs *my treſpaſs.*] The deep pipe told it me in a rough baſs ſound. Johnson.

So, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen,* B. II. c 12:

" ——the rolling ſea reſounding ſoft,
" In his big *baſe* them fitly anſwered." Steevens.

Again, in Davis's *Microcoſmos,* 1605, p. 32:

" The ſinging bullets made his ſoul rejoice
" As muſicke that the hearing moſt alures;
" And if the canons *bas'd* it with their voice
" He ſeemed as raviſht with an heavenly noiſe." Reed.

[2] *And* with him *there lie mudded.*

But *one fiend*—] As theſe hemiſtichs, taken together, exceed the proportion of a verſe, I cannot help regarding the words —*with him,* and *but,* as playhouſe interpolations.

The Tempeſt was evidently one of the laſt works of Shakſpeare; and it is therefore natural to ſuppoſe the metre of it muſt have been exact and regular. Dr. Farmer concurs with me in this ſuppoſition. Steevens.

[3] *Like* poiſon *given,* &c.] The natives of Africa have been ſuppoſed to be poſſeſſed of the ſecret how to temper poiſons with ſuch art as not to operate till ſeveral years after they were adminiſtered. Their drugs were then as certain in their effect, as ſubtle in their preparation. So, in the celebrated libel called

Now 'gins to bite the ſpirits:—I do beſeech you
That are of ſuppler joints, follow them ſwiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecſtacy [4]
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before Proſpero's *Cell.*

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, *and* Miranda.

Pro. If I have too auſterely puniſh'd you,
Your compenſation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,[5]

Leiceſter's Commonwealth: "I heard him once myſelfe in publique act at Oxford, and that in preſence of my lord of Leiceſter, maintain that poyſon might be ſo tempered and given, as it ſhould not appear preſently, and yet ſhould kill the party afterwards at what time ſhould be appointed." Steevens.

[4] ——*this* ecſtacy—] *Ecſtacy* meant not anciently, as at preſent, *rapturous pleaſure*, but alienation of mind. So, in *Hamlet*, Act III. ſc. iv:

"Nor ſenſe to *ecſtacy* was e'er ſo thrall'd—."

Mr. Locke has not inelegantly ſtyled it *dreaming with our eyes open*. Steevens.

[5] ——*a* thread *of mine own life*,] The old copy reads—*third*. The word *thread* was formerly ſo ſpelt, as appears from the following paſſage:

"Long maiſt thou live, and when the ſiſters ſhall decree
"To cut in twaine the twiſted *third* of life,
"Then let him die," &c.

See comedy of *Mucedorus*, 1619, ſignat. C 3. Hawkins.

"A *third* of mine own life" is a *fibre* or a *part* of my own

Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Haſt ſtrangely ſtood the teſt:[6] here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not ſmile at me, that I boaſt her off,
For thou ſhalt find ſhe will outſtrip all praiſe,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it,
Againſt an oracle.

life. *Proſpero* conſiders himſelf as the *ſtock* or *parent-tree*, and his daughter as a *fibre* or *portion* of himſelf, and for whoſe benefit he himſelf lives. In this ſenſe the word is uſed in Markham's *Engliſh Huſbandman*, edit. 1635, p. 146: "Cut off all the maine rootes, within half a foot of the tree, only the ſmall *thriddes* or twiſt rootes you ſhall not cut at all." Again, ibid: "Every branch and *thrid* of the root." This is evidently the ſame word as *thread*, which is likewiſe ſpelt *thrid* by Lord Bacon. Tollet.

So, in *Lingua*, &c. 1607; and I could furniſh many more inſtances:

"For as a ſubtle ſpider cloſely ſitting
"In center of her web that ſpreadeth round,
"If the leaſt fly but touch the ſmalleſt *third*,
"She feels it inſtantly."

The following quotation, however, ſhould ſeem to place the meaning beyond all diſpute. In *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1540, is this paſſage:

"—one of worldly ſhame's *children*, of his countenance, and THREDE of his body." Steevens.

Again, in *Tancred and Giſmund*, a tragedy, 1592, Tancred, ſpeaking of his intention to kill his daughter, ſays:

"Againſt all law of kinde, to ſhred in twaine
"The golden *threede that doth us both maintain*."

Malone.

[6] ——ſtrangely *ſtood the teſt*:] Strangely is uſed by way of commendation, *merveilleuſement, to a wonder*; the ſame is the ſenſe in the foregoing ſcene. Johnson.

i. e. in the laſt ſcene of the preceding act:

"—— with good life
"And obſervation *ſtrange*—." Steevens.

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquiſition[7]
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
If thou doſt break her virgin knot[8] before
All ſanctimonious ceremonies[9] may
With full and holy rite be miniſter'd,
No ſweet aſperſion[1] ſhall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd diſdain, and diſcord, ſhall beſtrew
The union of your bed with weeds ſo loathly,
That you ſhall hate it both: therefore, take heed,
As Hymen's lamps ſhall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair iſſue, and long life,
With ſuch love as 'tis now; the murkieſt den,
The moſt oppórtune place, the ſtrong'ſt ſuggeſtion

[7] *Then, as my* gift, *and thine own* acquiſition—] My *gueſt, firſt folio.* Rowe firſt read—*gift.* Johnson.

A ſimilar thought occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ——— *I* ſend *him*
" *The greatneſs he has* got." Steevens.

[8] —— *her* virgin knot—] The ſame expreſſion occurs in *Pericles Prince of Tyre,* 1609:

" Untide I ſtill my *virgin knot* will keepe." Steevens.

[9] *If thou doſt break her* virgin knot *before*
All ſanctimonious ceremonies &c.] This, and the paſſage in *Pericles Prince of Tyre,* are manifeſt alluſions to the zones of the ancients, which were worn as guardians of chaſtity by marriageable young women. " Puellæ, contra, nondum viripotentes, hujuſmodi zonis non utebantur: quod videlicet immaturis virgunculis nullum, aut certè minimum, a corruptoribus periculum immineret: quas propterea vocabant *αμιτρους*, nempe *diſcinctas*." There is a paſſage in Nonnus, which will ſufficiently illuſtrate Proſpero's expreſſion.

Κουρης δ' εϝγυς ικανε· και ατρεμας ακρον ερυσσας
Δεσμον ασυλητοιο φυλακίορα γυσαίο μιτρης
Φειδομενη παλαμη, μη ϖαρθενον υπνος εασση. Henley.

[1] *No ſweet* aſperſion—] *Aſperſion* is here uſed in its primitive ſenſe of *ſprinkling.* At preſent it is expreſſive only of calumny and detraction. Steevens.

Our worſer Genius can, ſhall never melt
Mine honour into luſt; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I ſhall think, or Phœbus' ſteeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.[2]

Pro. Fairly ſpoke:[3]
Sit then, and talk with her, ſhe is thine own.—
What, Ariel; my induſtrious ſervant Ariel!

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent maſter? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your laſt ſervice
Did worthily perform; and I muſt uſe you
In ſuch another trick: go, bring the rabble,[4]
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I muſt
Beſtow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art;[5] it is my promiſe,

[2] *When I ſhall think, or Phœbus' ſteeds are founder'd,*
Or night kept chain'd below.] A ſimilar train of ideas occur in the 23d Book of Homer's *Odyſſey*, thus tranſlated by Chapman:

" —— ſhe th' extended night
" With-held in long date; nor would let the light
" Her wing'd-hoof horſe join: Lampus, Phaeton,
" Thoſe ever colts, that bring the morning on
" To worldly men." Steevens.

[3] Fairly *ſpoke:*] *Fairly* is here uſed as a triſyllable. Steevens.

[4] —— *the rabble,*] The crew of meaner ſpirits. Johnson.

[5] *Some* vanity *of mine art;*] So, in the unprinted romance of EMARE, quoted by Mr. Warton in his diſſertation on the *Geſta Romanorum*, (a Prefix to the third Vol. of the Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry):

And they expect it from me.

Ari. Prefently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can ſay, *Come*, and *go*,
And breathe twice; and cry, *ſo*, *ſo*;
Each one, tripping on his toe,[6]
Will be here with mop and mowe:
Do you love me, maſter? no.

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel: Do not approach,
Till thou doſt hear me call.

Ari. Well I conceive. [*Exit.*

Pro. Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the ſtrongeſt oaths are ſtraw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abſtemious,
Or elſe, good night, your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, ſir;
The white-cold virgin ſnow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well.—
Now come, my Ariel; bring a corollary,[7]

" The emperour ſaid on hygh,
" Sertes, thys is a fayry,
" Or ellys a *vanite*."

i. e. an illuſion. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *Come, and go,——*
Each one, tripping on his toe,] So, in Milton's *L'Allegro*, v. 33:

" Come, and trip it as you go
" On the light fantaſtic toe." STEEVENS.

[7] —— *bring a* corollary,] That is, bring more than are ſufficient, rather than fail for want of numbers. *Corollary* means *ſurplus*. *Corolaire*, Fr. See Cotgrave's Dictionary. STEEVENS.

Rather than want a ſpirit; appear, and pertly.—
No tongue;[8] all eyes; be ſilent. [*Soft muſick.*

A Maſque. Enter IRIS.

IRIS. Ceres, moſt bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peaſe;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling ſheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with ſtover,[9] them to keep;
Thy banks with peonied and lilied brims,[1]
Which ſpongy April at thy heſt betrims,

[8] *No tongue*;] Thoſe who are preſent at incantations are obliged to be ſtrictly ſilent, "elſe" as we are afterwards told, "the ſpell is marred." JOHNSON.

[9] ——thatch'd *with* ſtover,] *Stover* (in Cambridgeſhire and other counties) ſignifies hay made of coarſe, rank graſs, ſuch as even cows will not eat while it is green. *Stover* is likewiſe uſed as *thatch* for cart-lodges, and other buildings that deſerve but rude and cheap coverings.

The word occurs in the 25th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"To draw out ſedge and reed, for *thatch* and *ſtover* fit."

Again, in his *Muſes' Elyzium*:

"Their browſe and *ſtover* waxing thin and ſcant."

STEEVENS.

[1] *Thy bank with* peonied, *and* lilied *brims*,] The old edition reads *pioned* and *twilled* brims, which gave riſe to Mr. Holt's conjecture, that the poet originally wrote:

"——*with* pioned *and* tilled *brims*."

Peonied is the emendation of Hanmer.

Spenſer and the author of *Muleaſſes the Turk*, a tragedy, 1610, uſe *pioning* for digging. It is not therefore difficult to find a meaning for the word as it ſtands in the old copy; and remove a letter from *twilled*, and it leaves us *tilled*. I am yet, however, in doubt whether we ought not to read *lilied* brims; for Pliny, B. XXVI. ch. x. mentions the *water-lily* as a preſerver of chaſtity; and ſays, elſewhere, that the Peony *medetur Faunorum in Quiete Ludibriis*, &c. In a poem entitled *The Herring's Tayle*, 4to. 1598, "the mayden *piony*" is introduced. In the *Arraignement of Paris*, 1584, are mentioned:

"The watry flow'rs and *lillies of the banks*."

To make cold nymphs chaſte crowns; and thy broom groves,[2]
Whoſe ſhadow the diſmiſſed bachelor loves,

And Edward Fenton in his *Secrete Wonders of Nature*, 4to. B. VI. 1569, aſſerts, that "the *water-lily* mortifieth altogether the appetite of ſenſualitie, and defends from unchaſte thoughts and dreames of venery."

In the 20th ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, the Naiades are repreſented as making chaplets with all the tribe of aquatic flowers; and Mr. Tollet informs me, that Lyte's *Herbal* ſays, "one kind of peonie is called by ſome, *maiden* or *virgin* peonie."

In *Ovid's Banquet of Senſe*, by Chapman, 1595, I meet with the following ſtanza, in which *twill-pants* are enumerated among flowers:

"White and red jaſmines, merry, melliphill,
"Fair crown imperial, emperor of flowers;
"Immortal amaranth, white aphrodill,
"And cup-like *twill-pants* ſtrew'd in Bacchus' bowers."

If *twill* be the ancient name of any flower, the old reading, *pioned* and *twilled*, may ſtand. STEEVENS.

Mr. Warton, in his notes upon Milton, after ſilently acquieſcing in the ſubſtitution of *pionied* for *pioned*, produces from the ARCADES "Ladon's *lillied* banks," as an example to countenance a further change of *twilled* to *lillied*, which, accordingly, Mr. Rann hath foiſted into the text. But before ſuch a licence is allowed, may it not be aſked—If the word *pionied* can any where be found?—or (admitting ſuch a verbal from peony, like Milton's *lillied* from *lily*, to exiſt,)—On the banks of what river do peonies grow?—Or (if the banks of any river ſhould be diſcovered to yield them) whether *they* and the *lilies* that, in common with them, betrim thoſe banks, be the produce of *ſpongy* APRIL?—Or, whence it can be gathered that Iris here is at all ſpeaking of the banks of *a river*?—and, whether, as the bank in queſtion is the property, not of a water-nymph, but of Ceres, it is not to be conſidered as an object of her care?—Hither the goddeſs of huſbandry is repreſented as reſorting, becauſe at the approach of ſpring, it becomes needful to repair the banks (or mounds) of the *flat meads*, whoſe graſs not only ſhooting over, but being more ſucculent than that of the *turfy mountains*, would, for want of precaution, be devoured, and ſo the intended *ſtover* [hay, or *winter keep*,] with which theſe *meads* are proleptically deſcribed as *thatched*, be loſt.

The giving way and caving in of the *brims* of thoſe banks,

Being laſs-lorn ;[3] thy pole-clipt vineyard ;[4]
And thy ſea-marge, ſteril, and rocky-hard,

occaſioned by the heats, rains, and froſts of the preceding year, are made good, by opening the trenches from whence the banks themſelves were at firſt raiſed, and facing them up afreſh with the mire thoſe trenches contain. This being done, the *brims of the banks* are, in the poet's language, *pioned* and *twilled*.—Mr. Warton himſelf, in a note upon *Comus*, hath cited a paſſage in which *pioners* are explained to be *diggers* [rather *trenchers*] and Mr. Steevens mentions Spenſer and the author of *Muleaſſes*, as both uſing *pioning* for *digging*. TWILLED is obviouſly formed from the participle of the French verb *touiller*, which Cotgrave interprets *filthily to mix or mingle; confound or ſhuffle together; bedirt; begrime; beſmear*:—ſignifications that join to confirm the explanation here given.

This *bank with pioned and twilled brims* is deſcribed, as *trimmed, at the beheſt of Ceres, by ſpongy* April, with flowers, *to make cold nymphs chaſte crowns*. Theſe flowers were neither *peonies* nor lilies, for they never blow at this ſeaſon, but "lady-ſmocks all ſilver white," which, during this humid month, ſtart up in abundance on ſuch banks, and thrive like oats on the ſame kind of ſoil:—"*Avoine* touillée *croiſt comme enragée*."—That OU changes into W, in words derived from the French, is apparent in *cordwainer*, from *cordouannier*, and many others. HENLEY.

Mr. Henley's note contends for ſmall proprieties, and abounds with minute obſervation. But that Shakſpeare was no diligent Botaniſt, may be aſcertained from his erroneous deſcriptions of a *Cowſlip*, (in the *Tempeſt* and *Cymbeline*,) for who ever heard it characterized as a *bell-ſhaped* flower, or could allow the *drops at the bottom* of it to be of a *crimſon* hue? With equal careleſſneſs, or want of information, in *The Winter's Tale* he enumerates "lilies of *all kinds*," among the children of the ſpring, and as contemporaries with the daffodil, the primroſe, and the violet; and in his celebrated ſong, (one ſtanza of which is introduced at the beginning of the fourth act of *Meaſure for Meaſure*,) he talks of *Pinks* "that *April* wears." It might be added, (if we muſt *ſpeak by the card*,) that wherever there is a bank there is a ditch; where there is a ditch there may be water; and where there is water the aquatic lilies may flouriſh, whether the bank in queſtion belongs to a river or a field.—Theſe are petty remarks, but they are occaſioned by petty cavils.—It was enough for our author that *peonies* and *lilies* were well known flowers, and he placed them on any bank, and produced them in any of the genial months,

Where thou thyſelf doſt air: The queen o' the ſky,
Whoſe watery arch, and meſſenger, am I,
Bids thee leave theſe; and with her ſovereign grace,
Here on this graſs-plot, in this very place,
To come and ſport: her peacocks fly amain;
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd meſſenger, that ne'er
Doſt diſobey the wife of Jupiter;

that particularly ſuited his purpoſe. He who has confounded the cuſtoms of different ages and nations, might eaſily confound the produce of the ſeaſons.

That his documents *de Re Ruſticâ* were more exact, is equally improbable. He regarded objects of Agriculture, &c. in the groſs, and little thought, when he meant to beſtow ſome ornamental epithet on the banks appropriated to a Goddeſs, that a future critic would wiſh him to ſay their *brims* were *filthily mixed or mingled, confounded or ſhuffled together; bedirted, begrimed, and beſmeared.* Mr. Henley, however, has not yet proved the exiſtence of the derivative which he labours to introduce as an Engliſh word; nor will the lovers of elegant deſcription wiſh him much ſucceſs in his attempt. Unconvinced, therefore, by his ſtrictures, I ſhall not exclude a border of flowers to make room for the graces of the ſpade, or what Mr. Pope, in his *Dunciad,* has ſtyled "the majeſty of mud."

STEEVENS.

[2] —— *and thy* broom *groves,*] *Broom,* in this place, ſignifies the *Spartium ſcoparium,* of which brooms are frequently made. Near Gamlingay in Cambridgeſhire it grows high enough to conceal the talleſt cattle as they paſs through it; and in places where it is cultivated ſtill higher: a circumſtance that had eſcaped my notice, till I was told of it by Profeſſor Martyn, whoſe name I am particularly happy to inſert among thoſe of other friends who have honoured and improved this work by their various communications. STEEVENS.

[3] *Being* laſs-lorn;] *Laſs-lorn* is forſaken of his miſtreſs. So, Spenſer:

"Who after that he had fair Una *lorn*." STEEVENS.

[4] —— *thy pole*-clipt vineyard;] To *clip* is to *twine round* or *embrace.* The poles are *clipped* or embraced by the vines. *Vineyard* is here uſed as a triſyllable. STEEVENS.

Who, with thy ſaffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffuſeſt honey-drops, refreſhing ſhowers;
And with each end of thy blue bow doſt crown
My boſky acres,[5] and my unſhrubb'd down,
Rich ſcarf to my proud earth; Why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this ſhort-graſs'd-green?[6]

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And ſome donation freely to eſtate
On the bleſs'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus, or her ſon, as thou doſt know,
Do now attend the queen? ſince they did plot
The means, that duſky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's ſcandal'd company
I have forſworn.

Iris. Of her ſociety
Be not afraid; I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and her ſon
Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whoſe vows are, that no bed-rite ſhall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;

[5] *My* boſky *acres*, &c.] *Boſky* is woody. Boſky acres are fields divided from each other by hedge-rows. *Boſcus* is middle Latin for *wood*. *Boſquet*, Fr. So, Milton:

"And every *boſky* bourn from ſide to ſide."

Again, in *K. Edward I.* 1599:

"Hale him from hence, and in this *boſky* wood
"Bury his corps." STEEVENS.

[6] —— *to this* ſhort-graſs'd green?] The old copy reads ſhort-*gras'd* green. *Short-graz'd green* means *grazed ſo as to be ſhort*. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

Her waſpiſh-headed ſon has broke his arrows,
Swears he will ſhoot no more, but play with ſparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Cer. Higheſt queen of ſtate,[7]
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter Juno.

Jun. How does my bounteous ſiſter? Go with me,
To bleſs this twain, that they may proſperous be,
And honour'd in their iſſue.

SONG.

Juno. *Honour, riches, marriage-bleſsing,*
Long continuance, and increaſing,
Hourly joys be ſtill upon you!
Juno ſings her bleſsings on you.

[7] *Higheſt queen of ſtate,*
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.] Mr. Whalley thinks this paſſage a remarkable inſtance of Shakſpeare's knowledge of ancient poetic ſtory; and that the hint was furniſhed by the *Divum incedo Regina* of Virgil.

John Taylor, the water-poet, declares, that he never learned his *Accidence,* and that Latin and French were to him Heathen Greek; yet, by the help of Mr. Whalley's argument, I will prove him a learned man, in ſpite of every thing he may ſay to the contrary: for thus he makes a gallant addreſs his lady; "Moſt ineſtimable magazine of beauty! in whom the port and majeſty of Juno, the wiſdom of Jove's brain-bred girle, and the feature of Cytherea, have their domeſtical habitation." Farmer.

So, in *The Arraignement of Paris,* 1584:

"Firſt ſtatelie *Juno,* with her porte and grace."

Chapman alſo, in his verſion of the ſecond *Iliad,* ſpeaking of Juno, calls her—

"——the goddeſſe of *eſtate.*" Steevens.

CER. *Earth's increaſe,*[8] *and foiſon plenty,*[9]
Barns, and garners never empty;
Vines, with cluſt'ring bunches growing;
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you, at the fartheſt,
In the very end of harveſt!
Scarcity, and want, ſhall ſhun you;
Ceres' bleſsing ſo is on you.

FER. This is a moſt majeſtic viſion, and
Harmonious charmingly:[1] May I be bold

[8] Earth's increaſe, *and foiſon plenty,* &c.] All the editions, that I have ever ſeen, concur in placing this whole ſonnet to Juno; but very abſurdly, in my opinion. I believe every accurate reader, who is acquainted with poetical hiſtory, and the diſtinct offices of theſe two goddeſſes, and who then ſeriouſly reads over our author's lines, will agree with me, that Ceres's name ought to have been placed where I have now prefixed it.
THEOBALD.

And is not in the old copy. It was added by the editor of the ſecond folio. Earth's *increaſe,* is the *produce* of the earth. The expreſſion is ſcriptural: "Then ſhall the *earth* bring forth her *increaſe,* and God, even our God, ſhall give us his bleſſing." PSALM lxvii. MALONE.

This is one among a multitude of emendations which Mr. Malone acknowledges to have been introduced by the editor of the ſecond folio; and yet, in contradiction to himſelf in his Prolegomena, he depreciates the ſecond edition, as of no importance or value.
FENTON.

[9] —— foiſon *plenty;*] i. e. plenty to the utmoſt abundance; *foiſon* ſignifying plenty. See p. 66. STEEVENS.

[1] *Harmonious charmingly:*] Mr. Edwards would read:
"*Harmonious charming* lay."
For though (ſays he) the benediction is ſung by two goddeſſes, it is yet but one *lay* or hymn. I believe, however, this paſſage appears as it was written by the poet, who, for the ſake of the verſe, made the words change places.

We might read (transferring the laſt ſyllable of the ſecond word to the end of the firſt) "Harmonious*ly* charming."

Ferdinand has already praiſed this aerial Maſque as an object of ſight; and may not improperly or inelegantly ſubjoin, that the

To think theſe ſpirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My preſent fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father,[2] and a wife,
Make this place Paradiſe.

[Juno *and* Ceres *whiſper, and ſend* Iris *on employment.*

Pro. Sweet now, ſilence;
Juno and Ceres whiſper ſeriouſly;
There's ſomething elſe to do: huſh, and be mute,
Or elſe our ſpell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wand'ring brooks,[3]
With your ſedg'd crowns, and ever-harmleſs looks,
Leave your criſp channels,[4] and on this green land
Anſwer your ſummons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

charm of ſound was added to that of viſible grandeur. Both Juno and Ceres are ſuppoſed to ſing their parts. Steevens.

A ſimilar inverſion occurs in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*:

"But *miſerable moſt* to live unlov'd." Malone.

[2] —— *a* wonder'd *father,*] i. e. a father able to perform or produce ſuch wonders. Steevens.

[3] —— wand'ring *brooks,*] The modern editors read—*winding brooks.* The old copy—*windring.* I ſuppoſe we ſhould read—*wand'ring,* as it is here printed. Steevens.

[4] *Leave your* criſp *channels,*] *Criſp,* i. e. *curling, winding,* Lat. *criſpus.* So, *Henry IV.* Part I. Act I. ſc. iv. Hotſpur, ſpeaking of the river Severn:

"And hid his *criſped* head in the hollow bank."

Criſp, however, may allude to the little wave or *curl* (as it is commonly called) that the gentleſt wind occaſions on the ſurface of waters. Steevens.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You ſun-burn'd ſicklemen, of Auguſt weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holy-day: your rye-ſtraw hats put on,
And theſe freſh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof PROSPERO *ſtarts ſuddenly, and ſpeaks; after which, to a ſtrange, hollow, and confuſed noiſe, they heavily vaniſh.*

PRO. [*aſide.*] I had forgot that foul conſpiracy
Of the beaſt Caliban, and his confederates,
Againſt my life; the minute of their plot
Is almoſt come.—[*To the Spirits.*] Well done;—
avoid;—no more.

FER. This is moſt ſtrange:[5] your father's in ſome paſſion
That works him ſtrongly.

MIRA. Never till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger ſo diſtemper'd.

PRO. You do look, my ſon, in a mov'd ſort,
As if you were diſmay'd: be cheerful, ſir:
Our revels now are ended: theſe our actors,
As I foretold you, were all ſpirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:

[5] *This is* moſt *ſtrange:*] I have introduced the word—*moſt*, on account of the metre, which otherwiſe is defective.—In the firſt line of Proſpero's next ſpeech there is likewiſe an omiſſion, but I have not ventured to ſupply it. STEEVENS.

And, like the baſeleſs fabrick of this viſion,[6]
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The ſolemn temples, the great globe itſelf,
Yea, all which it inherit,[7] ſhall diſſolve;
And, like this inſubſtantial pageant faded,[8]

[6] *And, like the baſeleſs fabrick of this viſion,* &c.] The exact period at which this play was produced is unknown: it was not, however, publiſhed before 1623. In the year 1603, the *Tragedy of Darius*, by Lord Sterline, made its appearance, and there I find the following paſſage:

" Let greatneſs of her glaſſy ſcepters vaunt,
" Not ſcepters, no, but reeds, ſoon bruis'd, ſoon broken;
" And let this worldly pomp our wits enchant,
" All fades, and ſcarcely leaves behind a token.
" Thoſe golden palaces, thoſe gorgeous halls,
" With furniture ſuperfluouſly fair,
" Thoſe ſtately courts, thoſe ſky-encount'ring walls,
" Evaniſh all like vapours in the air."

Lord Sterline's play muſt have been written before the death of Queen *Elizabeth*, (which happen'd on the 24th of March, 1603,) as it is dedicated to *James VI. King of Scots*.

Whoever ſhould ſeek for this paſſage (as here quoted from the 4to. 1603) in the folio edition, 1637, will be diſappointed, as Lord Sterline made conſiderable changes in all his plays, after their firſt publication. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *all which it* inherit,] i. e. all who poſſeſs, who dwell upon it. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

" This, or elſe nothing, will *inherit* her." MALONE.

[8] *And, like this inſubſtantial* pageant faded,] *Faded* means here—having vaniſhed; from the Latin, *vado*. So, in *Hamlet*:

" It *faded* on the crowing of the cock."

To feel the juſtice of this compariſon, and the propriety of the epithet, the nature of theſe exhibitions ſhould be remembered. The ancient Engliſh *pageants* were ſhows exhibited on the reception of a prince, or any other ſolemnity of a ſimilar kind. They were preſented on occaſional ſtages erected in the ſtreets. Originally they appear to have been nothing more than dumb ſhows; but before the time of our author, they had been enlivened by the introduction of ſpeaking perſonages, who were characteriſtically habited. The ſpeeches were ſometimes in verſe; and as the proceſſion moved forward, the ſpeakers, who conſtantly bore ſome alluſion to the ceremony, either converſed together in the form of a dialogue, or addreſſed the noble perſon whoſe preſence occa-

Leave not a rack behind :[9] We are ſuch ſtuff

ſioned the celebrity. On theſe allegorical ſpectacles very coſtly ornaments were beſtowed. See Fabian, II. 382. Warton's *Hiſt. of Poet.* II. 199, 202.

The well-known lines before us may receive ſome illuſtration from Stowe's account of the pageants exhibited in the year 1604, (not very long before this play was written,) on King James, his Queen, &c. paſſing triumphantly from the Tower to Weſtminſter; on which occaſion ſeven gates or arches were erected in different places through which the proceſſion paſſed.—Over the firſt gate "was repreſented the true likeneſs of all the notable houſes, TOWERS and ſteeples, within the citie of London."—"The ſixt arche or gate of triumph was erected above the Conduit in Fleete-Streete, whereon the GLOBE of the world was ſeen to move, &c. At Temple-bar a ſeaventh arche or gate was erected, the fore-front whereof was proportioned in every reſpect like a TEMPLE, being dedicated to Janus, &c.—The citie of Weſtminſter, and dutchy of Lancaſter, at the Strand had erected the invention of a Rainbow, the moone, ſunne, and ſtarres, advanced between two Pyramides," &c. ANNALS, p. 1429, edit. 1605.

MALONE.

[9] *Leave not a* rack *behind :*] "The winds (ſays Lord Bacon) which move the clouds above, which we call the *rack*, and are not perceived below, paſs without noiſe," I ſhould explain the word *rack* ſomewhat differently, by calling it *the laſt fleeting veſtige of the higheſt clouds, ſcarce perceptible on account of their diſtance and tenuity*. What was anciently called the *rack*, is now termed by ſailors—the *ſcud*.

The word is common to many authors contemporary with Shakſpeare. So, in the *Faithful Shepherdeſs*, by Fletcher:

"————ſhall I ſtray
"In the middle air, and ſtay
"The ſailing *rack*."——

Again, in *David and Bethſabe*, 1599:

"Beating the clouds into their ſwifteſt *rack*."

Again, in the prologue to the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

"We liſt not ride the rolling *rack* that dims the chryſtal ſkies."

Again, in Shakſpeare's 33d Sonnet:

"Anon permits the baſeſt clouds to ride
"With ugly *rack* on his celeſtial face."

Again, in Chapman's verſion of the twenty-firſt *Iliad*:

"———— the cracke
"His thunder gives, when out of heaven it tears atwo his *racke*."

As dreams are made of,[1] and our little life

Here the tranſlator adds, in a marginal note, "The *racke* or motion of the clouds, *for the clouds*."

Again, in Dryden's verſion of the tenth *Æneid*:

"——the doubtful *rack* of heaven
"Stands without motion, and the tide undriven."

Mr. Pennant in his Tour in Scotland obſerves, there is a fiſh called a *rack*-rider, becauſe it appears in winter or bad weather; *Rack*, in the Engliſh of our author's days, ſignifying the *driving of the clouds by tempeſts*.

Sir Thomas Hanmer inſtead of *rack*, reads *track*, which may be countenanced by the following paſſage in the firſt ſcene of *Timon of Athens*:

"But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
"*Leaving no tract behind*."

Again, in the *Captain*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, Act II. ſc. i:

"——run quietly,
"Leaving no *trace* of what they were behind them."

STEEVENS.

Rack is generally uſed for *a body of clouds*, or rather for *the courſe of clouds in motion*; ſo, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"That which is now a horſe, even with a thought,
"The *rack* diſlimns."

But no inſtance has yet been produced where it is uſed to ſignify *a ſingle ſmall fleeting cloud*, in which ſenſe only it can be figuratively applied here. I incline, therefore, to Sir Thomas Hanmer's emendation.

I am now inclined to think that *rack* is a mis-ſpelling for *wrack*, i. e. *wreck*, which Fletcher likewiſe has uſed for a minute broken fragment. See his *Wife for a Month*, where we find the word mis-ſpelt as it is in *The Tempeſt*:

"He will bulge ſo ſubtilly and ſuddenly,
"You may ſnatch him up by parcels, like a *ſea-rack*."

It has been urged, that "objects which have only a viſionary and inſubſtantial exiſtence, can, when the viſion is faded, leave nothing *real*, and conſequently no *wreck* behind them." But the objection is founded on miſapprehenſion. The words—"Leave not a rack (or wreck) behind," relate not to "the baſeleſs fabrick of this viſion," but to the final deſtruction of the world, of which the towers, temples, and palaces, ſhall (*like* a viſion, or a pageant,) be diſſolved, and leave no veſtige behind.

MALONE.

[1] *As* dreams *are made* of,] The old copy reads—*on*. But this is a mere colloquial vitiation; *of*, among the vulgar, being ſtill pronounced—*on*. STEEVENS.

Is rounded with a ſleep.—Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakneſs; my old brain is troubled.
Be not diſturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repoſe; a turn or two I'll walk,
To ſtill my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wiſh your peace.

[*Exeunt.*

Pro. Come with a thought:—I thank you:—
Ariel, come.[2]

Enter Ariel.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to:[3] What's thy pleaſure?

Pro. Spirit,
We muſt prepare to meet with Caliban.[4]

The ſtanza which immediately precedes the lines quoted by Mr. Steevens from Lord Sterline's *Darius*, may ſerve ſtill further to confirm the conjecture that one of theſe poets imitated the other. Our author was, I believe the imitator:

" And when the eclipſe comes of our glory's light,
" Then what avails the adoring of a name?
" A meer *illuſion made to mock the ſight*,
" Whoſe beſt was but the ſhadow of a *dream*."

Malone.

[2] Fer. Mir. *We wiſh your peace.*
Pro. *Come with a thought:—I thank* you:—*Ariel, come.*]
The old copy reads "—I thank *thee*." But theſe thanks being in reply to the joint wiſh of Ferdinand and Miranda, I have ſubſtituted *you* for *thee*, by the advice of Mr. Ritſon. Steevens.

[3] *Thy thoughts I* cleave to:] To *cleave to*, is to *unite with cloſely*. So, in *Macbeth*:

" Like our ſtrange garments, *cleave* not *to* their mould."

Again:

" If you ſhall *cleave to* my conſent." Steevens.

[4] —— to meet with *Caliban.*] *To meet with* is to *counteract*; to play ſtratagem againſt ſtratagem.—*The parſon knows the temper*

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I preſented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd,
Leſt I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didſt thou leave theſe varlets?

Ari. I told you, ſir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour, that they ſmote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kiſſing of their feet: yet always bending
Towards their project: Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids,[5] lifted up their noſes,

of every one in his houſe, and accordingly either meets with *their vices, or advances their virtues.* HERBERT'S *Country Parſon.* JOHNSON.

So, in *Cynthia's Revenge*, 1613:

" ——— You may *meet*
" *With* her abuſive malice, and exempt
" Yourſelf from the ſuſpicion of revenge." STEEVENS.

[5] *Advanc'd their eye-lids*, &c.] Thus Drayton, in his *Nymphidia, or Court of Fairie:*

" But once the circle got within,
" The charms to work do ſtraight begin,
" And he was caught as in a gin:
" For as he thus was buſy,
" A pain he in his head-piece feels,
" Againſt a ſtubbed tree he reels,
" And up went poor Hobgoblin's heels:
" Alas, his brain was dizzy.
" At length upon his feet he gets,
" Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets;
" And as again he forward ſets,
" And through the buſhes ſcrambles,
" A ſtump doth hit him in his pace,
" Down comes poor Hob upon his face,
" And lamentably tore his caſe
" Among the briers and brambles." JOHNSON.

As they ſmelt muſick; ſo I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briers, ſharp furzes, pricking goſs,[6] and
thorns,
Which enter'd their frail ſhins: at laſt I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool[7] beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erſtunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird:
Thy ſhape inviſible retain thou ſtill:
The trumpery in my houſe, go, bring it hither,
For ſtale to catch theſe thieves.[8]

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whoſe nature
Nurture can never ſtick;[9] on whom my pains,

[6] ——*pricking* goſs,] I know not how Shakſpeare diſtinguiſhed *goſs* from *furze*; for what he calls *furze* is called *goſs* or *gorſe* in the midland counties.

This word is uſed in the firſt chorus to Kyd's *Cornelia*, 1594:

"With worthleſs *gorſe* that, yearly, fruitleſs dies."

STEEVENS.

By the latter, Shakſpeare means the low ſort of *gorſe* that only grows upon wet ground, and which is well deſcribed by the name of *whins* in Markham's *Farewell to Huſbandry*. It has prickles like thoſe of a roſe-tree or a gooſeberry. *Furze* and *whins* occur together in Dr. Farmer's quotation from Holinſhed.

TOLLET.

[7] *I' the filthy mantled pool*—] Perhaps we ſhould read—filth-*y*mantled.—A ſimilar idea occurs in *K. Lear*:

"Drinks the green *mantle* of the ſtanding *pool*."

STEEVENS.

[8] *For* ſtale *to catch theſe thieves.*] *Stale* is a word in *fowling*, and is uſed to mean a *bait* or *decoy* to catch birds.

So, in *A Looking-glaſs for London and England*, 1617:

"Hence tools of wrath, *ſtales* of temptation!"

Again, in Green's *Mamilia*, 1595: "—that ſhe might not ſtrike at the *ſtale*, leſt ſhe were canvaſſed in the nets." STEEVENS.

[9] Nurture *can never ſtick;*] *Nurture* is *education*. A little

Humanely taken, all, all loſt, quite loſt;[1]
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers:[2] I will plague them all,

Re-enter ARIEL *loaden with gliſtering apparel, &c.*

Even to roaring:—Come, hang them on this line.

PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *remain inviſible. Enter* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *all wet.*

CAL. Pray you, tread ſoftly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall:[3] we now are near his cell.

STE. Monſter, your fairy, which, you ſay, is a

volume entitled *The Boke of* Nurture, *or Schoole of good Maners*, &c. was publiſhed in the reign of King Edward VI. 4to. bl. l. STEEVENS.

[1] ——all, *all loſt,*] The firſt of theſe words was probably introduced by the careleſſneſs of the tranſcriber or compoſitor. We might ſafely read—*are* all loſt. MALONE.

[2] *And as, with age, his body uglier grows,*
So his mind cankers:] Shakſpeare, when he wrote this deſcription, perhaps recollected what his patron's moſt intimate friend the great Lord Eſſex, in an hour of diſcontent, ſaid of Queen Elizabeth:—"*that ſhe grew old and canker'd, and that her mind was become as crooked as her carcaſe:*"—a ſpeech, which, according to Sir Walter Raleigh, coſt him his head, and which, we may therefore ſuppoſe, was at that time much talked of. This play being written in the time of King James, theſe obnoxious words might be ſafely repeated. MALONE.

[3] ——*the blind mole may not*
Hear a foot fall:] This quality of hearing, which the mole is ſuppoſed to poſſeſs in ſo high a degree, is mentioned in *Euphues*, 4to. 1581, p. 64: "Doth not the lion for ſtrength, the turtle for love, the ant for labour, excel man? Doth not the eagle ſee clearer, the vulture ſmell better, *the moale heare lightlyer?*" REED.

harmleſs fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.[4]

Trin. Monſter, I do ſmell all horſe-piſs; at which my noſe is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monſter? If I ſhould take a diſpleaſure againſt you; look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a loſt monſter.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour ſtill:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this miſchance: therefore, ſpeak ſoftly,
All's huſh'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to loſe our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only diſgrace and diſhonour in that, monſter, but an infinite loſs.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmleſs fairy, monſter.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet: Seeſt thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noiſe, and enter:
Do that good miſchief, which may make this iſland
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy

[4] —— *has done little better than played the* Jack *with us.*] i. e. He has played *Jack with a lantern*; has led us about like an *ignis fatuus*, by which travellers are decoyed into the mire. JOHNSON.

Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee![5]

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but traſh.

Trin. O, ho, monſter; we know what belongs to a frippery:[6]—O king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace ſhall have it.

Cal. The dropſy drown this fool! what do you mean,
To doat thus on ſuch luggage? Let's along,[7]

[5] Trin. *O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe is here for thee!*] The humour of theſe lines conſiſts in their being an alluſion to an old celebrated ballad, which begins thus: *King Stephen was a worthy peer*—and celebrates that king's parſimony with regard to his *wardrobe*.—There are two ſtanzas of this ballad in *Othello*. WARBURTON.

The old ballad is printed at large in *The Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, Vol. I. PERCY.

[6] —— *we know what belongs to a* frippery:] A *frippery* was a ſhop where old clothes were ſold. *Fripperie*, Fr.

Beaumont and Fletcher uſe the word in this ſenſe, in *Wit without Money*, Act II:

"As if I were a running *frippery*."

So, in *Monſieur d' Olive*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1606: "Paſſing yeſterday by the *frippery*, I ſpied two of them hanging out at a ſtall, with a gambrell thruſt from ſhoulder to ſhoulder."

The perſon who kept one of theſe ſhops was called a *fripper*.

Strype, in the life of Stowe, ſays, that theſe *frippers* lived in Birchin Lane and Cornhill. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *Let's* along,] Firſt edit. *Let's* alone. JOHNSON.

I believe the poet wrote:

"——— Let *it* alone,
"And do the murder firſt."

Caliban had uſed the ſame expreſſion before. Mr. Theobald reads—Let's *along*. MALONE.

Let's alone, may mean—Let you and I only go to commit the murder, leaving Trinculo, who is ſo ſolicitous about the *traſh* of dreſs, behind us. STEEVENS.

And do the murder firſt: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our ſkins with pinches;
Make us ſtrange ſtuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monſter.—Miſtreſs line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line:[8] now, jerkin, you are like to loſe your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: We ſteal by line and level, and't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jeſt; here's a garment for't: wit ſhall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country: *Steal by line and level,* is an excellent paſs of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monſter, come, put ſome lime[9] upon your fingers, and away with the reſt.

Cal. I will have none on't: we ſhall loſe our time,

[8] ——*under the line*:] An alluſion to what often happens to people who paſs the line. The violent fevers, which they contract in that hot climate, make them loſe their hair.
EDWARDS' MSS.

Perhaps the alluſion is to a more indelicate diſeaſe than any peculiar to the equinoxial.

So, in *The Noble Soldier,* 1632:

" 'Tis hot going under the *line* there."

Again, in *Lady Alimony,* 1659:

" ——Look to the clime
" Where you inhabit; that's the torrid zone:
" Yea, there goes *the hair* away."

Shakſpeare ſeems to deſign an equivoque between the equinoxial and the girdle of a woman.

It may be neceſſary, however, to obſerve, as a further elucidation of this miſerable jeſt, that the lines on which clothes are hung, are uſually made of twiſted horſe-*hair*. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*put ſome* lime *&c.*] That is, *birdlime.* JOHNSON.

So, in Green's *Diſputation between a He and She Conycatcher,* 1592: " —mine eyes are ſtauls, and my hands *lime* twigs."
STEEVENS.

And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes[1]
With foreheads villainous low.[2]

Ste. Monſter, lay-to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hogſhead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noiſe of hunters heard.[3] *Enter divers Spirits, in ſhape of hounds, and hunt them about*; Prospero *and* Ariel *ſetting them on.*

[1] ——*to* barnacles, *or to apes*—] Skinner ſays *barnacle* is *Anſer Scoticus*. The *barnacle* is a kind of ſhell-fiſh growing on the bottoms of ſhips, and which was anciently ſuppoſed, when broken off, to become one of theſe geeſe. Hall, in his *Virgidemiarum*, Lib. IV. ſat. 2, ſeems to favour this ſuppoſition:

"The Scottiſh *barnacle*, if I might chooſe,
"That of a worme doth waxe a winged gooſe," &c.

So likewiſe Marſton, in his *Malecontent*, 1604:

"——like your Scotch *barnacle*, now a block,
"Inſtantly a worm, and preſently a great gooſe."

"There are" (ſays Gerard, in his *Herbal*, edit. 1597, page 1391) "in the north parts of Scotland certaine trees, whereon do grow ſhell-fiſhes, &c. &c. which, falling into the water, do become fowls, whom we call *barnakles*; in the north of England *brant geeſe*; and in Lancaſhire *tree geeſe*," &c.

This vulgar error deſerves no ſerious confutation. Commend me, however, to Holinſhed, (Vol. I. p. 38,) who declares himſelf to have ſeen the feathers of theſe *barnacles* "hang out of the ſhell at leaſt two inches." And in the 27th ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, the ſame account of their generation is given.

Collins.

[2] *With* foreheads *villainous* low.] *Low foreheads* were anciently reckoned among deformities. So, in the old bl. l. ballad, entitled *A Peerleſſe Paragon*:

"Her beetle brows all men admire,
"Her *forehead wondrous low*."

Again, (the quotation is Mr. Malone's,) in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"——And her *forehead*
"As *low* as ſhe would wiſh it." Steevens.

[3] *A noiſe of hunters heard.*] Shakſpeare might have had in

PRO. Hey, *Mountain*, hey!
ARI. *Silver!* there it goes, *Silver!*
PRO. *Fury*, *Fury!* there, *Tyrant*, there! hark, hark!
[CAL. STE. *and* TRIN. *are driven out.*
Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulſions; ſhorten up their ſinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-ſpotted make them,
Than pard, or cat o' mountain.
ARI. Hark, they roar.
PRO. Let them be hunted ſoundly: At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly ſhall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,
Follow, and do me ſervice. [*Exeunt.*

view "*Arthur's Chace*, which many believe to be in France, and think that it is a kennel of black dogs followed by unknown huntſmen with an exceeding great ſound of horns, as if it was a very hunting of ſome wild beaſt." See a *Treatiſe of Spectres*, tranſlated from the French of Peter de Loier, and publiſhed in quarto, 1605. GREY.

"HECATE, (ſays the ſame writer, *ibid.*) as the Greeks affirmed, did uſe to ſend *dogges* unto men, to feare and terrifie them." MALONE.

See Gervaſe of Tilbery, who wrote in 1211, for an account of the *Familia Arturi*. Ot. Imper. Dec. II. c. 12. STEEVENS.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before the Cell of Proſpero.

Enter PROSPERO *in his magick robes*; *and* ARIEL.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my ſpirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage.[4] How's the day?

Ari. On the ſixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You ſaid our work ſhould ceaſe.

Pro. I did ſay ſo,
When firſt I rais'd the tempeſt. Say, my ſpirit,
How fares the king and his?[5]

Ari. Confin'd together
In the ſame faſhion as you gave in charge;
Juſt as you left them, ſir; all priſoners
In the lime-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge, till your releaſe.[6] The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three diſtracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of ſorrow, and diſmay; but chiefly
Him you term'd, ſir, *The good old lord, Gonzalo*;

[4] ——— *and time*
Goes upright with his carriage.] Alluding to one carrying a burthen. This critical period of my life proceeds as I could wiſh. Time brings forward all the expected events, without faultering under his burthen. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *the king and his?*] The old copy reads—"the king and his *followers?*" But the word *followers* is evidently an interpolation, (or gloſs which had crept into the text,) and ſpoils the metre without help to the ſenſe. In *King Lear* we have the phraſeology I have ventured to recommend:
"To *thee* and *thine*, hereditary ever," &c. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *till your releaſe.*] i. e. till you releaſe them. MALONE.

His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds: your charm ſo ſtrongly works
them,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Doſt thou think ſo, ſpirit?

Ari. Mine would, ſir, were I human.

Pro. And mine ſhall.
Haſt thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling[7]
Of their afflictions? and ſhall not myſelf,
One of their kind, that reliſh all as ſharply,
Paſſion as they,[8] be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am ſtruck to the
quick,
Yet, with my nobler reaſon, 'gainſt my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The ſole drift of my purpoſe doth extend
Not a frown further: Go, releaſe them, Ariel;
My charms I'll break, their ſenſes I'll reſtore,
And they ſhall be themſelves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, ſir. [*Exit.*

[7] —— *a* touch, *a feeling*—] A *touch* is a *ſenſation*. So, in *Cymbeline*:

" —— a *touch* more rare
" Subdues all pangs, all fears."

So, in the 141ſt ſonnet of Shakſpeare:

" Nor tender feeling to baſe *touches* prone."

Again, in the *Civil Wars* of Daniel, B. I:

" I know not how their death gives ſuch a *touch*."

STEEVENS.

[8] —— *that reliſh all as ſharply,*
Paſſion as they,] I feel every thing with the ſame quick ſenſibility, and am moved by the ſame paſſions as they are.

A ſimilar thought occurs in *K. Richard II:*

" *Taſte grief,* need friends, like you," &c. STEEVENS.

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, ſtanding lakes, and groves;[9]

[9] *Ye elves of hills, brooks, ſtanding lakes, and groves*;] This ſpeech Dr. Warburton rightly obſerves to be borrowed from Medea's in Ovid: and, "it proves, ſays Mr. Holt, beyond contradiction, that Shakſpeare was perfectly acquainted with the ſentiments of the ancients on the ſubject of inchantments." The original lines are theſe;

" Auræque, & venti, monteſque, amneſque, lacuſque,
" Diique omnes nemorum, diique omnes noctis, adeſte."

The tranſlation of which, by Golding, is by no means literal, and Shakſpeare hath cloſely followed it. FARMER.

Whoever will take the trouble of comparing this whole paſſage with Medea's ſpeech, as tranſlated by Golding, will ſee evidently that Shakſpeare copied the tranſlation, and not the original. The particular expreſſions that ſeem to have made an impreſſion on his mind, are printed in Italicks:

" Ye ayres and windes, ye *elves of hills*, of *brookes*, of woodes alone,
" Of *ſtanding lakes*, and of the night, approche ye everych one.
" *Through help of whom* (the crooked bankes much wondering at the thing)
" I have compelled ſtreames to run clear backward to their ſpring.
" By charms I make the calm ſea rough, and make the rough ſeas playne,
" And cover all the ſkie with clouds, and *chaſe* them thence again.
" *By charms I raiſe and lay the windes*, and burſt the viper's jaw,
" And from the bowels of the earth both ſtones and trees do draw.
" Whole woods and forreſts I remove, *I make the mountains ſhake*,
" And even the earth itſelf to groan and fearfully to quake.
" *I call up dead men from their graves*, and thee, O lightſome moone,
" I darken oft, though beaten braſs abate thy peril ſoone.
" Our ſorcerie *dimmes* the morning faire, and *darks the ſun at noone*.
" The flaming breath of fierie bulles ye quenched for my ſake,
" And cauſed their unwieldy neckes the bended yoke to take.
" Among the earth-bred brothers you a *mortal warre did ſet*,
" And brought aſleep the dragon fell, whoſe eyes were never ſhet." MALONE.

Ye elves *of hills*, &c] *Fairies* and *elves* are frequently, in the

And ye, that on the ſands with printleſs foot
Do chaſe the ebbing Neptune,[1] and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
By moon-ſhine do the green-four ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whoſe paſ-
time
Is to make midnight muſhrooms; that rejoice
To hear the ſolemn curfew; by whoſe aid
(Weak maſters though ye be,)[2] I have be-dimm'd
The noon-tide ſun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green ſea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder

poets mentioned together, without any diſtinction of character that I can recollect. Keyſler ſays, that *alp* and *alf*, which is *elf* with the *Suedes* and *Engliſh*, equally ſignified a mountain, or a dæmon of the mountains. This ſeems to have been its original meaning; but Somner's Dict. mentions elves or fairies of the mountains, of the woods, of the ſea and fountains, without any diſtinction between elves and fairies. TOLLET.

[1] —— *with* printleſs *foot*
Do chaſe the ebbing Neptune,] So Milton, in his *Maſque*:
" Whilſt from off the waters fleet,
" Thus I ſet my *printleſs* feet." STEEVENS.

[2] (*Weak* maſters *though ye be,*)] The meaning of this paſſage may be, *Though you are but inferior maſters of theſe ſupernatural powers—though you poſſeſs them but in a low degree.* Spenſer uſes the ſame kind of expreſſion in *The Fairy Queen*, B. III. cant. 8. ſt. 4:
" Where ſhe (the witch) was wont her ſprights to entertain.
" *The maſters of her art:* there was ſhe fain
" To call them all in order to her aid." STEEVENS.

—— *by whoſe aid,*
(*Weak* maſters *though ye be,*)] That is; ye are powerful auxiliaries, but weak if left to yourſelves;—your employment is then to make green ringlets, and midnight muſhrooms, and to play the idle pranks mentioned by Ariel in his next ſong;—yet by your aid I have been enabled to invert the courſe of nature. We ſay proverbially, " Fire is a good *ſervant* but a bad *maſter*."
BLACKSTONE.

Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's ſtout oak
With his own bolt: the ſtrong-bas'd promontory
Have I made ſhake; and by the ſpurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have waked their ſleepers; oped, and let them forth
By my ſo potent art: But this rough magick [3]
I here abjure: and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly muſick, (which even now I do,)
To work mine end upon their ſenſes, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my ſtaff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet ſound,
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn muſick.*

Re-enter ARIEL: *after him,* ALONSO, *with a frantick geſture, attended by* GONZALO; SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO *in like manner, attended by* ADRIAN *and* FRANCISCO: *they all enter the circle which* PROSPERO *had made, and there ſtand charmed; which* PROSPERO *obſerving, ſpeaks.*

A ſolemn air, and the beſt comforter
To an unſettled fancy, cure thy brains,[4]

[3] —— But *this rough magick* &c.] This ſpeech of Proſpero ſets out with a long and diſtinct invocation to the various miniſters of his art: yet to what purpoſe they were invoked does not very diſtinctly appear. Had our author written—"*All* this," &c. inſtead of—"*But* this," &c. the concluſion of the addreſs would have been more pertinent to its beginning. STEEVENS.

[4] *A ſolemn air, and the beſt comforter*
To an unſettled fancy, cure thy brains, &c.] Proſpero does not deſire *them* to cure *their brains*. His expreſſion is optative, not imperative; and means—*May* muſic cure thy brains! i. e. ſettle them. Mr. Malone reads:

"To an unſettled fancy's cure! Thy brains,
"Now uſeleſs, *boil* within thy ſcull:"— STEEVENS.

Now uſeleſs, boil'd within thy ſkull![5] There ſtand,
For you are ſpell-ſtopp'd.——
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even ſociable to the ſhew of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.[6]—The charm diſſolves apace;
And as the morning ſteals upon the night,
Melting the darkneſs, ſo their riſing ſenſes
Begin to chaſe the ignorant fumes[7] that mantle
Their clearer reaſon.—O my good Gonzalo,
My true preſerver, and a loyal ſir
To him thou follow'ſt; I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed.—Moſt cruelly
Didſt thou, Alonſo, uſe me and my daughter:

The old copy reads—*fancy*. For this emendation I am anſwerable. So, in *King John*:

" My widow's comfort, and *my ſorrow's cure*."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" —— *Confuſion's cure*
" Lives not in theſe confuſions."

Proſpero begins by obſerving, that the air which had been played was admirably adapted to compoſe unſettled minds. He then addreſſes Gonzalo and the reſt, who had juſt before gone into the circle: " Thy brains, now uſeleſs boil within thy ſkull," &c. [the ſoothing ſtrain not having yet begun to operate.] Afterwards, perceiving that the muſick begins to have the effect intended, he adds, " The charm diſſolves apace." Mr. Pope and the ſubſequent editors read—*boil'd*. MALONE.

[5] —— boil'd *within thy ſkull!*] So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*:

" Lovers and madmen have ſuch *ſeething* brains," &c.
STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*: " Would any but theſe *boil'd brains* of nineteen and two-and-twenty, hunt this weather?"
MALONE.

[6] —— *fellow*ly *drops*.] I would read, *fellow* drops. The additional ſyllable only injures the metre, without enforcing the ſenſe. *Fellowly*, however, is an adjective uſed by Tuſſer.
STEEVENS.

[7] —— *the ignorant fumes*—] i. e. the fumes of ignorance.
HEATH.

Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebaſtian.—Fleſh and blood,[8]
You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,[9]
Expell'd remorſe and nature;[1] who, with Sebaſtian,
(Whoſe inward pinches therefore are moſt ſtrong,)
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art!—Their underſtanding
Begins to ſwell; and the approaching tide
Will ſhortly fill the reaſonable ſhores,
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me:—Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;

[*Exit* ARIEL.

I will diſ-caſe me, and myſelf preſent,
As I was ſometime Milan:—quickly, ſpirit;
Thou ſhalt ere long be free.

ARIEL *re-enters, ſinging, and helps to attire* PROSPERO.

ARI. *Where the bee ſucks, there ſuck I;*
In a cowſlip's bell I lie:[2]
There I couch when owls do cry.[3]
On the bat's back I do fly,
After ſummer, merrily:[4]

[8] *Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebaſtian.—Fleſh and blood,*] Thus the old copy: Theobald points the paſſage in a different manner, and perhaps rightly:

"Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebaſtian, fleſh and blood."

STEEVENS.

[9] —— *that* entertain'd *ambition,*] Old copy—*entertain.* Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[1] —— remorſe *and* nature;] *Remorſe* is by our author and the contemporary writers generally uſed for *pity*, or *tenderneſs of heart*. *Nature* is natural affection. MALONE.

Merrily, merrily, ſhall I live now,
Under the bloſſom that hangs on the bough.[5]

[2] *In a* cowſlip's *bell I lie:*] So, in Drayton's *Nymphidia:*

" At midnight, the appointed hour;
" And for the queen a fitting *bower*,
" Quoth he, is that fair *cowſlip* flower
" On Hipcut hill that bloweth."

The date of this poem not being aſcertained, we know not whether our author was indebted to it, or was himſelf copied by Drayton. I believe, the latter was the imitator. *Nymphidia* was not written, I imagine, till after the Engliſh Don Quixote had appeared in 1612. MALONE.

[3] ——*when owls do cry.*] i. e. at night. As this paſſage is now printed, Ariel ſays that he repoſes in a cowſlip's bell during the night. Perhaps, however, a full point ought to be placed after the word *couch*, and a comma at the end of the line. If the paſſage ſhould be thus regulated, Ariel will then take his departure by night, the proper ſeaſon for the bat to ſet out upon the expedition. MALONE.

[4] *After ſummer, merrily:*] This is the reading of all the editions. Yet Mr. Theobald has ſubſtituted *ſun-ſet*, becauſe Ariel talks of riding on the bat in this expedition. An idle fancy. That circumſtance is given only to deſign the *time of night* in which fairies travel. One would think the conſideration of the circumſtances ſhould have ſet him right. Ariel was a ſpirit of great delicacy, bound by the charms of Proſpero to a conſtant attendance on his occaſions. So that he was confined to the iſland winter and ſummer. But the roughneſs of winter is repreſented by Shakſpeare as diſagreeable to fairies, and ſuch like delicate ſpirits, who, on this account, conſtantly follow *ſummer*. Was not this then the moſt agreeable circumſtance of Ariel's new-recovered liberty, that he could now avoid *winter*, and follow *ſummer* quite round the globe? But to put the matter quite out of queſtion, let us conſider the meaning of this line:

" There I couch when owls do cry."

Where? in the *cowſlip's bell*, and *where the bee ſucks*, he tells us: this muſt needs be in *ſummer*. When? *when owls cry*, and this is in *winter:*

" When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
" Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl."

The Song of *Winter* in *Love's Labour's Loſt*.

The conſequence is, that Ariel *flies after ſummer*. Yet the

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel: I ſhall miſs thee;

Oxford editor has adopted this judicious emendation of Mr. Theobald. WARBURTON.

Ariel does not appear to have been confined to the iſland ſummer and winter, as he was ſometimes ſent on ſo long an errand as to the Bermoothes. When he ſays, *On the bat's back I do fly,* &c. he ſpeaks of his preſent ſituation only; nor triumphs in the idea of his future liberty, till the laſt couplet:

" Merrily, merrily," &c.

The bat is no bird of paſſage, and the expreſſion is therefore probably uſed to ſignify, *not that he purſues ſummer,* but that, *after ſummer is paſt,* he rides upon the warm down of a bat's back, which ſuits not improperly with the delicacy of his airy being. *After ſummer* is a phraſe in *K. Henry VI.* P. II. Act II. ſc. iv.

Shakſpeare, who, in his *Midſummer Night's Dream,* has placed the light of a glow-worm in its eyes, might, through the ſame ignorance of natural hiſtory, have ſuppoſed the bat to be a bird of paſſage. Owls cry not only in winter. It is well known that they are to the full as clamorous in ſummer; and as a proof of it, Titania, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream,* the time of which is ſuppoſed to be May, commands her fairies to—

" ——— keep back
" The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots." STEEVENS.

Our author is ſeldom ſolicitous that every part of his imagery ſhould correſpond. I therefore think, that though the bat is " no bird of paſſage," Shakſpeare probably meant to expreſs what Dr. Warburton ſuppoſes. A ſhort account, however, of this winged animal may perhaps prove the beſt illuſtration of the paſſage before us:

" The bat (ſays Dr. Goldſmith, in his entertaining and inſtructive *Natural Hiſtory,*) makes its appearance in *ſummer,* and begins its flight in the duſk of the evening. It appears only in the *moſt pleaſant* evenings; at other times it continues in its retreat; the chink of a ruined building, or the hollow of a tree. Thus the little animal even in ſummer ſleeps the greateſt part of his time, never venturing out by day-light, nor in *rainy* weather. But its ſhort life is ſtill more abridged by continuing in a torpid ſtate during the *winter.* At the approach of the cold ſeaſon, the bat prepares for its ſtate of lifeleſs inactivity, and ſeems rather to chooſe a place where it may continue ſafe from interruption, than where it may be warmly and commodiouſly lodged."

When Shakſpeare had determined to ſend Ariel in purſuit of

But yet thou ſhalt have freedom: ſo, ſo, ſo.—
To the king's ſhip, inviſible as thou art:
There ſhalt thou find the mariners aſleep
Under the hatches; the maſter, and the boatſwain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And preſently, I pr'ythee.

Ari. I drink the air[6] before me, and return
Or e'er your pulſe twice beat. [*Exit* Ariel.

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amaze-
ment
Inhabits here: Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, ſir king,
The wronged duke of Milan, Proſpero:
For more aſſurance that a living prince
Does now ſpeak to thee, I embrace thy body;

ſummer, wherever it could be found, as moſt congenial to ſuch an airy being, is it then ſurpriſing that he ſhould have made the *bat*, rather than "the wind, his poſt-horſe;" an animal thus delighting in that ſeaſon, and reduced by winter to a ſtate of lifeleſs inactivity? Malone.

[5] ——*ſhall I live now,*
Under the bloſſom that hangs on the bough.] This thought is not thrown out at random. It compoſed a part of the magical ſyſtem of theſe days. In Taſſo's *Godfrey of Bulloigne*, by Fairfax, B. IV. ſt. 18:

"The goblins, fairies, feends, and furies mad,
"Ranged in flowrie dales, and mountaines hore,
"*And under everie trembling leafe they ſit.*"

The idea was probably firſt ſuggeſted by the deſcription of the venerable elm which Virgil planted at the entrance of the infernal ſhades. *Æn.* VI. v. 282:

"Ulmus opaca, ingens; quam ſedem ſomnio vulgò
"Vana tenêre ferunt, *foliiſque ſub omnibus hærent.*"

Holt White.

[6] *I drink the air*—] *To drink the air*—is an expreſſion of ſwiftneſs of the ſame kind as *to devour the way* in *K. Henry IV.* Johnson.

And to thee, and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whe'r thou beeſt he, or no,[7]
Or ſome enchanted trifle to abuſe me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulſe
Beats, as of fleſh and blood; and, ſince I ſaw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madneſs held me: this muſt crave
(An if this be at all,) a moſt ſtrange ſtory.
Thy dukedom I reſign;[8] and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs:—But how ſhould
Proſpero
Be living, and be here?

Pro. Firſt, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; whoſe honour cannot
Be meaſur'd, or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not ſwear.

Pro. You do yet taſte
Some ſubtilties o' the iſle,[9] that will not let you

[7] Whe'r *thou beeſt he, or no,*] *Whe'r* for *whether*, is an abbreviation frequently uſed both by Shakſpeare and Jonſon. So, in *Julius Cæſar*:

"See, *whe'r* their baſeſt metal be not mov'd."

Again, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"Good ſir, *whe'r* you'll anſwer me, or not."

M. Mason.

[8] *Thy dukedom I reſign*;] The duchy of Milan being through the treachery of Antonio made feudatory to the crown of Naples, Alonſo promiſes to reſign his claim of ſovereignty for the future.

Steevens.

[9] *You do yet* taſte
Some ſubtilties *o' the iſle,*] This is a phraſe adopted from ancient cookery and confectionary. When a diſh was ſo contrived as to appear unlike what it really was, they called it a *ſubtilty*. Dragons, caſtles, trees, &c. made out of ſugar, had the like denomination. See Mr. Pegge's gloſſary to the *Form of Cury*, &c. Article *Sotiltees*.

Believe things certain:—Welcome, my friends all:—
But you, my brace of lords, were I ſo minded,
[*Aſide to* SEB. *and* ANT.
I here could pluck his highneſs' frown upon you,
And juſtify you traitors; at this time
I'll tell no tales.

SEB. The devil ſpeaks in him. [*Aſide.*

PRO. No:——
For you, moſt wicked ſir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankeſt fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou muſt reſtore.

ALON. If thou beeſt Proſpero,
Give us particulars of thy preſervation:
How thou haſt met us here, who three hours ſince[1]

Froiſſard complains much of this practice, which often led him into miſtakes at dinner. Deſcribing one of the feaſts of his time, he ſays there was "*grant planté de meſtz ſi etranges & ſi deſguiſez qu'on ne les pouvait deviſer*;" and L'Etoile ſpeaking of a ſimilar entertainment in 1597, adds "*Tous les poiſſons eſtoient fort dextrement deſguiſez en viande de chair, qui eſtoient monſtres marins pour la pluſpart, qu'on avait fait venir exprès de tous les coſtez.*" STEEVENS.

[1] ——*who* three hours *ſince*—] The unity of time is moſt rigidly obſerved in this piece. The fable ſcarcely takes up a greater number of hours than are employed in the repreſentation; and from the very particular care which our author takes to point out this circumſtance in ſo many other paſſages, as well as here, it ſhould ſeem as if it were not accidental, but purpoſely deſigned to ſhew the admirers of Ben Jonſon's art, and the cavillers of the time, that he too could write a play within all the ſtricteſt laws of regularity, when he choſe to load himſelf with the critick's fetters.

The *Boatſwain* marks the progreſs of the day again—*which but three glaſſes ſince*, &c. and at the beginning of this act the duration of the time employed on the ſtage is particularly aſcer-

Were wreck'd upon this ſhore; where I have loſt,
How ſharp the point of this remembrance is!
My dear ſon Ferdinand.

Pro. I am woe for't, ſir.[2]

Alon. Irreparable is the loſs; and patience
Says, it is paſt her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
You have not ſought her help; of whoſe ſoft grace,
For the like loſs, I have her ſovereign aid,
And reſt myſelf content.

Alon. You the like loſs?

Pro. As great to me, as late;[3] and, portable[4]
To make the dear loſs, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have loſt my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wiſh
Myſelf were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my ſon lies. When did you loſe your daughter?

tained; and it refers to a paſſage in the firſt act, of the ſame tendency. The ſtorm was raiſed *at leaſt* two glaſſes after mid day, and Ariel was promiſed that *the work ſhould ceaſe* at the *ſixth hour*. Steevens.

[2] *I am* woe *for't, ſir.*] i. e. *I am ſorry for it. To be woe,* is often uſed by old writers to ſignify, *to be ſorry.*

So, in the play of *The Four P's*, 1569:

" But be ye ſure I *would be woe*
" That you ſhould chance to begyle me ſo." Steevens.

[3] *As great to me, as late;*] My loſs is as great as yours, and has as lately happened to me. Johnson.

[4] —— portable—] So, in *Macbeth:*

" ——— theſe are *portable*
" With other graces weigh'd."

The old copy unmetrically reads—"*ſup*portable." Steevens.

Pro. In this laſt tempeſt. I perceive, theſe lords
At this encounter do ſo much admire,
That they devour their reaſon; and ſcarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath:[5] but, howſoe'er you have
Been juſtled from your ſenſes, know for certain,
That I am Proſpero, and that very duke
Which was thruſt forth of Milan; who moſt ſtrangely
Upon this ſhore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfaſt, nor
Befitting this firſt meeting. Welcome, ſir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And ſubjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom ſince you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At leaſt, bring forth a wonder, to content ye,
As much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the Cell opens, and diſcovers FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA *playing at cheſs.*[6]

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me falſe.

[5] ——— their *words*
Are natural breath:] An anonymous correſpondent thinks that *their* is a corruption, and that we ſhould read—*theſe* words. His conjecture appears not improbable. The lords had no doubt concerning *themſelves*. Their doubts related only to *Proſpero*, whom they at firſt apprehended to be ſome "inchanted trifle to abuſe them." They doubt, ſays he, whether what they ſee and hear is a mere illuſion; whether the perſon they behold is a living mortal, whether the words they hear are ſpoken by a human creature. MALONE.

[6] ——*playing at* cheſs.] Shakſpeare might not have ventured

Fer. No, my deareſt love,
I would not for the world.

Mira. Yes, for a ſcore of kingdoms,[7] you ſhould wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove
A viſion of the iſland, one dear ſon
Shall I twice loſe.

Seb. A moſt high miracle!

Fer. Though the ſeas threaten they are merciful:
I have curs'd them without cauſe.

[Ferd. *kneels to* Alon.

Alon. Now all the bleſſings
Of a glad father compaſs thee about!
Ariſe, and ſay how thou cam'ſt here.

to engage his hero and heroine at this game, had he not found *Huon de Bordeaux* and his Princeſs employed in the ſame manner. See the romance of *Huon*, &c. chapter 53, edit. 1601: "How King Ivoryn cauſed his daughter *to play at the cheſſe* with Huon," &c. Steevens.

[7] *Yes, for a ſcore of* kingdoms, *&c.*] I take the ſenſe to be only this: Ferdinand would not, he ſays, play her falſe for the *world:* yes, anſwers ſhe, I would allow you to do it for ſomething leſs than the world, for *twenty kingdoms*, and I wiſh you well enough to allow you, after a little *wrangle*, that your play was fair. So, likewiſe, Dr. Grey. Johnson.

I would recommend another punctuation, and then the ſenſe would be as follows:

Yes, for a ſcore of kingdoms you ſhould wrangle,
And I would call it fair play;

becauſe ſuch a conteſt would be worthy of you.

"*'Tis honour, with moſt lands to be at odds,*"—

ſays Alcibiades, in *Timon of Athens.*

Again, in Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinſmen:*

"——They would ſhow bravely
"Fighting about *the titles of two kingdoms.*"

Steevens.

Mira. O! wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has ſuch people in't!

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou waſt at play?
Your eld'ſt acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is ſhe the goddeſs that hath ſever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, ſhe's mortal;
But, by immortal providence, ſhe's mine;
I choſe her, when I could not aſk my father
For his advice; nor thought I had one: ſhe
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
Of whom ſo often I have heard renown,
But never ſaw before; of whom I have
Received a ſecond life, and ſecond father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers:
But O, how oddly will it ſound, that I
Muſt aſk my child forgiveneſs!

Pro. There, ſir, ſtop;
Let us not burden our remembrances[8]
With a heavineſs that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept,
Or ſhould have ſpoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a bleſſed crown;

[8] —— *our* remembrances—] By the miſtake of the tranſcriber the word *with* being placed at the end of this line, Mr. Pope and the ſubſequent editors, for the ſake of the metre, read—*remembrance.* The regulation now made renders change unneceſſary. Malone.

For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!

Alon. I ſay, Amen, Gonzalo!

Gon. Was Milan thruſt from Milan, that his iſſue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy; and ſet it down
With gold on laſting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her huſband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himſelf was loſt; Proſpero his dukedom,
In a poor iſle; and all of us, ourſelves,
When no man was his own.[9]

Alon. Give me your hands:
[*To* Fer. *and* Mir.
Let grief and ſorrow ſtill embrace his heart,
That doth not wiſh you joy!

Gon. Be't ſo! Amen!

Re-enter Ariel, *with the* Maſter *and* Boatſwain *amazedly following.*

O look, ſir, look, ſir; here are more of us!
I propheſied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown:—Now, blaſphemy,
That ſwear'ſt grace o'erboard, not an oath on ſhore?
Haſt thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boats. The beſt news is, that we have ſafely found

[9] When *no man was his own.*] For *when,* perhaps ſhould be read—*where.* Johnson.

When is certainly right; i. e. *at a time when* no one was in his ſenſes. Shakſpeare could not have written *where,* [i. e. in the iſland,] becauſe the mind of Proſpero, who lived in it, had not been diſordered. It is ſtill ſaid, in colloquial language, that a madman *is not his own man,* i. e. is not maſter of himſelf.
Steevens.

Our king, and company: the next our ſhip,—
Which, but three glaſſes ſince, we gave out ſplit,—
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We firſt put out to ſea.

Ari. Sir, all this ſervice
Have I done ſince I went. } *Aſide.*
Pro. My trickſy ſpirit![1] }

Alon. Theſe are not natural events; they ſtrengthen,
From ſtrange to ſtranger:—Say, how came you hither?

Boats. If I did think, ſir, I were well awake,
I'd ſtrive to tell you. We were dead of ſleep,[2]

[1] *My* trickſy *ſpirit!*] Is, I believe, my clever, adroit ſpirit. Shakſpeare uſes the ſame word in *The Merchant of Venice*:

" ——— that for a *trickſy* word
" Defy the matter."

So, in the interlude of *The Diſobedient Child*, bl. l. no date:

" ——— invent and ſeek out
" To make them go *trickſie*, gallaunt and cleane."

STEEVENS.

[2] —— *dead* of *ſleep*,] Thus the old copy. Modern editors —*aſleep*.

Mr. Malone would ſubſtitute—*on*; but *on* (in the preſent inſtance) is only a vulgar corruption of—*of*. We ſtill ſay, that a perſon dies *of* ſuch or ſuch a diſorder; and why not that he is dead *of* ſleep? STEEVENS.

" *On* ſleep" was the ancient Engliſh phraſeology. So, in Gaſcoigne's *Suppoſes*: " —knock again; I think they be *on* ſleep."

Again, in a ſong ſaid to have been written by Anna Boleyn:

" O death, rock me *on* ſlepe."

Again, in Campion's *Hiſtory of Ireland*, 1633: " One officer in the houſe of great men is a tale-teller, who bringeth his lord *on* ſleep with tales vaine and frivolous." MALONE.

In theſe inſtances adduced by Mr. Malone, *on ſleep*, moſt certainly means *aſleep*; but they do not militate againſt my explanation of the phraſe—" dead *of* ſleep." STEEVENS.

And (how, we know not,) all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with ſtrange and ſeveral noiſes
Of roaring, ſhrieking, howling, gingling chains,
And more diverſity of ſounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; ſtraitway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freſhly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ſhip; our maſter
Capering to eye her: On a trice, ſo pleaſe you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done?
Pro. Bravely, my diligence. Thou ſhalt be free. } *Aſide.*

Alon. This is as ſtrange a maze as e'er men trod:
And there is in this buſineſs more than nature
Was ever conduct of:[3] ſome oracle
Muſt rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,
Do not infeſt your mind with beating on
The ſtrangeneſs of this buſineſs;[4] at pick'd leiſure,

[3] —— conduct *of*:] *Conduct* for *conductor*. So, in Ben Jonſon's *Every Man out of his Humour*:

"Come, gentlemen, I will be your *conduct*." Steevens.

Again, in *The Houſholders' Philoſophie*, 4to. 1588, p. 1: "I goe before, not to arrogat anie ſuperioritie, but as your guide, becauſe, perhaps you are not well acquainted with the waie. Fortune (quoth I) doth favour mee with too noble a *conduct*." Reed.

Conduct is yet uſed in the ſame ſenſe: the perſon at Cambridge who reads prayers in King's and in Trinity College Chapels, is ſtill ſo ſtyled. Henley.

[4] —— *with* beating *on*
The ſtrangeneſs &c.] A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in *The Second Part of K. Henry VI*:

"——— thine eyes and thoughts
"*Beat* on a crown."

Which ſhall be ſhortly, ſingle I'll reſolve you
(Which to you ſhall ſeem probable,)[5] of every
Theſe happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well.—Come hither,
ſpirit; [*Aſide.*
Set Caliban and his companions free:
Untie the ſpell. [*Exit* ARIEL.] How fares my gracious ſir?
There are yet miſſing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

Re-enter ARIEL, *driving in* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *in their ſtolen apparel.*

STE. Every man ſhift for all the reſt, and let no

Beating may mean *hammering*, working in the mind, dwelling long upon. So, in the preface to Stanyhurſt's tranſlation of Virgil, 1582: "For my part, I purpoſe not to *beat* on everye childiſh tittle that concerneth proſodie." Again, Miranda, in the ſecond ſcene of this play, tells her father that the ſtorm is ſtill *beating* in her mind. STEEVENS.

A kindred expreſſion occurs in *Hamlet:*

"*Cudgel* thy brains no more about it." MALONE.

[5] (*Which to you* ſhall ſeem probable,)] Theſe words ſeem, at the firſt view, to have no uſe; ſome lines are perhaps loſt with which they were connected. Or we may explain them thus: I will reſolve you, by yourſelf, which method, when you hear the ſtory [of Antonio's and Sebaſtian's plot], *ſhall ſeem probable*; that is, *ſhall deſerve your approbation.* JOHNSON.

Surely Proſpero's meaning is: "I will relate to you the means by which I have been enabled to accompliſh theſe ends; which means, though they now appear ſtrange and improbable, will then appear otherwiſe." ANONYMOUS.

I will inform you how all theſe wonderful accidents have happened; which, though they now appear to you ſtrange, will then ſeem probable.

An anonymous writer pointed out the true conſtruction of this paſſage, but his explanation is, I think, incorrect. MALONE.

man take care for himſelf; for all is but fortune:—
Coragio, bully-monſter, Coragio![6]

Trin. If theſe be true ſpies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly ſight.

Cal. O Setebos, theſe be brave ſpirits, indeed!
How fine my maſter is! I am afraid
He will chaſtiſe me.

Seb. Ha, ha;
What things are theſe, my lord Antonio!
Will money buy them?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fiſh,[7] and, no doubt, marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of theſe men, my lords,
Then ſay, if they be true:[8]—This miſ-ſhapen knave,——
His mother was a witch; and one ſo ſtrong
That could control the moon,[9] make flows and ebbs,

[6] —— Coragio!] This exclamation of encouragement I find in J. Florio's *Tranſlation of Montaigne*, 1603:

" —— You often cried *Coragio*, and called ça, ça."

Again, in the *Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, 1598. Steevens.

[7] *Is a* plain fiſh,] That is, plainly, evidently a fiſh. So, in Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, " that *viſible* beaſt, the butler," means the butler who is *viſibly* a beaſt. M. Mason.

It is not eaſy to determine the ſhape which our author deſigned to beſtow on his monſter. That he has hands, legs, &c. we gather from the remarks of Trinculo, and other circumſtances in the play. How then is he *plainly a fiſh?* Perhaps Shakſpeare himſelf had no ſettled ideas concerning the form of *Caliban*.
Steevens.

[8] —— *true*:] That is, *honeſt*. *A true man* is, in the language of that time, oppoſed to a *thief*. The ſenſe is, *Mark what theſe men wear, and ſay if they are honeſt*. Johnson.

[9] *His mother was a witch; and one ſo* ſtrong
That could control the moon, &c.] This was the phraſeology of the times. After the ſtatute againſt *witches*, revenge or ignorance frequently induced people to charge thoſe againſt whom they harboured reſentment, or entertained prejudices, with the

And deal in her command, without her power :[1]
Theſe three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil
(For he's a baſtard one,) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of theſe fellows you
Muſt know, and own; this thing of darkneſs I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I ſhall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: Where ſhould they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?[2]—
How cam'ſt thou in this pickle?

crime of witchcraft, which had juſt then been declared a capital offence. In our ancient reporters are ſeveral caſes where perſons charged in this manner ſought redreſs in the courts of law. And it is remarkable in all of them, to the ſcandalous imputation of being *witches*, the term—a *ſtrong* one, is conſtantly added. In Michaelmas Term, 9 Car. I. the point was ſettled that no action could be ſupported on ſo general a charge, and that the epithet *ſtrong* did not inforce the other words. In this inſtance, I believe, the opinion of the people at large was not in uniſon with the ſages in Weſtminſter-Hall. Several of theſe caſes are collected together in I. Viner, 422. Reed.

That could control the moon,] From Medea's ſpeech in Ovid, (as tranſlated by Golding,) our author might have learned that this was one of the pretended powers of witchcraft:

" —— and thee, O lightſome *moon*,
" I darken oft, though beaten braſs abate thy peril ſoon."

Malone.

[1] *And deal in her command, without her power:*] I ſuppoſe Proſpero means, that Sycorax, with leſs general power than the moon, could produce the ſame effects on the ſea. Steevens.

[2] *And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where ſhould they*
Find this grand liquor *that hath* gilded *them?*] Shakſpeare, to be ſure, wrote—grand 'lixir, alluding to the *grand* Elixir of the alchymiſts, which they pretend would reſtore youth and confer immortality. This, as they ſaid, being a preparation of gold, they called *Aurum potabile*; which Shakſpeare alluded to in the word *gilded*; as he does again in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

Trin. I have been in ſuch a pickle, ſince I ſaw you laſt, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I ſhall not fear fly-blowing.[3]

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?

Ste. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.[4]

Pro. You'd be king of the iſle, ſirrah?

Ste. I ſhould have been a ſore one then.[5]

" How much art thou unlike Mark Antony?
" Yet coming from him, that *great medicine* hath,
" With his tinct *gilded* thee."

But the joke here is to inſinuate that, notwithſtanding all the boaſts of the chemiſts, ſack was the only reſtorer of youth and beſtower of immortality. So, Ben Jonſon, in his *Every Man out of his Humour*:—" Canarie, the very *Elixir* and ſpirit of wine." This ſeems to have been the cant name for ſack, of which the Engliſh were, at that time, immoderately fond. Randolph, in his *Jealous Lovers*, ſpeaking of it, ſays,—" A pottle of Elixir at the Pegaſus, bravely carouſed." So, again in Fletcher's *Monſieur Thomas*, Act III:

" Old reverend ſack, which, for aught that I can read yet,
" Was that philoſopher's ſtone the wiſe king Ptolemeus
" Did all his wonders by."——

The phraſe too of being *gilded*, was a trite one on this occaſion. Fletcher, in his *Chances*:—" Duke. *Is ſhe not drunk too?* Whore. *A little* gilded *o'er ſir; old ſack, old ſack, boys!*"

WARBURTON.

As the alchymiſt's *Elixir* was ſuppoſed to be a liquor, the old reading may ſtand, and the alluſion holds good without any alteration. STEEVENS.

[3] —— fly-blowing.] This pickle alludes to their plunge into the ſtinking pool; and *pickling* preſerves meat from *fly-blowing*. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *but a* cramp.] i. e. I am all over a *cramp*. Proſpero had ordered Ariel to *ſhorten up their ſinews with aged cramps*. *Touch me not* alludes to the *ſoreneſs* occaſioned by them. In his next ſpeech Stephano confirms the meaning by a quibble on the word *ſore*. STEEVENS.

[5] *I ſhould have been a* ſore *one then.*] The ſame quibble occurs afterwards in the *Second Part of K. Henry VI*: " Maſs,

Alon. This is as ſtrange a thing as e'er I look'd on.[6] [*Pointing to* Caliban.

Pro. He is as diſproportion'd in his manners,
As in his ſhape:—Go, ſirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handſomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wiſe hereafter,
And ſeek for grace: What a thrice-double aſs
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worſhip this dull fool?

Pro. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and beſtow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or ſtole it, rather.

[*Exeunt* Cal. Ste. *and* Trin.

Pro. Sir, I invite your highneſs, and your train,
To my poor cell: where you ſhall take your reſt
For this one night; which (part of it,) I'll waſte
With ſuch diſcourſe, as, I not doubt, ſhall make it
Go quick away: the ſtory of my life,
And the particular accidents, gone by,
Since I came to this iſle: And in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ſhip, and ſo to Naples,
Where I have hope to ſee the nuptial
Of theſe our dear-beloved ſolemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought ſhall be my grave.

'twill be *ſore* law then, for he was thruſt in the mouth with a ſpear, and 'tis not whole yet." Stephano alſo alludes to the *ſores* about him. Steevens.

[6] *This is* as *ſtrange a thing as e'er I look'd on.*] The old copy, diſregarding metre, reads—

" This is a ſtrange thing as e'er I look'd on."

For the repetition of the conjunction *as*, &c. I am anſwerable.

Steevens.

Alon. I long
To hear the ſtory of your life, which muſt
Take the ear ſtrangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all;
And promiſe you calm ſeas, auſpicious gales,
And ſail ſo expeditious, that ſhall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel;—chick,—
That is thy charge; then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—[*aſide.*] Pleaſe you
draw near. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

NOW my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what ſtrength I have's mine own;
Which is moſt faint: now, 'tis true,
I muſt be here confin'd by you,
Or ſent to Naples: Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare iſland, by your ſpell;
But releaſe me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.[7]
Gentle breath of yours my ſails
Muſt fill, or elſe my project fails,
Which was to pleaſe: Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;

[7] *With the help of your good hands.*] By your applauſe, by clapping hands. JOHNSON.

Noiſe was ſuppoſed to diſſolve a ſpell. So, twice before in this play:

" No tongue; all eyes; be ſilent."

Again:

" —— huſh! be mute;
" Or elſe our *ſpell is marr'd.*"

Again, in *Macbeth*, Act IV. ſc. i:

" Hear his ſpeech, but ſay thou nought."

Again, *ibid*:

" Liſten, but ſpeak not to't." STEEVENS.

And my ending is deſpair,
Unleſs I be reliev'd by prayer;[8]
Which pierces ſo, that it aſſaults
Mercy itſelf, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence ſet me free.[9]

[8] *And my ending is deſpair,*
Unleſs I be reliev'd by prayer;] This alludes to the old ſtories told of the deſpair of necromancers in their laſt moments, and of the efficacy of the prayers of their friends for them.
WARBURTON.

[9] It is obſerved of *The Tempeſt*, that its plan is regular; this the author of *The Reviſal* thinks, what I think too, an accidental effect of the ſtory, not intended or regarded by our author. But, whatever might be Shakſpeare's intention in forming or adopting the plot, he has made it inſtrumental to the production of many characters, diverſified with boundleſs invention, and preſerved with profound ſkill in nature, extenſive knowledge of opinions, and accurate obſervation of life. In a ſingle drama are here exhibited princes, courtiers, and ſailors, all ſpeaking in their real characters. There is the agency of airy ſpirits, and of an earthly goblin. The operations of magick, the tumults of a ſtorm, the adventures of a deſert iſland, the native effuſion of untaught affection, the puniſhment of guilt, and the final happineſs of the pair for whom our paſſions and reaſon are equally intereſted.
JOHNSON.

TWO GENTLEMEN

OF

VERONA.*

* Two Gentlemen of Verona.] Some of the incidents in this play may be ſuppoſed to have been taken from *The Arcadia*, Book I. chap. vi. where Pyrocles conſents to head the Helots. (The *Arcadia* was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, Aug. 23d, 1588.) The love-adventure of Julia reſembles that of Viola in *Twelfth Night*, and is indeed common to many of the ancient novels. Steevens.

Mrs. Lenox obſerves, and I think not improbably, that the ſtory of *Proteus* and *Julia* might be taken from a ſimilar one in the *Diana* of George of *Montemayor*.—"This paſtoral romance," ſays ſhe, "was tranſlated from the Spaniſh in Shakſpeare's time." I have ſeen no earlier tranſlation than that of Bartholomew Yong, who dates his dedication in November 1598; and Meres, in his *Wit's Treaſury*, printed the ſame year, expreſsly mentions the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Indeed *Montemayor* was tranſlated two or three years before, by one Thomas Wilſon; but this work, I am perſuaded, was never publiſhed *entirely*; perhaps ſome parts of it were, or the tale might have been tranſlated by others. However, Mr. Steevens ſays, very truly, that this kind of love-adventure is frequent in the old *noveliſts*. Farmer.

There is no earlier tranſlation of the *Diana* entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, than that of B. Younge, Sept. 1598. Many tranſlations, however, after they were licenſed, were capriciouſly ſuppreſſed. Among others, "The Decameron of Mr. John Boccace, Florentine," was "recalled by my lord of Canterbury's commands." Steevens.

It is obſervable (I know not for what cauſe) that the ſtyle of this comedy is leſs figurative, and more natural and unaffected, than the greater part of this author's, though ſuppoſed to be one of the firſt he wrote. Pope.

It may very well be doubted whether Shakſpeare had any other hand in this play than the enlivening it with ſome ſpeeches and lines thrown in here and there, which are eaſily diſtinguiſhed, as being of a different ſtamp from the reſt. Hanmer.

To this obſervation of Mr. Pope, which is very juſt, Mr. Theobald has added, that this is one of Shakſpeare's *worſt plays, and is leſs corrupted than any other*. Mr. Upton peremptorily determines, *that if any proof can be drawn from manner and ſtyle, this play muſt be ſent packing, and ſeek for its parent elſewhere. How otherwiſe*, ſays he, *do painters diſtinguiſh copies from originals? and have not authors their peculiar ſtyle and manner, from which a true critic can form as unerring judgement as a painter?* I am afraid this illuſtration of a critic's ſcience will not prove what is deſired. A painter knows a copy from an original by rules ſomewhat reſembling thoſe by which critics know

a tranſlation, which, if it be literal, and literal it muſt be to reſemble the copy of a picture, will be eaſily diſtinguiſhed. Copies are known from originals, even when the painter copies his own picture; ſo, if an author ſhould literally tranſlate his work, he would loſe the manner of an original.

Mr. Upton confounds the copy of a picture with the imitation of a painter's manner. Copies are eaſily known; but good imitations are not detected with equal certainty, and are, by the beſt judges, often miſtaken. Nor is it true that the writer has always peculiarities equally diſtinguiſhable with thoſe of the painter. The peculiar manner of each ariſes from the deſire, natural to every performer, of facilitating his ſubſequent work by recurrence to his former ideas; this recurrence produces that repetition which is called habit. The painter, whoſe work is partly intellectual and partly manual, has habits of the mind, the eye, and the hand; the writer has only habits of the mind. Yet, ſome painters have differed as much from themſelves as from any other; and I have been told, that there is little reſemblance between the firſt works of Raphael and the laſt. The ſame variation may be expected in writers; and if it be true, as it ſeems, that they are leſs ſubject to habit, the difference between their works may be yet greater.

But by the internal marks of a compoſition we may diſcover the author with probability, though ſeldom with certainty. When I read this play, I cannot but think that I find, both in the ſerious and ludicrous ſcenes, the language and ſentiments of Shakſpeare. It is not indeed one of his moſt powerful effuſions; it has neither many diverſities of character, nor ſtriking delineations of life; but it abounds in γνωμαι beyond moſt of his plays, and few have more lines or paſſages, which, ſingly conſidered, are eminently beautiful. I am yet inclined to believe that it was not very ſucceſsful, and ſuſpect that it has eſcaped corruption, only becauſe being ſeldom played, it was leſs expoſed to the hazards of tranſcription. JOHNSON.

This comedy, I believe, was written in 1595. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the Order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. II. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duke of Milan, *father to* Silvia.
Valentine, } *Gentlemen of* Verona.
Proteus,[1] }
Antonio, *father to* Proteus.
Thurio, *a fooliſh rival to* Valentine.
Eglamour, *agent for* Silvia, *in her eſcape.*
Speed, *a clowniſh ſervant to* Valentine.
Launce, *ſervant to* Proteus.
Panthino,[2] *ſervant to* Antonio.
Hoſt, where Julia *lodges in* Milan.
Out-laws.

Julia, *a lady of* Verona, *beloved by* Proteus.
Silvia, *the duke's daughter, beloved by* Valentine.
Lucetta, *waiting-woman to* Julia.

Servants, muſicians.

SCENE, ſometimes in Verona; *ſometimes in* Milan; *and on the frontiers of* Mantua.

[1] Proteus,] The old copy has—Prot*h*eus; but this is merely the antiquated mode of ſpelling *Proteus.* See the *Princely Pleaſures at Kenelworth Caſtle,* by G. Gaſcoigne, 1587, where "Prot*h*eus appeared, ſitting on a dolphyns back." Again, in one of Barclay's *Eclogues:*

"Like as *Protheus* oft chaungeth his ſtature."

Shakſpeare's character was ſo called, from his diſpoſition to change. STEEVENS.

[2] *Panthino,*] In the enumeration of characters in the old copy, this attendant on Antonio is called *Panthion,* but in the play, always *Panthino.* STEEVENS.

TWO GENTLEMEN

OF

VERONA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open place in Verona.

Enter VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

VAL. Ceaſe to perſuade, my loving Proteus;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:[3]
Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days
To the ſweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To ſee the wonders of the world abroad,
Than living dully ſluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with ſhapeleſs idleneſs.[4]
But, ſince thou lov'ſt, love ſtill, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

PRO. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, ſeeſt

[3] Home-keeping *youth have ever* homely *wits*:] Milton has the ſame play on words, in his *Maſque at Ludlow Caſtle*:

" It is for *homely* features to *keep home*,
" They had their name thence." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*ſhapeleſs* idleneſs.] The expreſſion is fine, as implying that *idleneſs* prevents the giving any form or character to the manners. WARBURTON.

Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wiſh me partaker in thy happineſs,
When thou doſt meet good hap; and, in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy bead's-man, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my ſucceſs.

Pro. Upon ſome book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on ſome ſhallow ſtory of deep love,
How young Leander croſs'd the Helleſpont.[5]

Pro. That's a deep ſtory of a deeper love;
For he was more than over ſhoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never ſwom the Helleſpont.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.[6]

[5] ——*ſome ſhallow ſtory of deep love,*
How young Leander croſs'd the Helleſpont.] The poem of *Muſæus*, entitled HERO AND LEANDER, is meant. Marlowe's tranſlation of this piece was entered on the Stationers' books, Sept 18, 1593, and the firſt two Seſtiads of it, with a ſmall part of the third, (which was all that he had finiſhed,) were printed, I imagine, in that, or the following year. See Blount's dedication to the edition of 1637, by which it appears that it was originally publiſhed in an imperfect ſtate. It was extremely popular, and deſervedly ſo, many of Marlowe's lines being as ſmooth as thoſe of Dryden. Our author has quoted one of them in *As you like it.* He had probably read this poem recently before he wrote the preſent play; for he again alludes to it in the third act:

" Why then a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
" Would ſerve to ſcale another *Hero's* tower,
" So bold *Leander* would adventure it."

Since this note was written, I have ſeen the edition of Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, printed in 1598. It contains the firſt two *Seſtiads* only. The remainder was added by Chapman.

MALONE.

[6] —— *nay, give me not* the boots.] A proverbial expreſſion, though now diſuſed, ſignifying, don't make a laughing ſtock of me; don't play with me. The French have a phraſe, *Bailler*

Val. No, I'll not, for it boots thee not.
Pro. What?
Val. To be
In love, where ſcorn is bought with groans; coy looks,
With heart-ſore ſighs; one fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps, a hapleſs gain;
If loſt, why then a grievous labour won;

foin en corne; which Cotgrave thus interprets, *To give one the boots*; to ſell him a bargain. THEOBALD.

Perhaps this expreſſion took its origin from a ſport the country-people in Warwickſhire uſe at their harveſt-home, where one ſits as judge to try miſdemeanors committed in harveſt, and the puniſhment for the men is to be laid on a bench, and ſlapped on the breech with a pair of *boots*. This they call *giving them the boots*. I meet with the ſame expreſſion in the old comedy called *Mother Bombie*, by Lyly:

"What do you *give mee the boots?*"

Again, in *The Weakeſt goes to the Wall*, a comedy, 1618:

"——Nor your fat bacon can carry it away, if you *offer us the boots.*"

The *boots*, however, were an ancient engine of torture. In MS. Harl. 6999—48, Mr. T. Randolph writes to Lord Hunſdon, &c. and mentions, in the P. S. to his letter, that George Flecke *had* yeſterday night *the boots*, and is ſaid to have confeſſed that the E. of Morton was privy to the poiſoning the E. of Athol, 16 March, 1580: and in another letter, March 18, 1580: "—that the Laird of Whittingham *had the boots*, but without torment confeſs'd," &c. STEEVENS.

The *boot* was an inſtrument of torture uſed only in Scotland. Biſhop Burnet in *The Hiſtory of his own Times*, Vol. I. 332, edit. 1754, mentions one Maccael, a preacher, who, being ſuſpected of treaſonable practices, underwent the puniſhment ſo late as 1666: "—He was put to the torture, which, in Scotland, they call the *boots*; for they put a pair of iron boots cloſe on the leg, and drive wedges between theſe and the leg. The common torture was only to drive theſe in the calf of the leg: but I have been told they were ſometimes driven upon the ſhin bone."

REED.

However, but a folly[7] bought with wit,
Or elſe a wit by folly vanquiſhed.

Pro. So, by your circumſtance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumſtance, I fear, you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not Love.

Val. Love is your maſter, for he maſters you:
And he that is ſo yoked by a fool,
Methinks ſhould not be chronicled for wiſe.

Pro. Yet writers ſay, As in the ſweeteſt bud
The eating canker dwells,[7] ſo eating love
Inhabits in the fineſt wits of all.

Val. And writers ſay, As the moſt forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even ſo by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blaſting in the bud,
Loſing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waſte I time to counſel thee,
That art a votary to fond deſire?
Once more adieu: my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to ſee me ſhipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.
At Milan,[9] let me hear from thee by letters,

[7] *However, but a folly* &c.] This love will end in a *fooliſh action,* to produce which you are long to ſpend your *wit,* or it will end in the loſs of your *wit,* which will be overpowered by the folly of love. JOHNSON.

[8] —— *As in the* ſweeteſt bud
The eating canker *dwells,*] So, in our author's 70th Sonnet:
" For *canker* vice the *ſweeteſt buds* doth love."
MALONE.

[9] At *Milan,*] The old copy has—*To* Milan. The emendation

Of thy ſucceſs in love, and what news elſe
Betideth here in abſence of thy friend;
And I likewiſe will viſit thee with mine.

Pro. All happineſs bechance to thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home! and ſo, farewell.

[*Exit* Valentine.

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends, to dignify them more;
I leave myſelf, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou haſt metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my ſtudies, loſe my time,
War with good counſel, ſet the world at nought;
Made wit with muſing weak,[1] heart ſick with thought.

Enter Speed.[2]

Speed. Sir Proteus, ſave you: Saw you my maſter?

was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. The firſt copy however may be right. "*To Milan*"—may here be intended as an imperfect ſentence. I am now bound for Milan.

Or the conſtruction intended may have been—Let me hear from thee by letters to Milan, i. e. addreſſed to me there.

Malone.

[1] Made *wit with muſing weak,*] For *made* read *make. Thou* Julia, *haſt* made *me war with good counſel, and* make *wit weak with muſing.* Johnson.

Surely there is no need of emendation. It is *Julia* who "has *already made* wit weak with muſing," &c. Steevens.

[2] This whole ſcene, like many others in theſe plays (ſome of which, I believe, were written by Shakſpeare, and others interpolated by the players,) is compoſed of the loweſt and moſt trifling conceits, to be accounted for only from the groſs taſte of the age he lived in; *Populo ut placerent.* I wiſh I had authority to leave them out; but I have done all I could, ſet a mark of reprobation upon them throughout this edition. Pope.

That this, like many other ſcenes, is mean and vulgar, will be

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one then, he is ſhipp'd already;
And I have play'd the ſheep, in loſing him.

Pro. Indeed a ſheep doth very often ſtray,
An if the ſhepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude that my maſter is a ſhepherd then, and I a ſheep?[3]

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or ſleep.

Pro. A ſilly anſwer, and fitting well a ſheep.

Speed. This proves me ſtill a ſheep.

Pro. True; and thy maſter a ſhepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumſtance.

Pro. It ſhall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The ſhepherd ſeeks the ſheep, and not the ſheep the ſhepherd; but I ſeek my maſter, and my maſter ſeeks not me: therefore, I am no ſheep.

Pro. The ſheep for fodder follow the ſhepherd, the ſhepherd for food follows not the ſheep; thou for wages followeſt thy maſter, thy maſter for wages follows not thee: therefore, thou art a ſheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry baa.

Pro. But doſt thou hear? gav'ſt thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, ſir: I, a loſt mutton, gave your let-

univerſally allowed; but that it was interpolated by the players ſeems advanced without any proof, only to give a greater licence to criticiſm. Johnson.

[3] —— a *ſheep?*] The article, which is wanting in the original copy, was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

ter to her, a laced mutton ;[4] and ſhe, a laced mutton, gave me, a loſt mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too ſmall a paſture for ſuch a ſtore of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharged, you were beſt ſtick her.

[4] *I, a* loſt mutton, *gave your letter to her, a* laced mutton ;] Speed calls himſelf a *loſt mutton*, becauſe he had loſt his maſter, and becauſe Proteus had been proving him a *ſheep*. But why does he call the lady a *laced mutton?* Wenchers are to this day called *mutton-mongers*; and conſequently the object of their paſſion muſt, by the metaphor, be the *mutton*. And Cotgrave, in his Engliſh-French Dictionary, explains *laced mutton, Une garſe, putain, fille de joye*. And Mr. Motteux has rendered this paſſage of Rabelais, in the prologue of his fourth book, *Cailles coiphees mignonnement chantans*, in this manner ; *Coated quails and* laced mutton *waggiſhly ſinging*. So that *laced mutton* has been a ſort of ſtandard phraſe for *girls of pleaſure*. Theobald.

Naſh, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1595, ſpeaking of Gabriel Harvey's incontinence, ſays : " *he would not ſtick to extoll rotten* lac'd mutton." So, in the comedy of *The Shoemaker's Holiday, or the Gentle Craft*, 1610 :

" Why here's good *lac'd mutton*, as I promis'd you."

Again, in Whetſtone's *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578 :

" And I ſmelt he lov'd *lac'd mutton* well."

Again, Heywood, in his *Love's Miſtreſs*, 1636, ſpeaking of Cupid, ſays, he is the " Hero of hie-hoes, admiral of ay-mes, and monſieur of *mutton lac'd*." Steevens.

A *laced mutton* was in our author's time ſo eſtabliſhed a term for a courtezan, that a ſtreet in Clerkenwell, which was much frequented by women of the town, was then called *Mutton-lane*. It ſeems to have been a phraſe of the ſame kind as the French expreſſion—*caille coifée*, and might be rendered in that language *mouton en corſet*. This appellation appears to have been as old as the time of King Henry III. " Item ſequitur gravis pœna corporalis, ſed ſine amiſſione vitæ vel membrorum, ſi raptus fit de *concubinâ* legitimâ, vel *aliâ quæſtum faciente*, ſine delectu perſonarum : has quidem *oves* debet rex tueri pro pace ſuâ." Bracton *de Legibus*, lib. ii. Malone.

Pro. Nay, in that you are aſtray ;[5] 'twere beſt pound you.

Speed. Nay, ſir, leſs than a pound ſhall ſerve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You miſtake ; I mean the pound, a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin ? fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what ſaid ſhe ? did ſhe nod.[6]

[Speed *nods.*

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod, I ? why, that's noddy.[7]

[5] *Nay, in that you are* aſtray ;] For the reaſon Proteus gives, Dr. Thirlby adviſes that we ſhould read, *a ſtray*, i. e. a ſtray ſheep; which continues Proteus's banter upon Speed. Theobald.

From the word *aſtray* here, and *loſt mutton* above, it is obvious that the double reference was to the firſt ſentence of the General Confeſſion in the Prayer-book. Henley.

[6] —— *did ſhe nod.*] Theſe words were ſupplied by Theobald, to introduce what follows. Steevens.

In Speed's anſwer the old ſpelling of the affirmative particle has been retained ; otherwiſe the conceit of Proteus (ſuch as it is) would be unintelligible. Malone.

[7] —— *why, that's* noddy.] Noddy *was a game at cards.* So, in *The Inner Temple Maſk*, by Middleton, 1619: "I leave them wholly (ſays Chriſtmas) to my eldeſt ſon *Noddy*, whom during his minority, I commit to the cuſtody of *a pair of knaves*, and *one and thirty*." Again, in Quarles's *Virgin Widow*, 1649: "Let her forbear cheſs and *noddy*, as *games* too ſerious."

Steevens.

This play upon ſyllables is hardly worth explaining. The ſpeakers intend to fix the name of *noddy*, that is, *fool*, on each other. So, in *The Second Part of Paſquil's Mad Cappe*, 1600, ſig. E :

"If ſuch a *Noddy* be not thought a *fool*."

Again, E 1 :

"If ſuch an aſſe be *noddied* for the nounce."

Speed. You miſtook, ſir; I ſay, ſhe did nod: and you aſk me, if ſhe did nod; and I ſay, I.

Pro. And that ſet together, is—noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to ſet it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you ſhall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive, I muſt be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, ſir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, ſir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word, noddy, for my pains.

Pro. Beſhrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your ſlow purſe.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: What ſaid ſhe?

Speed. Open your purſe, that the money, and the matter, may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, ſir, here is for your pains: What ſaid ſhe?

Speed. Truly, ſir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? Could'ſt thou perceive ſo much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not ſo much as a ducat for delivering your letter: And being ſo hard to me that brought

Again, in *Wits Private Wealth*, 1612: "If you ſee a trull ſcarce, give her a nod, but follow her not, leaſt you prove a *noddy*."

Again, in *Cobbes Prophecies*, 1614:

"When faſhions make mens bodies
"And wits are rul'd by *noddies*." Reed.

your mind, I fear, ſhe'll prove as hard to you in telling her mind.[8] Give her no token but ſtones; for ſhe's as hard as ſteel.

Pro. What, ſaid ſhe nothing?

Speed. No, not ſo much as—*take this for thy pains.* To teſtify your bounty, I thank you, you have teſtern'd me;[9] in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourſelf: and ſo, ſir, I'll commend you to my maſter.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to ſave your ſhip from wreck;
Which cannot periſh,[1] having thee aboard,
Being deſtined to a drier death on ſhore:—
I muſt go ſend ſome better meſſenger;
I fear, my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from ſuch a worthleſs poſt.

[*Exeunt.*

[8] ——*in telling* her *mind.*] The old copy has "—in telling *your* mind." But as this reading is to me unintelligible, I have adopted the emendation of the ſecond folio. Steevens.

The old copy is certainly right. The meaning is—*She being ſo hard to me who was the* bearer *of your mind, I fear ſhe will prove no leſs ſo to you, when* you addreſs *her in perſon.* The oppoſition is between *brought* and *telling.* Malone.

[9] ——*you have* teſtern'd *me*;] You have gratified me with a *teſter, teſtern,* or *teſten,* that is, with a ſixpence. Johnson.

By the ſucceeding quotation from the *Fruitful Sermons preached by Hugh Latimer,* 1584, *fol.* 94, it appears that a *teſter* was of greater value than our *ſixpence:* "They brought him a *denari,* a piece of their current coyne that was worth *ten of our uſual pence, ſuch another piece as our teſterne.*" Holt White.

The old reading is *ceſtern'd.* This typographical error was corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[1] *Which cannot periſh,* &c.] The ſame proverb has already been alluded to in the firſt and laſt ſcenes of *The Tempeſt.* Reed.

SCENE II.

The ſame. Garden of Julia's *houſe.*

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. But ſay, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Would'ſt thou then counſel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam; ſo you ſtumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair reſort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion, which is worthieſt love?

Luc. Pleaſe you, repeat their names, I'll ſhew my mind
According to my ſhallow ſimple ſkill.

Jul. What think'ſt thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?[2]

Luc. As of a knight well-ſpoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never ſhould be mine.[3]

Jul. What think'ſt thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himſelf, ſo, ſo.

[2] *What think'ſt thou of the fair* Sir Eglamour?] This *Sir Eglamour* muſt not be confounded with the *perſona dramatis* of the ſame name. The latter lived at Milan, and had vowed "pure chaſtity" upon the death of his "true love." RITSON.

[3] —— *he* [Sir Eglamour] *never ſhould be mine.*] Perhaps *Sir Eglamour* was once the common cant term for an inſignificant inamorato. So, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*:

"Adieu, *ſir Eglamour*; adieu lute-ſtring, curtain-rod, gooſe-quill," &c. *Sir Eglamour of Artoys* indeed is the hero of an ancient metrical romance, "Imprinted at London, in Foſter-lane, at the ſygne of the Harteſhorne, by John Walley," bl. l. no date. STEEVENS.

Jul. What think'ſt thou of the gentle Proteus?
Luc. Lord, lord! to ſee what folly reigns in us!
Jul. How now! what means this paſſion at his name?
Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a paſſing ſhame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should cenſure thus on lovely gentlemen.[4]
Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the reſt?
Luc. Then thus,——of many good I think him beſt.
Jul. Your reaſon?
Luc. I have no other but a woman's reaſon;
I think him ſo, becauſe I think him ſo.
Jul. And would'ſt thou have me caſt my love on him?
Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not caſt away.
Jul. Why, he of all the reſt hath never mov'd me.
Luc. Yet he of all the reſt, I think, beſt loves ye.
Jul. His little ſpeaking ſhows his love but ſmall.
Luc. Fire, that is cloſeſt kept, burns moſt of all.
Jul. They do not love, that do not ſhow their love.
Luc. O, they love leaſt, that let men know their love.
Jul. I would, I knew his mind.

[4] *Should* cenſure *thus* &c.] To *cenſure* means, in this place, to paſs ſentence. So, in Hinde's *Elioſto Libidinoſo*, 1606: "Elioſto and Cleodora were aſtoniſhed at ſuch a hard *cenſure*, and went to limbo moſt willingly." STEEVENS.

To *cenſure*, in our author's time, generally ſignified to give one's judgement or opinion. MALONE.

Luc. Peruſe this paper, madam.

Jul. *To Julia*,—Say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will ſhew.

Jul. Say, ſay; who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and ſent, I think, from Proteus:

He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modeſty, a goodly broker![6]
Dare you preſume to harbour wanton lines?
To whiſper and conſpire againſt my youth?
Now, truſt me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper, ſee it be return'd;
Or elſe return no more into my ſight.

Luc. To plead for love deſerves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will you be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*

Jul. And yet, I would, I had o'erlook'd the letter.
It were a ſhame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is ſhe, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view?
Since maids, in modeſty, ſay *No*, to that[6]

[5] —— *a goodly* broker!] A *broker* was uſed for matchmaker, ſometimes for a procureſs. Johnson.

So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Roſamond*, 1599:

" And flie (o flie) theſe bed-*brokers* unclean,
" The monſters of our ſex," &c. Steevens.

[6] ——*ſay* No, *to that* &c.] A paraphraſe on the old proverb " Maids ſay *nay*, and take it." Steevens.

Which they would have the profferer conſtrue, *Ay*.
Fie, fie! how wayward is this fooliſh love,
That, like a teſty babe, will ſcratch the nurſe,
And preſently, all humbled, kiſs the rod!
How churliſhly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to ſmile!
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And aſk remiſſion for my folly paſt:—
What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. What would your ladyſhip?

Jul. Is it near dinner-time?

Luc. I would it were;
That you might kill your ſtomach on your meat,[7]
And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is't you took up
So gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why did'ſt thou ſtoop then?

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for thoſe that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unleſs it have a falſe interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

[7] —— ſtomach *on your meat,*] *Stomach* was uſed for *paſſion* or *obſtinacy*. JOHNSON.

Luc. That I might ſing it, madam, to a tune:
Give me a note: your ladyſhip can ſet.

Jul. As little by ſuch toys as may be poſſible:
Beſt ſing it to the tune of *Light o' love*.[8]

Luc. It is too heavy for ſo light a tune.

Jul. Heavy? belike, it hath ſome burden then.

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you ſing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach ſo high.

Jul. Let's ſee your ſong:—How now, minion?

Luc. Keep tune there ſtill, ſo you will ſing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; it is too ſharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too ſaucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harſh a deſcant:[9]
There wanteth but a mean[1] to fill your ſong.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly baſe.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the baſe for Proteus.[2]

[8] *Light o' love.*] This tune is given in a note on *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act III. ſc. iv. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *too harſh a* deſcant:] *Deſcant* is a term in muſic. See Sir John Hawkins's note on the firſt ſpeech in *K. Richard III.* STEEVENS.

[1] —— *but a* mean &c.] The *mean* is the *tenor* in muſic. So, in the enterlude of *Mary Magdalen's Repentance*, 1569:

"Utilitie can ſing the baſe full cleane,
"And noble honour ſhall ſing the *meane*." STEEVENS.

[2] *Indeed, I* bid the baſe *for Proteus.*] The ſpeaker here turns the alluſion (which her miſtreſs employed) from the *baſe in muſick* to a country exerciſe, *Bid the baſe:* in which ſome purſue, and others are made priſoners. So that Lucetta would intend, by

Jul. This babble ſhall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with proteſtation!—
[*Tears the letter.*
Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it ſtrange; but ſhe would be beſt
pleas'd
To be ſo anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*

Jul. Nay, would I were ſo anger'd with the ſame!
O hateful hands, to tear ſuch loving words!
Injurious waſps! to feed on ſuch ſweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your ſtings!
I'll kiſs each ſeveral paper for amends.
And, here is writ—*kind Julia*;—unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name againſt the bruiſing ſtones,
Trampling contemptuouſly on thy diſdain.
Look, here is writ—*love-wounded Proteus*:—
Poor wounded name! my boſom, as a bed,

this, to ſay, Indeed I take pains to make you a captive to Proteus's paſſion.—He uſes the ſame alluſion in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"To *bid* the winds a *baſe* he now prepares."

And in his *Cymbeline* he mentions the game:

"——Lads more like
"To run the country *baſe*." Warburton.

Dr. Warburton is not quite accurate. The game was not called *Bid* the Baſe, but *the Baſe*. To *bid the baſe* means here, I believe, *to challenge to a conteſt*. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"To *bid* the wind a *baſe* he now prepares,
"And wh'er he run, or fly, they knew not whether."

Again, in Hall's *Chronicle*, fol. 98. b: "The queen marched from York to Wakefield, and *bade baſe* to the duke, even before his caſtle." Malone.

Mr. Malone's explanation of the verb—*bid*, is unqueſtionably juſt. So, in one of the parts of *K. Henry VI*:

"Of force enough to *bid* his brother battle." Steevens.

Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be throughly heal'd ;
And thus I ſearch it with a ſovereign kiſs.
But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written down ?[3]
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name ; that ſome whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging ſea !
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—
Poor forlorn Proteus, paſsionate Proteus,
To the ſweet Julia ; that I'll tear away ;
And yet I will not, ſith ſo prettily
He couples it to his complaining names ;
Thus will I fold them one upon another ;
Now kiſs, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam, dinner's ready, and your father ſtays.

Jul. Well, let us go.

Luc. What, ſhall theſe papers lie like tell-tales here ?

Jul. If you reſpect them, beſt to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down : Yet here they ſhall not lie, for catching cold.[4]

[3] —— *written* down ?] To *write down* is ſtill a provincial expreſſion for *to write.* HENLEY.

[4] *Yet here they ſhall not lie,* for catching cold.] That is, as Mr. M. Maſon obſerves, *leſt they ſhould catch cold.* This mode of expreſſion (he adds) is not frequent in Shakſpeare, but occurs in every play of Beaumont and Fletcher.

So, in *The Captain* :

" We'll have a bib, *for* ſpoiling of your doublet."

Again, in *Love's Pilgrimage :*

" Stir my horſe, *for* catching cold."

Jul. I ſee, you have a month's mind to them.[5]

Again, in *The Pilgrim*:

" All her face patch'd, *for* diſcovery."

To theſe I ſhall add another inſtance from Barnabie Riche's *Souldiers Wiſhe to Britons Welfare, or Captaine Skill and Captaine Pill*, 1604, p. 64: " —ſuch other ill diſpoſed perſons, being once preſſed muſt be kept with continuall guard, &c. *for running away*."

Again, in Chapman's verſion of the firſt *Iliad:*

" —— then forked anchor caſt,
" And 'gainſt the violence of ſtorms, *for drifting* made her faſt."

Again, in Tuſſer's *Five Hundred Pointes of Good Huſbandrie*, 1586:

" Take heed how thou laieſt the bane for the rats,
" *For* poiſoning thy ſervant, thyſelf, and thy brats."

Steevens.

[5] *I ſee, you have a* month's mind *to them.*] A *month's mind* was an *anniverſary* in times of popery; or, as Mr. Ray calls it, a leſs ſolemnity directed by the will of the deceaſed. There was alſo *a year's mind*, and *a week's mind*. See *Proverbial Phraſes*.

This appears from the interrogatories and obſervations againſt the clergy, in the year 1552, Inter. 7: " Whether there are *any months' minds*, and *anniverſaries?*" Strype's *Memorials of the Reformation*, Vol. II. p. 354.

" Was the *month's mind* of Sir William Laxton, who died the laſt month, (July 1556,) his hearſe burning with wax, and the morrow maſs celebrated, and a ſermon preached," &c. Strype's *Mem.* Vol. III. p. 305. Grey.

A month's mind, in the ritual ſenſe, ſignifies not deſire or inclination, but remembrance; yet I ſuppoſe this is the true original of the expreſſion. Johnson.

In Hampſhire, and other weſtern counties, for " I can't *remember* it," they ſay, " I can't *mind* it." Blackstone.

Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589, chap. 24, ſpeaking of *Poetical Lamentations*, ſays, they were chiefly uſed " at the burials of the dead, alſo at *month's minds*, and longer times:" and in the churchwardens' accompts of St. Helen's in Abingdon, Berkſhire, 1558, theſe *month's minds*, and the expences attending them, are frequently mentioned. Inſtead of *month's minds*, they are ſometimes called *month's monuments*, and in the Injunctions of K. Edward VI. *memories*, Injunct, 21. By *memo-*

Luc. Ay, madam, you may ſay what ſights you ſee;
I ſee things too, although you judge I wink.
Jul. Come, come, will't pleaſe you go?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Room in Antonio's *Houſe.*

Enter Antonio *and* Panthino.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what ſad talk[6] was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloiſter?
Pan. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your ſon.
Ant. Why, what of him?
Pan. He wonder'd, that your lordſhip
Would ſuffer him to ſpend his youth at home;
While other men, of ſlender reputation,[7]
Put forth their ſons to ſeek preferment out:
Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;

ries, ſays Fuller, we underſtand the *Obſequia for the dead,* which ſome ſay ſucceeded in the place of the heathen *Parentalia.*

If this line was deſigned for a verſe, we ſhould read—mon*thes* mind. So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream:*

" Swifter than the moon*es* ſphere."

Both theſe are the Saxon genitive caſe. Steevens.

[6] ——*what* ſad *talk*—] *Sad* is the ſame as *grave* or *ſerious.* Johnson.

So, in *The Wiſe Woman of Hogsden,* 1638:

" Marry, ſir knight, I ſaw them in *ſad talk,*
" But to ſay they were directly whiſpering," &c.

Again, in Whetſtone's *Promos and Caſſandra,* 1578:

" The king feigneth to talk *ſadly* with ſome of his counſel."

Steevens.

[7] —— *of* ſlender reputation,] i. e. who are thought ſlightly of, are of little conſequence. Steevens.

Some, to diſcover iſlands far away ;[8]
Some, to the ſtudious univerſities.
For any, or for all theſe exerciſes,
He ſaid, that Proteus, your ſon, was meet
And did requeſt me, to impórtune you,
To let him ſpend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,[9]
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'ſt thou much impórtune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have conſider'd well his loſs of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd, and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by induſtry atchiev'd,
And perfected by the ſwift courſe of time:
Then, tell me, whither were I beſt to ſend him?

Pant. I think, your lordſhip is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.[1]

[8] *Some to diſcover iſlands far away ;*] In Shakſpeare's time, voyages for the diſcovery of the iſlands of America were much in vogue. And we find, in the journals of the travellers of that time, that the ſons of noblemen, and of others of the beſt families in England, went very frequently on theſe adventures. Such as the Forteſcues, Collitons, Thornhills, Farmers, Pickerings, Littletons, Willoughbys, Cheſters, Hawleys, Bromleys, and others. To this prevailing faſhion our poet frequently alludes, and not without high commendations of it. Warburton.

[9] —— *great* impeachment *to his age,*] *Impeachment,* as Mr. M. Maſon very juſtly obſerves, in this inſtance ſignifies *reproach* or *imputation.* So, Demetrius ſays to Helena in *A Midſummer Night's Dream:*

" You do *impeach* your modeſty too much,
" To leave the city, and commit yourſelf
" Into the hands of one that loves you not." Steevens.

[1] *Attends the emperor in his royal court.*] Shakſpeare has been guilty of no miſtake in placing the emperor's court at Milan in this play. Several of the firſt German emperors held their courts

Ant. I know it well.

Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your lordſhip ſent him thither:
There ſhall he practice tilts and tournaments,
Hear ſweet diſcourſe, converſe with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exerciſe,
Worthy his youth and nobleneſs of birth.

Ant. I like thy counſel; well haſt thou advis'd:
And, that thou may'ſt perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it ſhall make known;
Even with the ſpeedieſt execution
I will deſpatch him to the emperor's court.

Pant. To-morrow, may it pleaſe you, Don Alphonſo,
With other gentlemen of good eſteem,
Are journeying to ſalute the emperor,
And to commend their ſervice to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them ſhall Proteus go:
And, in good time,[2]—now will we break with him.[3]

there occaſionally, it being, at that time, their immediate property, and the chief town of their Italian dominions. Some of them were crowned kings of Italy at Milan, before they received the imperial crown at Rome. Nor has the poet fallen into any contradiction by giving a duke to Milan at the ſame time that the emperor held his court there. The firſt dukes of that, and all the other great cities in Italy, were not ſovereign princes, as they afterwards became; but were merely governors, or viceroys, under the emperors, and removeable at their pleaſure. Such was the *Duke of Milan* mentioned in this play. Mr. M. Maſon adds, that "during the wars in Italy between Francis I. and Charles V. the latter frequently reſided at Milan." Steevens.

[2] ——in good time,] *In good time* was the old expreſſion when ſomething happened that ſuited the thing in hand, as the French ſay, *à propos*. Johnson.

So, in *Richard III*:

"And, *in good time*, here comes the ſweating lord."
Steevens.

Enter PROTEUS.

PRO. Sweet love! ſweet lines! ſweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn:
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To ſeal our happineſs with their conſents!
O heavenly Julia!

ANT. How now? what letter are you reading there?

PRO. May't pleaſe your lordſhip, 'tis a word or two
Of commendation ſent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

ANT. Lend me the letter; let me ſee what news.

PRO. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wiſhing me with him, partner of his fortune.

ANT. And how ſtand you affected to his wiſh?

PRO. As one relying on your lordſhip's will,
And not depending on his friendly wiſh.

ANT. My will is ſomething ſorted with his wiſh:
Muſe not that I thus ſuddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am reſolv'd, that thou ſhalt ſpend ſome time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court;
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition[4] thou ſhalt have from me.

[3] —— *now will we* break *with him.*] That is, *break* the matter to him. The ſame phraſe occurs in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act I. ſc. i. M. MASON.

[4] *Like* exhibition—] i. e. allowance.

To-morrow be in readineſs to go:
Excuſe it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be ſo ſoon provided;
Pleaſe you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'ſt, ſhall be ſent after thee:
No more of ſtay; to-morrow thou muſt go.—
Come on, Panthino; you ſhall be employ'd
To haſten on his expedition.

[*Exeunt* Ant. *and* Pant.

Pro. Thus have I ſhunn'd the fire, for fear of burning;
And drench'd me in the ſea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to ſhew my father Julia's letter,
Leſt he ſhould take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuſe
Hath he excepted moſt againſt my love.
O, how this ſpring of love reſembleth[5]

So, in *Othello*:

"Due reference of place and *exhibition*."

Again, in the *Devil's Law Caſe*, 1623:

"——in his riot does far exceed the *exhibition* I allowed him." Steevens.

[5] *O, how this ſpring of love* reſembleth—] At the end of this verſe there is wanting a ſyllable, for the ſpeech apparently ends in a quatrain. I find nothing that will rhyme to *ſun*, and therefore ſhall leave it to ſome happier critic. But I ſuſpect that the author might write thus:

O how this ſpring of love reſembleth right,
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now ſhews all the glory of the light,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Light was either by negligence or affectation changed to *ſun*, which, conſidered without the rhyme, is indeed better. The next tranſcriber, finding that the word *right* did not rhyme to *ſun*, ſuppoſed it erroneouſly written, and left it out. Johnson.

It was not always the cuſtom, among our early writers, to make the firſt and third lines rhyme to each other; and when a word

The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now ſhows all the beauty of the ſun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

was not long enough to complete the meaſure, they occaſionally extended it. Thus Spenſer, in his *Fairy Queen*, B. III. c. 12:

" Formerly grounded and faſt *ſetteled*."

Again, in B. II. ch. 12:

" The while ſweet Zephirus loud *whiſteled*
" His treble, a ſtrange kind of harmony;
" Which Guyon's ſenſes ſoftly *tickeled*," &c.

From this practice, I ſuppoſe, our author wrote *reſembeleth*, which, though it affords no jingle, completes the verſe. Many poems have been written in this meaſure, where the ſecond and fourth lines only rhyme. STEEVENS.

Reſembleth is here uſed as a quadriſyllable, as if it was written *reſembeleth*. See *Comedy of Errors*, Act V. ſc. the laſt:

" And theſe two Dromios, one in *ſemblance*."

As you like it, Act II. ſc. ii:

" The parts and graces of the *wreſtler*."

And it ſhould be obſerved, that Shakſpeare takes the ſame liberty with many other words, in which *l*, or *r*, is ſubjoined to another conſonant. See *Comedy of Errors*, next verſe but one to that cited above:

" Theſe are the parents to theſe *children*."

where ſome editors, being unneceſſarily alarmed for the metre, have endeavoured to help it by a word of their own:

" Theſe *plainly* are the parents to theſe children."

TYRWHITT.

Thus much I had thought ſufficient to ſay upon this point, in the edition of theſe plays publiſhed by Mr. Steevens in 1778. Since which the author of *Remarks*, &c. on that edition has been pleaſed to aſſert, p. 7: " that Shakſpeare does not appear, from the above inſtances at leaſt, to have taken the ſmalleſt liberty in extending his words: neither has the incident of *l*, or *r*, being ſubjoined to another conſonant any thing to do in the matter."— " The truth is," he goes on to ſay, " that every *verb* in the Engliſh language gains an *additional ſyllable* by its termination in *eſt*, *eth*, *ed*, *ing*, or (when formed into a ſubſtantive) in *er*; and the above words, *when rightly printed*, are not only unexceptionable, but moſt juſt. Thus *reſemble* makes *reſemble-eth*; *wreſtle*, *wreſtle-er*; and *ſettle*, *whiſtle*, *tickle*, make *ſettle-ed*, *whiſtle-ed*, *tickle-ed*."

As to this *ſuppoſed* Canon of the Engliſh language, it would be

Re-enter PANTHINO.

PANT. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you;
He is in haſte, therefore, I pray you, go.

eaſy to ſhew that it is quite fanciful and unfounded; and what he calls *the right method of printing the above words* is ſuch as, I believe, was never adopted before by any mortal in writing them, nor can be followed in the pronunciation of them without the help of an entirely new ſyſtem of ſpelling. But any further diſcuſſion of this matter is unneceſſary; becauſe the hypotheſis, though allowed in its utmoſt extent, will not prove either of the points to which it is applied. It will neither prove that Shakſpeare has not taken a liberty in extending certain words, nor that he has not taken that liberty chiefly with words in which *l*, or *r*, is ſubjoined to another conſonant. The following are all inſtances of nouns, ſubſtantive or adjective, which can receive no ſupport from the ſuppoſed Canon. That Shakſpeare has taken a liberty in extending theſe words is evident, from the conſideration, that the ſame words are more frequently uſed, by his contemporaries and by himſelf, without the additional ſyllable. Why he has taken this liberty chiefly with words in which *l*, or *r*, is ſubjoined to another conſonant, muſt be obvious to any one who can pronounce the language.

Country, triſyllable.

T. N. Act I. ſc. ii. The like of him. Know'ſt thou this *country*?
Coriol. Act I. ſc. iii. Die nobly for their *country*, than one.

Remembrance, quadriſyllable.

T. N. Act I. ſc. i. And laſting in her ſad *remembrance*.
W. T. Act IV. ſc. iv. Grace and *remembrance* be to you both.

Angry, triſyllable.

Timon. Act III. ſc. v. But who is man, that is not *angry*.

Henry, triſyllable.

Rich. III. Act II. ſc. iii. So ſtood the ſtate, when *Henry* the Sixth—.
2 H. VI. Act II. ſc. ii. Crown'd by the name of *Henry* the Fourth.
And ſo in many other paſſages.

Monſtrous, triſyllable.

Macb. Act IV. ſc. vi. Who cannot want the thought how *monſtrous*.
Othello. Act II. ſc. iii. 'Tis *monſtrous*. Iago, who began it?

Aſſembly, quadriſyllable.

M. A. A. N. Act V. ſc. laſt. Good morrow to this fair *aſſembly*.

Douglas, triſyllable.

1 H. IV. Act V. ſc. ii. Lord *Douglas* go you and tell him ſo.

Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thouſand times it anſwers, no. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Milan. *An Apartment in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Valentine *and* Speed.

Speed. Sir, your glove.
Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.
Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this is but one.[6]

Val. Ha! let me ſee: ay, give it me, it's mine:—
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
Ah Silvia! Silvia!

Speed. Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!

Val. How now, ſirrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, ſir.

Val. Why, ſir, who bade you call her?

Speed. Your worſhip, ſir; or elſe I miſtook.

England, triſyllable.
Rich. II. Act IV. ſc. i. Than Bolingbrooke return to *England.*
Humbler, triſyllable.
1 H. VI. Act III. ſc. i. Methinks his lordſhip ſhould be *humbler.*
Nobler, triſyllable.
Coriol. Act III. ſc. ii. You do the *nobler. Cor.* I muſe my mother—.
Tyrwhitt.

[6] Val. *Not mine; my gloves are* on.
Speed. *Why then this may be yours, for this is but* one.]
It ſhould ſeem from this paſſage, that the word *one* was anciently pronounced as if it were written *on.* The quibble here is loſt by the change of pronunciation; a loſs, however, which may be very patiently endured. Malone.

Val. Well, you'll ſtill be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was laſt chidden for being too ſlow.

Val. Go to, ſir; tell me, do you know madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worſhip loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by theſe ſpecial marks: Firſt, you have learned, like ſir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a male-content; to reliſh a love-ſong, like a Robin-red-breaſt; to walk alone, like one that had the peſtilence; to ſigh, like a ſchool-boy that had loſt his A. B. C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to faſt, like one that takes diet;[7] to watch, like one that fears robbing; to ſpeak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas.[8] You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions;[9]

[7] —— *takes* diet;] To *take diet* was the phraſe for being under regimen for a diſeaſe mentioned in *Timon of Athens*:

" ——bring down the roſe-cheek'd youth
" To the tub-faſt and *the diet*." STEEVENS.

[8] —— *Hallowmas.*] This is about the feaſt of All-Saints, when winter begins, and the life of a vagrant becomes leſs comfortable. JOHNSON.

It is worth remarking that on *All-Saints-Day* the poor people in *Staffordſhire*, and perhaps in other country places, go from pariſh to pariſh *a ſouling* as they call it; i. e. begging and *puling* (or ſinging ſmall, as Bailey's *Dict.* explains *puling*,) for *ſoul-cakes*, or any good thing to make them merry. This cuſtom is mentioned by Peck, and ſeems a remnant of Popiſh ſuperſtition to pray for departed ſouls, particularly thoſe of friends. The *ſouler's* ſong, in Staffordſhire, is different from that which Mr. Peck mentions, and is by no means worthy publication. TOLLET.

[9] —— *to walk like* one of the lions;] If our author had not been thinking of the lions *in the Tower*, he would have written —" to walk like *a lion*." RITSON.

when you faſted, it was preſently after dinner; when you looked ſadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphoſed with a miſtreſs, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my maſter.

Val. Are all theſe things perceived in me?

Speed. They are all perceived without you.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain, for, without you were ſo ſimple, none elſe would:[1] but you are ſo without theſe follies, that theſe follies are within you, and ſhine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye, that ſees you, but is a phyſician to comment on your malady.

Val. But, tell me, doſt thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She, that you gaze on ſo, as ſhe ſits at ſupper?

Val. Haſt thou obſerved that? even ſhe I mean.

Speed. Why, ſir, I know her not.

Val. Doſt thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet knoweſt her not?

Speed. Is ſhe not hard favoured, ſir?

Val. Not ſo fair, boy, as well favoured.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What doſt thou know?

Speed. That ſhe is not ſo fair, as (of you) well favoured.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquiſite, but her favour infinite.

[1] ——*none elſe would*:] None elſe would *be ſo ſimple.*
JOHNSON.

Speed. That's becauſe the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, ſir, ſo painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How eſteemeſt thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never ſaw her ſince ſhe was deformed.

Val. How long hath ſhe been deformed?

Speed. Ever ſince you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever ſince I ſaw her; and ſtill I ſee her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot ſee her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Becauſe love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at ſir Proteus for going ungartered![2]

Val. What ſhould I ſee then?

Speed. Your own preſent folly, and her paſſing deformity: for he, being in love, could not ſee to garter his hoſe; and you, being in love, cannot ſee to put on your hoſe.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for laſt morning you could not ſee to wipe my ſhoes.

Speed. True, ſir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you ſwinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

[2] ——*for going* ungartered!] This is enumerated by Roſalind in *As you like it*, Act III. ſc. ii. as one of the undoubted marks of love: "Then your hoſe ſhould be *ungartered*, your bonnet unbanded," &c. Malone.

Val. In concluſion, I ſtand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were ſet ;[3] ſo, your affection would ceaſe.

Val. Laſt night ſhe enjoined me to write ſome lines to one ſhe loves.

Speed. And have you ?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them :— Peace, here ſhe comes.

Enter Silvia.

Speed. O excellent motion ! O exceeding puppet ! now will he interpret to her.[4]

Val. Madam and miſtreſs, a thouſand good-morrows.

Speed. O, 'give you good even ! here's a million of manners. [*Aſide.*

[3] *I would you were* ſet ;] *Set* for *ſeated,* in oppoſition to *ſtand,* in the foregoing line. M. Mason.

[4] *O excellent* motion ! &c.] *Motion,* in Shakſpeare's time, ſignified *puppet.* In Ben Jonſon's *Bartholomew Fair* it is frequently uſed in that ſenſe, or rather perhaps to ſignify a *puppet-ſhow* ; the maſter whereof may properly be ſaid to be an interpreter, as being the explainer of the inarticulate language of the actors. The ſpeech of the ſervant is an alluſion to that practice, and he means to ſay, that Silvia is a *puppet,* and that Valentine is to interpret *to,* or rather *for* her. Sir J. Hawkins.

So, in *The City Match,* 1639, by Jaſper Maine :

" ——— his mother came,
" Who follows ſtrange ſights out of town, and went
" To Brentford for a *motion.*" ——

Again, in *The Pilgrim :*

" —— Nothing but a *motion ?*
" A *puppet* pilgrim ?" —— Steevens.

Sil. Sir Valentine and ſervant,[5] to you two thouſand.

Speed. He ſhould give her intereſt; and ſhe gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter,
Unto the ſecret nameleſs friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyſhip.

Sil. I thank you, gentle ſervant: 'tis very clerkly done.[6]

Val. Now truſt me, madam, it came hardly off;[7]
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of ſo much pains?

Val. No, madam; ſo it ſtead you, I will write,
Pleaſe you command, a thouſand times as much:
And yet,—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I gueſs the ſequel;

[5] *Sir Valentine and* ſervant,] Here Silvia calls her lover *ſervant*, and again below, her *gentle ſervant*. This was the language of ladies to their lovers at the time when Shakſpeare wrote. Sir J. Hawkins.

So, in Marſton's *What you will*, 1607:

"Sweet ſiſter, let's ſit in judgement a little; faith upon my *ſervant* Monſieur Laverdure.

"*Mel.* Troth, well for a *ſervant*; but for a huſband!"

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Every Man out of his Humour*:

"Every man was not born with my *ſervant* Briſk's features." Steevens.

[6] ——*'tis very* clerkly *done.*] i. e. like a ſcholar. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*:

"Thou art *clerkly*, ſir John, *clerkly*." Steevens.

[7] —— *it* came *hardly* off;] A ſimilar phraſe occurs in *Timon of Athens*, Act I. ſc. i:

"This *comes off* well and excellent." Steevens.

And yet I will not name it:—and yet I care not;—
And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet another yet.
[*Aſide.*

Val. What means your ladyſhip? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ:
But ſince unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, ſir, at my requeſt;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Pleaſe you, I'll write your ladyſhip another.

Sil. And, when it's writ, for my ſake read it over:
And, if it pleaſe you, ſo; if not, why, ſo.

Val. If it pleaſe me madam! what then?

Sil. Why, if it pleaſe you, take it for your labour;
And ſo good-morrow, ſervant. [*Exit* Silvia.

Speed. O jeſt unſeen, inſcrutable, inviſible,
As a noſe on a man's face, or a weathercock on a ſteeple!
My maſter ſues to her; and ſhe hath taught her ſuitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better?
That my maſter, being ſcribe, to himſelf ſhould write the letter?

Val. How now, ſir? what are you reaſoning with yourſelf?[8]

[8] ——reaſoning *with yourſelf?*] That is, *diſcourſing, talking.* An Italianiſm. Johnson.

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming; 'tis you that have the reaſon.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a ſpokeſman from madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourſelf: why, ſhe wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I ſhould ſay.

Val. Why, ſhe hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need ſhe, when ſhe hath made you write to yourſelf? Why, do you not perceive the jeſt?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you indeed, ſir: But did you perceive her earneſt?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, ſhe hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath ſhe deliver'd, and there an end.[9]

Val. I would, it were no worſe.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:
For often you have writ to her; and ſhe, in modeſty,
Or elſe for want of idle time, could not again reply;

So, in the *Merchant of Venice:*

" I *reaſon'd* with a Frenchman yeſterday." Steevens.

[9] —— *and there an end.*] i. e. there's the concluſion of the matter. So, in *Macbeth*.

" ——— the times have been
" That when the brains were out, the man would die,
" *And there an end.*" —— Steevens.

Or fearing elſe ſome meſſenger, that might her mind diſcover,
Herſelf hath taught her love himſelf to write unto her lover.—
All this I ſpeak in print ;[1] for in print I found it.—
Why muſe you, ſir? 'tis dinner time.

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, ſir: though the cameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nouriſhed by my victuals, and would fain have meat: O, be not like your miſtreſs; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Verona. *A Room in* Julia's *Houſe.*

Enter Proteus *and* Julia.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.
Jul. I muſt, where is no remedy.
Pro. When poſſibly I can, I will return.
Jul. If you turn not, you will return the ſooner:
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's ſake.
[*Giving a ring.*

[1] *All this I ſpeak* in print ;] *In print* means *with exactneſs.* So, in the comedy of *All Fooles*, 1605:
" ——— not a hair
" About his bulk, but it ſtands *in print.*"
Again, in *The Portraiture of Hypocriſie*, bl. l. 1589: " —others laſh out to maintaine their porte, which muſt needes bee *in print.*"
Again, in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 539: " —he muſt ſpeake *in print*, walke *in print*, eat and drinke *in print*, and that which is all in all, he muſt be mad *in print.*"
Steevens.

Pro. Why then we'll make exchange; here, take you this.

Jul. And ſeal the bargain with a holy kiſs.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true conſtancy;
And when that hour o'er-ſlips me in the day,
Wherein I ſigh not, Julia, for thy ſake,
The next enſuing hour ſome foul miſchance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulneſs!
My father ſtays my coming; anſwer not;
The tide is now: nay, not the tide of tears;
That tide will ſtay me longer than I ſhould:
[*Exit* Julia.
Julia, farewell.—What! gone without a word?
Ay, ſo true love ſhould do: it cannot ſpeak;
For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

Enter Panthino.

Pan. Sir Proteus, you are ſtaid for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come:—
Alas! this parting ſtrikes poor lovers dumb.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Street.

Enter Launce, *leading a dog.*

Laun. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault: I have received my proportion, like the prodigious ſon, and am going with ſir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think, Crab my dog be the ſoureſt-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my ſiſter crying, our maid how-

ling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our houſe in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur ſhed one tear: he is a ſtone, a very pebble-ſtone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have ſeen our parting; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herſelf blind at my parting. Nay, I'll ſhow you the manner of it: This ſhoe is my father;—no, this left ſhoe is my father;—no, no, this left ſhoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be ſo neither;—yes, it is ſo, it is ſo; it hath the worſer ſole; This ſhoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; A vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, ſir, this ſtaff is my ſiſter; for, look you, ſhe is as white as a lily, and as ſmall as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog:[2]—no, the dog is himſelf, and I am the dog,[3]—O, the dog is me, and I am myſelf; ay, ſo, ſo. Now come I to my father; *Father, your bleſsing*; now ſhould not the ſhoe ſpeak a word for weeping; now ſhould I kiſs my father; well, he weeps on:—now come I to my mother, (O, that ſhe could ſpeak now!) like a wood woman;[4]—well, I kiſs her;—why there 'tis;

[2] ——*I am the dog:* &c.] A ſimilar thought occurs in a play printed earlier than the preſent. See *A Chriſtian turn'd Turk*, 1612:

"——you ſhall ſtand for the lady, you for her *dog*, and I the page; you and the dog looking one upon another: the page preſents himſelf." STEEVENS.

[3] ——I *am the dog*, &c.] This paſſage is much confuſed, and of confuſion the preſent reading makes no end. Sir T. Hanmer reads: *I am the dog, no, the dog is himſelf and I am* me, *the dog is* the dog, *and I am myſelf.* This certainly is more reaſonable, but I know not how much reaſon the author intended to beſtow on Launce's ſoliloquy. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*like a* wood woman;—] The firſt folios agree in *would-woman:* for which, becauſe it was a myſtery to Mr. Pope,

here's my mother's breath up and down: now come I to my ſiſter; mark the moan ſhe makes: now the dog all this while ſheds not a tear, nor ſpeaks a word; but ſee how I lay the duſt with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

PAN. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy maſter is ſhipped, and thou art to poſt after with oars. What's the matter? why weep'ſt thou, man? Away, aſs; you will loſe the tide, if you tarry any longer.

LAUN. It is no matter if the ty'd were loſt;[5] for it is the unkindeſt ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

he has unmeaningly ſubſtituted *ould woman.* But it muſt be writ, or at leaſt underſtood, *wood woman,* i. e. crazy, frantic with grief; or diſtracted, from any other cauſe. The word is very frequently uſed in Chaucer; and ſometimes writ *wood,* ſometimes *wode.* THEOBALD.

Print thus: "Now come I to my mother, (O, that ſhe could ſpeak now!) like a wood woman."

Perhaps the humour would be heightened by reading—(O, that *the ſhoe* could *ſpeak* now!) BLACKSTONE.

I have followed the punctuation recommended by Sir W. Blackſtone. The emendation propoſed by him was made, I find, by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

O that ſhe could ſpeak now like a wood woman!] Launce is deſcribing the melancholy parting between him and his family. In order to do this more methodically, he makes one of his ſhoes ſtand for his father, and the other for his mother. And when he has done taking leave of his father, he ſays, *Now come I to my mother,* turning to the ſhoe that is ſuppoſed to perſonate her. And in order to render the repreſentation more perfect, he expreſſes his wiſh that it could ſpeak like a woman frantic with grief! There could be no doubt about the ſenſe of the paſſage, had he ſaid—"O that *it* could ſpeak like a wood woman!" But he uſes the feminine pronoun in ſpeaking of the ſhoe, becauſe it is ſuppoſed to repreſent a woman. M. MASON.

[5] ——*if the* ty'd *were loſt*;] This quibble, wretched as it is, might have been borrowed by Shakſpeare from Lyly's *Endymion,*

Pan. What's the unkindeſt tide?

Laun. Why, he that's ty'd here; Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt loſe the flood; and, in loſing the flood, loſe thy voyage; and, in loſing thy voyage, loſe thy maſter; and, in loſing thy maſter, loſe thy ſervice; and, in loſing thy ſervice,—Why doſt thou ſtop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou ſhould'ſt loſe thy tongue?

Pan. Where ſhould I loſe my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail?

Laun. Loſe the tide,[6] and the voyage, and the maſter, and the ſervice? The tide![7]—Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my ſighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was ſent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou dareſt.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

1591: "*Epi.* You know it is ſaid, the *tide* tarrieth for no man.—*Sam.* True.—*Epi.* A monſtrous lye: for I was *ty'd* two hours, and tarried for one to unlooſe me." The ſame play on words occurs in Chapman's *Andromeda Liberata,* 1614:

"And now came roaring to the *tied* the *tide.*"

STEEVENS.

[6] *Loſe the tide,*] Thus the old copy. Some of the modern editors read—the *flood.* STEEVENS.

[7] ——*The tide!*] The old copy reads—"*and* the tide." I once ſuppoſed theſe three words to have been repeated, through ſome error of the tranſcriber or printer; but, pointed as the paſſage now is, (with the omiſſion of *and,*) it ſeems to have ſufficient meaning. STEEVENS.

SCENE IV.

Milan. *An Apartment in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, *and* SPEED.

SIL. Servant—
VAL. Miſtreſs?
SPEED. Maſter, ſir Thurio frowns on you.
VAL. Ay, boy, it's for love.
SPEED. Not of you.
VAL. Of my miſtreſs then.
SPEED. 'Twere good, you knocked him.
SIL. Servant, you are ſad.
VAL. Indeed, madam, I ſeem ſo.
THU. Seem you that you are not?
VAL. Haply, I do.
THU. So do counterfeits.
VAL. So do you.
THU. What ſeem I, that I am not?
VAL. Wiſe.
THU. What inſtance of the contrary?
VAL. Your folly.
THU. And how quote you my folly?[8]

[8] —— *how* quote *you my folly?*] To *quote* is to *obſerve.* So, in *Hamlet:*

" I am ſorry that with better heed and judgement
" I had not *quoted* him." STEEVENS.

Valentine in his anſwer plays upon the word, which was pronounced as if written *coat.* So, in *The Rape of Lucrece,* 1594:

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, ſir Thurio? do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of cameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have ſaid, ſir.

Thu. Ay, ſir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, ſir; you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly ſhot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, ſervant?

Val. Yourſelf, ſweet lady; for you gave the fire: ſir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyſhip's looks, and ſpends what he borrows, kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you ſpend word for word with me, I ſhall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, ſir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treaſure to give

" —— the illiterate, that know not how
" To cipher what is writ in learned books,
" Will *cote* my loathſome treſpaſs in my looks."
In our poet's time words were thus frequently ſpelt by the ear.
MALONE.

your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries,
that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beſet.
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:
What ſay you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy meſſenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?[9]

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy eſtimation,
And not without deſert[1] ſo well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a ſon?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a ſon, that well deſerves
The honour and regard of ſuch a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him, as myſelf; for from our infancy
We have convers'd, and ſpent our hours together:
And though myſelf have been an idle truant,
Omitting the ſweet benefit of time,
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection;

[9] *Know you* Don *Antonio, your countryman?*] The word *Don* ſhould be omitted; as beſides the injury it does to the metre, the characters are *Italians*, not *Spaniards*. Had the meaſure admitted it, Shakſpeare would have written *Signor*. And yet, after making this remark, I noticed Don *Alphonſo* in a preceding ſcene. But for all that, the remark may be juſt. Ritson.

[1] ——*not without* deſert—] And not dignified with ſo much reputation without proportionate merit. Johnson.

Yet hath ſir Proteus, for that's his name,
Made uſe and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgement ripe;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praiſes that I now beſtow,)
He is complete in feature, and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beſhrew me, ſir, but, if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empreſs' love,
As meet to be an emperor's counſellor.
Well, ſir; this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to ſpend his time a-while:
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wiſh'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth;
Silvia, I ſpeak to you; and you, ſir Thurio:—
For Valentine, I need not 'cite him to it:[2]
I'll ſend him hither to you preſently. [*Exit* Duke.

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyſhip,
Had come along with me, but that his miſtreſs
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her cryſtal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now ſhe hath enfranchis'd them
Upon ſome other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, ſure, I think, ſhe holds them priſoners ſtill.

Sil. Nay, then he ſhould be blind; and, being blind,
How could he ſee his way to ſeek out you?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They ſay, that love hath not an eye at all.

[2] *I need not* 'cite *him to it:*] i. e. incite him to it. Malone.

Val. To ſee ſuch lovers, Thurio, as yourſelf;
Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter Proteus.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Miſtreſs, I beſeech you,
Confirm his welcome with ſome ſpecial favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wiſh'd to hear from.

Val. Miſtreſs, it is: ſweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-ſervant to your ladyſhip.

Sil. Too low a miſtreſs for ſo high a ſervant.

Pro. Not ſo, ſweet lady; but too mean a ſervant
To have a look of ſuch a worthy miſtreſs.

Val. Leave off diſcourſe of diſability:—
Sweet lady, entertain him for your ſervant.

Pro. My duty will I boaſt of, nothing elſe.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed;
Servant, you are welcome to a worthleſs miſtreſs.

Pro. I'll die on him that ſays ſo, but yourſelf.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. No; that you are worthleſs.[3]

[3] No; *that you are* worthleſs.] I have inſerted the particle *no*, to fill up the meaſure. Johnson.

Perhaps the particle ſupplied is unneceſſary, *Worthleſs* was, I believe, uſed as a triſyllable. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, p. 203. Malone.

Is *worthleſs* a triſyllable in the preceding ſpeech of Silvia? Is there any inſtance of the licence recommended, reſpecting the adjective *worthleſs*, to be found in Shakſpeare, or any other writer? Steevens.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, my lord your father[4] would ſpeak with you.

Sil. I'll wait upon his pleaſure. [*Exit* Servant.
Come, Sir Thurio,
Go with me:—Once more, new ſervant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyſhip.
[*Exeunt* Silvia, Thurio, *and* Speed.

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know, you joy not in a love-diſcourſe.

Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:
I have done penance for contemning love;
Whoſe high imperious[5] thoughts have puniſh'd me

[4] Ser. *Madam, my lord your father*—] This ſpeech in all the editions is aſſigned improperly to Thurio; but he has been all along upon the ſtage, and could not know that the duke wanted his daughter. Beſides, the firſt line and half of Silvia's anſwer is evidently addreſſed to two perſons. A ſervant, therefore, muſt come in and deliver the meſſage; and then Silvia goes out with Thurio. Theobald.

[5] Whoſe *high imperious*—] For *whoſe* I read *thoſe*. I have contemned love and am puniſhed. *Thoſe* high thoughts, by which

With bitter faſts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-ſore ſighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chac'd ſleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's ſorrow.
O, gentle Proteus, love's a mighty lord;
And hath ſo humbled me, as, I confeſs,
There is no woe to his correction,[6]
Nor, to his ſervice, no ſuch joy on earth!
Now, no diſcourſe, except it be of love;
Now can I break my faſt, dine, ſup, and ſleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the idol that you worſhip ſo?

Val. Even ſhe; and is ſhe not a heavenly ſaint?

Pro. No; but ſhe is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praiſes.

I exalted myſelf above the human paſſions or frailties, have brought upon me faſts and groans. JOHNSON.

I believe the old copy is right. *Imperious* is an epithet very frequently applied to *love* by Shakſpeare and his contemporaries. So, in *The Famous Hiſtorie of George Lord Faukonbridge*, 4to. 1616, p. 15: "Such an *imperious* God is love, and ſo commanding." A few lines lower Valentine obſerves, that—"love's a *mighty lord*." MALONE.

[6] ——*no woe* to *his correction*,] No miſery that *can be compared to* the puniſhment inflicted by love. Herbert called for the prayers of the liturgy a little before his death, ſaying, *None* to *them*, *none* to *them*. JOHNSON.

The ſame idiom occurs in an old ballad quoted in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1616:

"There is no comfort in the world
"*To* women that are kind." MALONE.

Pro. When I was ſick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I muſt miniſter the like to you.

Val. Then ſpeak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,[7]
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my miſtreſs.

Val. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except againſt my love.

Pro. Have I not reaſon to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She ſhall be dignified with this high honour,—
To bear my lady's train; leſt the baſe earth
Should from her veſture chance to ſteal a kiſs,
And, of ſo great a favour growing proud,
Diſdain to root the ſummer-ſwelling flower,[8]
And make rough winter everlaſtingly.

[7] —— *a* principality,] The firſt or *principal* of women. So the old writers uſe *ſtate*. "*She is a lady, a great* ſtate." Latymer. "*This look is called in* ſtates *warlie, in others otherwiſe.*" Sir T. More. JOHNSON.

There is a ſimilar ſenſe of this word in St. Paul's Epiſtle to the *Romans*, viii. 38:—"nor angels nor *principalities*."

Mr. M. Maſon thus judiciouſly paraphraſes the ſentiment of Valentine. "If you will not acknowledge her as divine, let her at leaſt be conſidered as an angel of the firſt order, ſuperior to every thing on earth." STEEVENS.

[8] —— ſummer-ſwelling *flower*,] I once thought that our poet had written *ſummer-ſmelling*; but the epithet which ſtands in the text I have ſince met with in the tranſlation of Lucan, by Sir Arthur Gorges, 1614, B. VIII. p. 354:

"—— no Roman chieftaine ſhould
"Come near to Nyle's Peluſian mould,
"But ſhun that *ſummer-ſwelling* ſhore."

The original is, "—ripaſque *æſtate tumentes*," l. 829. May likewiſe renders it *ſummer-ſwelled* banks. The *ſummer-ſwelling* flower is the flower which ſwells in ſummer, till it expands itſelf into bloom. STEEVENS.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardiſm is this?

Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can, is nothing
To her, whoſe worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.[9]

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, ſhe is mine own;
And I as rich in having ſuch a jewel,
As twenty ſeas, if all their ſand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Becauſe thou ſeeſt me dote upon my love.
My fooliſh rival, that her father likes,
Only for his poſſeſſions are ſo huge,
Is gone with her along; and I muſt after,
For love, thou know'ſt, is full of jealouſy.

Pro. But ſhe loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd
Nay, more, our marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of: how I muſt climb her window;
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted; and 'greed on, for my happineſs.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In theſe affairs to aid me with thy counſel.

Pro. Go on before; I ſhall enquire you forth:
I muſt unto the road,[1] to diſembark
Some neceſſaries that I needs muſt uſe;
And then I'll preſently attend you.

Val. Will you make haſte?

[9] *She is alone.*] She ſtands by herſelf. There is none to be compared to her. JOHNSON.

[1] —— *the* road,] The haven, where ſhips *ride* at anchor. MALONE.

Pro. I will.— [*Exit* Val.
Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by ſtrength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.[2]
Is it mine eye, or Valentinus' praiſe,[3]
Her true perfection, or my falſe tranſgreſſion,
That makes me, reaſonleſs, to reaſon thus?

[2] *Even as one heat another heat expels,*
Or as one nail *by ſtrength* drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.] Our author ſeems here to have remembered *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

" And as out of a planke *a nayle a nayle doth drive,*
" *So novel love out of the minde the auncient love doth rive.*"

So alſo, in *Coriolanus*:

" One fire drives out one fire; *one nail one nail.*"

Malone.

[3] *Is it mine* eye, *or Valentin*us' *praiſe,*] The old copy reads—

" Is it mine or Valentine's praiſe?" Steevens.

Here Proteus queſtions with himſelf, whether it is his own praiſe, or Valentine's, that makes him fall in love with Valentine's miſtreſs. But not to inſiſt on the abſurdity of falling in love through his own praiſes, he had not indeed praiſed her any farther than giving his opinion of her in three words, when his friend aſked it of him.

A word is wanting in the firſt folio. The line was originally thus:

It is mine EYE, *or Valentino's praiſe?*

Proteus had juſt ſeen Valentine's miſtreſs, whom her lover had been laviſhly praiſing. His encomiums, therefore, heightening Proteus's ideas of her at the interview, it was the leſs wonder he ſhould be uncertain which had made the ſtrongeſt impreſſion, Valentine's praiſes, or his own view of her. Warburton.

The firſt folio reads:

" It is mine or Valentine's praiſe."

The ſecond:

" Is it mine *then* or Valentin*ean's* praiſe?" Ritson.

I read, as authorized, in a former inſtance, by the old copy,—Valentin*us*. See Act I. ſc. iii. p. 200. Steevens.

She's fair; and ſo is Julia, that I love;—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainſt a fire,[4]
Bears no impreſſion of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold;
And that I love him not, as I was wont:
O! but I love his lady too, too much;
And that's the reaſon I love him ſo little.
How ſhall I dote on her with more advice,[5]
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture[6] I have yet beheld,

[4] ——*a* waxen image *'gainſt a fire,*] Alluding to the figures made by witches, as repreſentatives of thoſe whom they deſigned to torment or deſtroy. See my note on *Macbeth,* Act I. ſc. iii. STEEVENS.

King James aſcribes theſe images to the devil, in his treatiſe of Daemonologie: "to ſome others at theſe times he teacheth how to make pictures of waxe or claye, that by the roaſting thereof the perſons that they bear the name of may be continually melted, and dried away by continual ſickneſſe." See Servius on the 8th Eclogue of Virgil, Theocritus Idyl. 2. 22. Hudibras, p. 2. l. 2. v. 331. S. W.

[5] ——*with* more advice,] *With more advice,* is *on further knowledge, on better conſideration.* So, in *Titus Andronicus:*

"The Greeks, *upon advice,* did bury Ajax."

The word, as Mr. Malone obſerves, is ſtill current among mercantile people, whoſe conſtant language is, "we are *adviſed* by letters from abroad," meaning *informed.* So, in bills of exchange the concluſion always is—"Without further *advice.*" So, in this very play:

"This pride of hers, upon *advice.*" &c.

Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

"Yet did repent me, *after more advice.*" STEEVENS.

[6] *'Tis but her picture*—] This is evidently a ſlip of attention, for he had ſeen her in the laſt ſcene, and in high terms offered her his ſervice. JOHNSON.

I believe Proteus means, that, as yet, he had ſeen only her outward form, without having known her long enough to have any acquaintance with her mind.

And that hath dazzled my reaſon's light;
But when I look on her perfections,[7]
There is no reaſon but I ſhall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compaſs her I'll uſe my ſkill. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

The ſame. A Street.

Enter SPEED *and* LAUNCE.

SPEED. Launce! by mine honeſty, welcome to Milan.[8]

LAUN. Forſwear not thyſelf, ſweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone, till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place, till ſome certain ſhot be paid, and the hoſteſs ſay, welcome.

So, in *Cymbeline*:

" All of her, that is *out of door*, moſt rich!
" If ſhe be furniſh'd with a mind ſo rare," &c.

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*, Act II. ſc. i:

" Praiſe her but for this her *without-door* form."

Perhaps Proteus, is mentally comparing his fate with that of Pyrocles, the hero of Sidney's *Arcadia*, who fell in love with Philoclea immediately on ſeeing her portrait in the houſe of Kalander. STEEVENS.

[7] *And that hath* dazzled *my reaſon's light*;
But when I look &c.] Our author uſes *dazzled* as a triſyllable. The editor of the ſecond folio not perceiving this, introduced *ſo*, (" And that hath dazzled *ſo*," &c.) a word as hurtful to the ſenſe as unneceſſary to the metre. The plain meaning is, *Her mere outſide has* dazzled *me*;—*when I am acquainted with the perfections of her mind, I ſhall be ſtruck* blind. MALONE.

[8] —— *to* Milan.] It is *Padua* in the former editions. See the note on Act III. POPE.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the ale-houſe with you preſently; where, for one ſhot of five pence, thou ſhalt have five thouſand welcomes. But, ſirrah, how did thy maſter part with madam Julia?

Laun. Marry, after they cloſed in earneſt, they parted very fairly in jeſt.

Speed. But ſhall ſhe marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? Shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fiſh.

Speed. Why then, how ſtands the matter with-them?

Laun. Marry, thus; when it ſtands well with him, it ſtands well with her.

Speed. What an aſs art thou? I underſtand thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canſt not? My ſtaff underſtands me.[9]

Speed. What thou ſay'ſt?

[9] *My ſtaff* underſtands *me.*] This equivocation, miſerable as it is, has been admitted by Milton in his great poem, B. VI:

" ——The terms we ſent were terms of weight,
" Such as, we may perceive, amaz'd them all,
" And ſtagger'd many; who receives them right,
" Had need from head to foot well *underſtand*;
" Not *underſtood*, this gift they have beſides,
" To ſhew us when our foes ſtand not upright."

JOHNSON.

The ſame quibble occurs likewiſe in the ſecond part of *The Three Merry Coblers*, an ancient ballad:

" Our work doth th' owners *underſtand*,
" Thus ſtill we are on the mending hand." STEEVENS.

Laun. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my ſtaff underſtands me.

Speed. It ſtands under thee, indeed.

Laun. Why, ſtand under and underſtand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Aſk my dog: if he ſay, ay, it will; if he ſay, no, it will; if he ſhake his tail, and ſay nothing, it will.

Speed. The concluſion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou ſhalt never get ſuch a ſecret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it ſo. But, Launce, how ſay'ſt thou, that my maſter is become a notable lover?[1]

Laun. I never knew him otherwiſe.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable lubber, as thou reporteſt him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whorſon aſs, thou miſtakeſt me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy maſter.

Speed. I tell thee, my maſter is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himſelf in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-houſe, ſo;[2] if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Chriſtian.

[1] ——*how ſay'ſt thou, that my maſter is become a notable lover?*] i. e. (as Mr. M. Maſon has elſewhere obſerved,) What ſay'ſt thou to this circumſtance,—namely, that my maſter is become a notable lover? Malone.

[2] ——ſo;] *So*, which is wanting in the firſt folio, was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond. Malone.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Becauſe thou haſt not ſo much charity in thee, as to go to the ale [3] with a Chriſtian: Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy ſervice. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.[4]

The ſame. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Proteus,

Pro. To leave my Julia, ſhall I be forſworn;
To love fair Silvia, ſhall I be forſworn;
To wrong my friend, I ſhall be much forſworn;
And even that power, which gave me firſt my oath,

[3] ——*the* ale——] *Ales* were merry meetings inſtituted in country places. Thus, Ben Jonſon:

" And all the neighbourhood, from old records
" Of antique proverbs drawn from Whitſon lords,
" And their authorities at wakes and *ales*,
" With country precedents, and old wives' tales,
" We bring you now."

Again, in Aſcham's *Toxophilus*, edit. 1589, p. 2: "—or elſe make merry with their neighbours at the *ale*."

Again, as Mr. M. Maſon obſerves, in the play of *Lord Cromwell*:

" O Tom, that we were now at Putney, at the *ale* there!"

See alſo Mr. T. Warton's *Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 128. Steevens.

[4] It is to be obſerved, that, in the folio edition there are no directions concerning the ſcenes; they have been added by the later editors, and may therefore be changed by any reader that can give more conſiſtency or regularity to the drama by ſuch alterations. I make this remark in this place, becauſe I know not whether the following ſoliloquy of Proteus is ſo proper in the ſtreet. Johnson.

The reader will perceive that the ſcenery has been changed, though Dr. Johnſon's obſervation is continued. Steevens.

Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bade me ſwear, and love bids me forſwear:
O ſweet-ſuggeſting love,[5] if thou haſt ſinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted ſubject, to excuſe it.
At firſt I did adore a twinkling ſtar,
But now I worſhip a celeſtial ſun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants reſolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—
Fye, fye, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whoſe ſovereignty ſo oft thou haſt preferr'd
With twenty thouſand ſoul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love, where I ſhould love.
Julia I loſe, and Valentine I loſe:
If I keep them, I needs muſt loſe myſelf;
If I loſe them, thus find I by their loſs,
For Valentine, myſelf; for Julia, Silvia.
I to myſelf am dearer than a friend;
For love is ſtill more precious in itſelf:
And Silvia, witneſs heaven, that made her fair!
Shews Julia but a ſwarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a ſweeter friend.
I cannot now prove conſtant to myſelf,
Without ſome treachery uſed to Valentine:—
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celeſtial Silvia's chamber-window;

[5] *O ſweet*-ſuggeſting *love,*] To *ſuggeſt* is to *tempt,* in our author's language. So again:

"Knowing that tender youth is ſoon *ſuggeſted.*"

The ſenſe is, *O* tempting love, *if thou haſt* influenced me to ſin, *teach me to excuſe it.* JOHNSON.

Myſelf in counſel, his competitor :[6]
Now preſently I'll give her father notice
Of their diſguiſing, and pretended flight ;[7]
Who, all enrag'd, will baniſh Valentine ;
For Thurio, he intends, ſhall wed his daughter :
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly croſs,
By ſome ſly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpoſe ſwift,
As thou haſt lent me wit to plot this drift ![8] [*Exit.*

[6] ——*in counſel, his* competitor :] *Myſelf, who am his* competitor *or* rival, being admitted to his counſel. JOHNSON.

Competitor is *confederate, aſſiſtant, partner.*
So, in *Antony and Cleopatra :*

" Is it not Cæſar's natural vice, to hate
" One great *competitor ?*"

and he is ſpeaking of Lepidus, one of the triumvirate. STEEVENS.

Steevens is right in aſſerting, that *competitor,* in this place, means confederate, or partner.—The word is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in *Twelfth Night,* where the Clown ſeeing Maria and Sir Toby approach, who were joined in the plot againſt Malvolio, ſays, " The *competitors* enter." And again, in *K. Richard III.* the meſſenger ſays :

" ——The Guildfords are in arms,
" And every hour more *competitors*
" Flock to the rebels."

So alſo, in *Love's Labour's Loſt :*

" The king, and his *competitors* in oath." M. MASON.

[7] ——pretended *flight* ;] *Pretended* flight is *propoſed* or *intended* flight. So, in *Macbeth :*

" ——What good could they *pretend.*"

Mr. M. Maſon juſtly obſerves, that the verb *pretendre* in French, has the ſame ſignification. STEEVENS.

Again, in Dr. A. Borde's *Introduction of Knowledge,* 1542, fig. H 3 : " *I pretend* to return and come round about thorow other regyons in Europ." REED.

[8] ——*this drift !*] I ſuſpect that the author concluded the act with this couplet, and that the next ſcene ſhould begin the third act ; but the change, as it will add nothing to the probability of the action, is of no great importance. JOHNSON.

SCENE VII.

Verona. *A Room in* Julia's *Houſe.*

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. Counſel, Lucetta; gentle girl, aſſiſt me!
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,—
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are viſibly charácter'd and engrav'd,—
To leſſon me; and tell me ſome good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas! the way is wearifome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To meaſure kingdoms with his feeble ſteps;
Much leſs ſhall ſhe, that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one ſo dear,
Of ſuch divine perfection, as ſir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbear, till Proteus make return.

Jul. O, know'ſt thou not, his looks are my ſoul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food ſo long a time.
Didſt thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'ſt as ſoon go kindle fire with ſnow,
As ſeek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not ſeek to quench your love's hot fire;
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Leſt it ſhould burn above the bounds of reaſon.

Jul. The more thou dam'ſt it up, the more it burns;
The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'ſt, being ſtopp'd, impatiently doth rage;

But, when his fair courſe is not hindered,
He makes ſweet muſick with the enamel'd ſtones,
Giving a gentle kiſs to every ſedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And ſo by many winding nooks he ſtrays,
With willing ſport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my courſe:
I'll be as patient as a gentle ſtream,
And make a paſtime of each weary ſtep,
Till the laſt ſtep have brought me to my love;
And there I'll reſt, as, after much turmoil,
A bleſſed ſoul doth in Elyſium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The looſe encounters of laſcivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with ſuch weeds
As may beſeem ſome well-reputed page.

Luc. Why then your ladyſhip muſt cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in ſilken ſtrings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantaſtic may become a youth
Of greater time than I ſhall ſhow to be.

Luc. What faſhion, madam, ſhall I make your breeches?

Jul. That fits as well, as—"tell me, good my lord,
"What compaſs will you wear your farthingale?"
Why, even that faſhion thou beſt lik'ſt, Lucetta.

Luc. You muſt needs have them with a cod-piece, madam.[9]

[9] ——*with a* cod-piece, *&c.*] Whoever wiſhes to be acquainted with this particular, relative to dreſs, may conſult Bulwer's *Artificial Changeling*, in which ſuch matters are very

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta![1] that will be ill-favour'd.
Luc. A round hoſe, madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unleſs you have a cod-piece to ſtick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'ſt me, let me have
What thou think'ſt meet, and is moſt mannerly:
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,
For undertaking ſo unſtaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me ſcandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think ſo, then ſtay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's diſpleas'd, when you are gone:
I fear me, he will ſcarce be pleas'd withal.

amply diſcuſſed. It is mentioned, however, in Tyro's *Roaring Megge*, 1598:

"Tyro's round breeches have a cliffe behind;
"And that ſame perking longitude before,
"Which for a *pin-caſe* antique plowmen wore."

Ocular inſtruction may be had from the armour ſhown as John of Gaunt's in the Tower of London. The ſame faſhion appears to have been no leſs offenſive in France. See Montaigne, Chap. XXII. The cuſtom of ſticking pins in this oſtentatious piece of indecency was continued by the illiberal warders of the Tower, till forbidden by authority. STEEVENS.

[1] Out, out, *Lucetta!* &c.] Dr. Percy obſerves, that this interjection is ſtill uſed in the North. It ſeems to have the ſame meaning as *apage*, Lat.

So, in Chapman's verſion of the thirteenth *Iliad*:

"*Out, out,* I hate ye from my heart, ye rotten-minded men!" STEEVENS.

So, in *Every Man out of his Humour*, Act II. ſc. vi:

"*Out, out!* unworthy to ſpeak where he breatheth."
REED.

Jul. That is the leaſt, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thouſand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And inſtances as infinite[2] of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All theſe are ſervants to deceitful men.

Jul. Baſe men, that uſe them to ſo baſe effect!
But truer ſtars did govern Proteus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love ſincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure meſſengers ſent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heaven, he prove ſo, when you come to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lov'ſt me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deſerve my love, by loving him;
And preſently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I ſtand in need of,
To furniſh me upon my longing journey.[3]
All that is mine I leave at thy diſpoſe,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, deſpatch me hence:
Come, anſwer not, but to it preſently;
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

[2] —— as *infinite* ——] Old edit.—*of* infinite. JOHNSON.
The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[3] —— *my* longing *journey*.] Dr. Grey obſerves, that *longing* is a participle active, with a paſſive ſignification; for *longed*, wiſhed, or deſired.
Mr. M. Maſon ſuppoſes Julia to mean a journey which ſhe ſhall *paſs in longing*. STEEVENS.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Milan. *An Anti-room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter DUKE, THURIO, *and* PROTEUS.

DUKE. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have ſome ſecrets to confer about.——
[*Exit* THURIO.
Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

PRO. My gracious lord, that which I would diſcover,
The law of friendſhip bids me to conceal:
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeſerving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which elſe no worldly good ſhould draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, ſir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to ſteal away your daughter;
Myſelf am one made privy to the plot.
I know, you have determin'd to beſtow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And ſhould ſhe thus be ſtolen away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's ſake, I rather choſe
To croſs my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of ſorrows, which would preſs you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeleſs grave.

DUKE. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honeſt care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myſelf have often ſeen,
Haply, when they have judged me faſt aſleep;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid

Sir Valentine her company, and my court:
But, fearing leſt my jealous aim[4] might err,
And ſo, unworthily, diſgrace the man,
(A raſhneſs that I ever yet have ſhunn'd,)
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyſelf haſt now diſclos'd to me.
And, that thou may'ſt perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is ſoon ſuggeſted,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myſelf have ever kept;
And thence ſhe cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will aſcend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it preſently;
Where, if it pleaſe you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it ſo cunningly,
That my diſcovery be not aimed at;[5]
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publiſher of this pretence.[6]

Duke. Upon mine honour, he ſhall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord; ſir Valentine is coming.
[*Exit.*

[4] ——*jealous* aim —] *Aim* is *gueſs*, in this inſtance, as in the following. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"I *aim'd* ſo near when I ſuppos'd you lov'd." STEEVENS.

[5] —— *be not* aimed *at*;] Be not *gueſſed*. JOHNSON.

[6] —— *of this* pretence.] Of this *claim* made to your daughter. JOHNSON.

Pretence is *deſign*. So, in *K. Lear*: "—to feel my affection to your honour, and no other *pretence* of danger."
Again, in the ſame play: "—*pretence* and purpoſe of unkindneſs." STEEVENS.

Enter VALENTINE.

DUKE. Sir Valentine, whither away ſo faſt?
VAL. Pleaſe it your grace, there is a meſſenger
That ſtays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.
DUKE. Be they of much import?
VAL. The tenor of them doth but ſignify
My health, and happy being at your court.
DUKE. Nay, then no matter; ſtay with me a while;
I am to break with thee of ſome affairs,
That touch me near, wherein thou muſt be ſecret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have ſought
To match my friend, ſir Thurio, to my daughter.
VAL. I know it well, my lord; and, ſure, the match
Were rich and honourable; beſides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beſeeming ſuch a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?
DUKE. No, truſt me; ſhe is peeviſh, ſullen, froward,
Proud, diſobedient, ſtubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that ſhe is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I ſay to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where[7] I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cheriſh'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full reſolved to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my poſſeſſions ſhe eſteems not.

[7] *And,* where —] *Where,* in this inſtance, has the power of *whereas.* So, in *Pericles,* Act I. ſc. i:
" *Where* now you're both a father and a ſon." STEEVENS.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady, ſir, in Milan, here,[8]
Whom I affect; but ſhe is nice, and coy,
And nought eſteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
(For long agone I have forgot to court:
Beſides, the faſhion of the time[9] is chang'd;)
How, and which way, I may beſtow myſelf,
To be regarded in her ſun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if ſhe reſpect not words;
Dumb jewels often, in their ſilent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.[1]

[8] ——*ſir, in* Milan, *here,*] It ought to be thus, inſtead of—*in Verona, here*—for the ſcene apparently is in Milan, as is clear from ſeveral paſſages in the firſt act, and in the beginning of the firſt ſcene of the fourth act. A like miſtake has crept into the eighth ſcene of Act II. where Speed bids his fellow-ſervant Launce welcome to Padua. Pope.

[9] ——*the faſhion of the time*—] The modes of courtſhip, the acts by which men recommended themſelves to ladies. Johnson.

[1] *Win her with gifts, if ſhe reſpect not words;*
Dumb jewels often, in their ſilent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.] So, in our author's *Paſſionate Pilgrim:*

" Spare not to ſpend,—
" The ſtrongeſt caſtle, tower, and town,
" The golden bullet beats it down."

A line of this ſtanza—

" The ſtrongeſt *caſtle,* tower, and town,"

and two in a ſucceeding ſtanza—

" What though ſhe ſtrive to try her ſtrength,
" And ban and brawl, *and ſay thee nay,*"——

remind us of the following verſes in *The Hiſtorie of Graunde Amoure,* [ſign. I 2,] written by Stephen Hawes, near a century before thoſe of Shakſpeare:

" Forſake her not, *though that ſhe ſaye nay;*
" A womans guiſe is evermore delay.

Duke. But ſhe did ſcorn a preſent that I ſent her.[2]

Val. A woman ſometimes ſcorns what beſt contents her:

" No *Caſtell* can be of ſo great a ſtrength,
" If that there be a ſure ſiege to it layed;
" It muſt yelde up, or els be won at length,
" Though that 'to-fore it hath bene long delayed;
" So continuance may you right well ayde:
" Some womans harte can not ſo harded be,
" But buſy labour may make it agree."

Another earlier writer than Shakſpeare, ſpeaking of women, has alſo the ſame unfavourable (and, I hope, unfounded,) ſentiment:

" 'Tis wiſdom to give much; a gift prevails,
" When deep perſuaſive oratory fails."

Marlowe's Hero and Leander.

Malone.

Again, in the *Firſt Part of Jeronimo*, 1605, though written much earlier:

" ——let his proteſtations be
" Faſhioned with rich jewels, for in love
" Great gifts and gold have the beſt tongues to move.
" Let him not ſpare an oath without a jewel
" To bind it faſt: oh, I know womens hearts
" What ſtuff they are made of, my lord: gifts and giving,
" Will melt the chaſteſt ſeeming female living."

The ſame rude ſentiment was ſoon after adopted by Beaumont and Fletcher in *The Woman Hater*, 1607, Act IV. ſc. ii:

" —— your offers muſt
" Be full of bounty; velvets to furniſh a gown, ſilks
" For petticoats and foreparts, ſhag for lining;
" Forget not ſome pretty jewel to faſten after
" Some little compliment! If ſhe deny this courteſy,
" Double your bounties; be not wanting in abundance:
" Fullneſs of gifts, link'd with a pleaſing tongue,
" Will win an anchorite." Reed.

[2] ——*that I* ſent her.] To produce a more accurate rhyme, we might read:

" —— that I ſent *Sir*:"

Mr. M. Maſon obſerves, that the rhyme, which was evidently here intended, requires that we ſhould read—" what beſt content her." The word *what* may imply *thoſe which*, as well as *that which*. Steevens.

Send her another; never give her o'er;
For ſcorn at firſt makes after-love the more.
If ſhe do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If ſhe do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulſe, whatever ſhe doth ſay;
For, *get you gone*, ſhe doth not mean, *away:*
Flatter, and praiſe, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er ſo black, ſay, they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I ſay, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But ſhe, I mean, is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept ſeverely from reſort of men,
That no man hath acceſs by day to her.

Val. Why then I would reſort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept ſafe,
That no man hath recourſe to her by night.

Val. What lets,[3] but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground;
And built ſo ſhelving that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To caſt up with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would ſerve to ſcale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

[3] *What* lets,] i. e. what hinders. So, in *Hamlet*, Act I. ſc. iv:

"By heaven, I'll make a ghoſt of him that *lets* me."
STEEVENS.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Adviſe me where I may have ſuch a ladder.

Val. When would you uſe it? pray, ſir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By ſeven o'clock I'll get you ſuch a ladder.

Duke. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone;
How ſhall I beſt convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak, that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will ſerve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me ſee thy cloak;
I'll get me one of ſuch another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will ſerve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How ſhall I faſhion me to wear a cloak?—
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—
What letter is this ſame? What's here?—*To Silvia?*
And here an engine fit for my proceeding!
I'll be ſo bold to break the ſeal for once. [*Reads.*
My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;
And ſlaves they are to me, that ſend them flying:
O, could their maſter come and go as lightly,
Himſelf would lodge, where ſenſeleſs they are lying.
My herald thoughts in thy pure boſom reſt them;
While I, their king, that thither them impórtune,
Do curſe the grace that with ſuch grace hath bleſs'd them,
Becauſe myſelf do want my ſervants' fortune:
I curſe myſelf, for they are ſent by me,[4]
That they ſhould harbour where their lord ſhould be.

[4] ——for *they are ſent by me,*] *For* is the ſame as *for that, ſince.* JOHNSON.

What's here?
Silvia, this night I will enfranchiſe thee:
'Tis ſo; and here's the ladder for the purpoſe.—
Why, Phaëton, (for thou art Merops' ſon,)[5]
Wilt thou aſpire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach ſtars, becauſe they ſhine on thee?
Go, baſe intruder! over-weening ſlave!
Beſtow thy fawning ſmiles on equal mates;
And think, my patience, more than thy deſert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,
Which, all too much, I have beſtow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories,
Longer than ſwifteſt expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven, my wrath ſhall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thyſelf.
Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuſe,
But, as thou lov'ſt thy life, make ſpeed from hence.
[*Exit* DUKE.

VAL. And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die, is to be baniſh'd from myſelf;
And Silvia is myſelf: baniſh'd from her,

[5] —— *Merops' ſon,*)] Thou art Phaëton in thy raſhneſs, but without his pretenſions; thou art not the ſon of a divinity, but a *terræ filius,* a low-born wretch; Merops is thy true father, with whom Phaëton was falſely reproached. JOHNSON.

This ſcrap of mythology Shakſpeare might have found in the ſpurious play of *K. John,* 1591:

" ——as ſometime *Phaëton*
" Miſtruſting ſilly *Merops* for his fire."

Or in Robert Greene's *Orlando Furioſo,* 1594:

" Why, fooliſh, hardy, daring, ſimple groom,
" Follower of fond conceited Phaëton," &c. STEEVENS.

Is ſelf from ſelf; a deadly baniſhment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not ſeen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unleſs it be to think that ſhe is by,
And feed upon the ſhadow of perfection.[6]
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no muſick in the nightingale;
Unleſs I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my eſſence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foſter'd, illumin'd, cheriſh'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:[7]
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS *and* LAUNCE.

PRO. Run, boy, run, run, and ſeek him out.

LAUN. So-ho! ſo-ho!

PRO. What ſeeſt thou?

LAUN. Him we go to find: there's not a hair[8] on's head, but 'tis a Valentine.

PRO. Valentine?

VAL. No.

[6] *And* feed *upon the ſhadow of perfection.*]
" Animum picturâ *paſcit* inani." *Virg.* HENLEY.

[7] *I fly not death,* to fly his *deadly* doom:] *To fly his doom,* uſed for *by flying,* or *in flying,* is a Galliciſm. The ſenſe is, by avoiding the execution of his ſentence I ſhall not eſcape death. If I ſtay here, I ſuffer myſelf to be deſtroyed; if I go away, I deſtroy myſelf. JOHNSON.

[8] —— *there's not a* hair—] Launce is ſtill quibbling. He is now running down the *hare* that he ſtarted when he entered. MALONE.

Pro. Who then? his ſpirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Laun. Can nothing ſpeak? maſter, ſhall I ſtrike?

Pro. Whom[9] would'ſt thou ſtrike?

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Laun. Why, ſir, I'll ſtrike nothing: I pray you,—

Pro. Sirrah, I ſay, forbear: Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are ſtopp'd, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath poſſeſs'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb ſilence will I bury mine,
For they are harſh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for ſacred Silvia!—
Hath ſhe forſworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forſworn me!—
What is your news?

Laun. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are vaniſh'd.

Pro. That thou art baniſhed, O, that's the news;
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.

Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,

[9] Whom—] Old copy—*Who*. Corrected in the ſecond folio. Malone.

And now exceſs of it will make me ſurfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am baniſhed?

Pro. Ay, ay; and ſhe hath offer'd to the doom,
(Which, unrevers'd, ſtands in effectual force,)
A ſea of melting pearl, which ſome call tears:
Thoſe at her father's churliſh feet ſhe tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble ſelf;
Wringing her hands, whoſe whiteneſs ſo became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad ſighs, deep groans, nor ſilver-ſhedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompaſſionate ſire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, muſt die.
Beſides, her interceſſion chaf'd him ſo,
When ſhe for thy repeal was ſuppliant,
That to cloſe priſon he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

Val. No more; unleſs the next word that thou ſpeak'ſt,
Have ſome malignant power upon my life:
If ſo, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endleſs dolour.

Pro. Ceaſe to lament for that thou canſt not help,
And ſtudy help for that which thou lament'ſt.
Time is the nurſe and breeder of all good.
Here if thou ſtay, thou canſt not ſee thy love;
Beſides, thy ſtaying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's ſtaff; walk hence with that,
And manage it againſt deſpairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, ſhall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white boſom of thy love.[1]

[1] *Even in the* milk-white boſom of thy love.] So, in *Hamlet*:
"Theſe *to her excellent white boſom*," &c.
Again, in Gaſcoigne's *Adventures of Maſter F. I.* firſt edit.

The time now ſerves not to expoſtulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:
As thou lov'ſt Silvia, though not for thyſelf,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou ſeeſt my boy,
Bid him make haſte, and meet me at the north-gate.

Pro. Go, ſirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia! hapleſs Valentine!

[*Exeunt* Valentine *and* Proteus.

Laun. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think, my maſter is a kind of knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave.[2] He

p. 206: "—at deliuerie thereof, [i. e. of a letter,] ſhe underſtode not for what cauſe he thruſt the ſame *into her boſome*."

Trifling as the remark may appear, before the meaning of this *addreſs of letters to the boſom of a miſtreſs* can be underſtood, it ſhould be known that women anciently had a pocket in the fore part of their ſtays, in which they not only carried love-letters and love tokens, but even their money and materials for needle work. Thus Chaucer, in his *Marchantes Tale*:

"This *purſe* hath ſhe in *hire boſome* hid."

In many parts of England the ruſtic damſels ſtill obſerve the ſame practice; and a very old lady informs me that ſhe remembers, when it was the faſhion to wear prominent ſtays, it was no leſs the cuſtom for ſtratagem and gallantry to drop its literary favours within the front of them. Steevens.

See Lord Surrey's Sonnets, 1557:

"My ſong, thou ſhalt attain to find the pleaſant place,
"Where ſhe doth live, by whom I live; may chance to have the grace,
"When ſhe hath read, and ſeen the grief wherein I ſerve,
"*Between her breſts ſhe ſhall thee put, there ſhall ſhe thee reſerve.*" Malone.

[2] Laun. *I am* but a fool, *look you; and yet I have the wit to think, my maſter is* a kind of knave: *but that's all one, if he be but one* knave.] Where is the ſenſe? or, if you won't allow

lives not now, that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of horſe ſhall not pluck[3]

the ſpeaker that, where is the humour of this ſpeech? Nothing had given the fool occaſion to ſuſpect that his maſter was become double, like Antipholis in *The Comedy of Errors*. The laſt word is corrupt. We ſhould read:

——*if he be but one* KIND.

He thought his maſter was *a kind of knave*; however, he keeps himſelf in countenance with this reflection, that if he was a knave *but of one kind*, he might paſs well enough amongſt his neighbours. This is truly humorous. WARBURTON.

This alteration is acute and ſpecious, yet I know not whether, in Shakſpeare's language, *one knave* may not ſignify a *knave on only one occaſion*, a *ſingle knave*. We ſtill uſe a *double* villain for a villain beyond the common rate of guilt. JOHNSON.

This paſſage has been altered, with little difference, by Dr. Warburton and Sir T. Hanmer.—Mr. Edwards explains it,—"if *he only* be a knave, if *I myſelf* be not found to be *another*." I agree with Dr. Johnſon, and will ſupport the old reading and his interpretation with indiſputable authority. In the old play of *Damon and Pythias*, Ariſtippus declares of Cariſophus: "You loſe money by him if you ſell him for *one knave*, for he ſerves for *twayne*."

This phraſeology is often met with: Arragon ſays, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"With *one fool's* head I came to woo,
"But I go away with *two*."

Donne begins one of his ſonnets:

"I am *two fools*, I know,
"For *loving* and for *ſaying ſo*." &c.

And when Panurge cheats St. Nicholas of the chapel, which he vowed to him in a ſtorm, *Rabelais* calls him "a rogue—*a rogue and an half—Le gallant, gallant de demy*." FARMER.

Again, in *Like Will to Like, quoth the Devil to the Collier*, 1587:

"Thus thou may'ſt be called a knave in graine,
"And where knaves be ſcant, thou may'ſt go for *twayne*."

STEEVENS.

[3] ——*a team of horſe ſhall not pluck*—] I ſee how Valentine ſuffers for telling his love-ſecrets, therefore I will keep mine cloſe. JOHNSON.

that from me; nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman: but that woman, I will not tell myſelf; and yet 'tis a milk-maid: yet 'tis not a maid, for ſhe hath had goſſips:[4] yet 'tis a maid, for ſhe is her maſter's maid, and ſerves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-ſpaniel,—which is much in a bare chriſtian.[5] Here is the cat-log [*Pulling out a paper*] of her conditions.[6] Imprimis, *She can fetch and carry*. Why, a horſe can do no more; nay, a horſe cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore, is ſhe better than a jade. Item, *She can milk*; look you, a ſweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED.

SPEED. How now, ſignior Launce? what news with your maſterſhip?

LAUN. With my maſter's ſhip?[7] why, it is at ſea.

Perhaps Launce was not intended to ſhew ſo much ſenſe; but here indulges himſelf in talking contradictory nonſenſe. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*for ſhe hath had* goſſips:] *Goſſips* not only ſignify thoſe who anſwer for a child in baptiſm, but the tattling women who attend lyings-in. The quibble between theſe is evident. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *a* bare *chriſtian.*] *Launce* is quibbling on. *Bare* has two ſenſes; *mere* and *naked*. In *Coriolanus* it is uſed in the firſt:

" 'Tis but a *bare* petition of the ſtate."

Launce uſes it in both, and oppoſes the *naked* female to the water-ſpaniel *cover'd with hairs of remarkable thickneſs*. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *her* conditions.] i. e. qualities. The old copy has *condition*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[7] With my *maſter's ſhip?*] In former editions it is—

With my maſterſhip? *why, it is at ſea.*

For how does Launce miſtake the word? Speed aſks him about his maſterſhip, and he replies to it *literatim*. But then how was his maſterſhip at ſea, and on ſhore too? The addition of a letter

Speed. Well, your old vice ſtill; miſtake the word: What news then in your paper?

Laun. The blackeſt news that ever thou heard'ſt.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fye on thee, jolt-head; thou canſt not read.

Speed. Thou lieſt, I can.

Laun. I will try thee: Tell me this: Who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the ſon of my grandfather.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer! it was the ſon of thy grandmother:[8] this proves, that thou canſt not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.

Laun. There; and ſaint Nicholas be thy ſpeed![9]

and a note of apoſtrophe, makes Launce both miſtake the word, and ſets the pun right: it reſtores, indeed, but a mean joke; but, without it, there is no ſenſe in the paſſage. Beſides, it is in character with the reſt of the ſcene; and, I dare be confident, the poet's own conceit. THEOBALD.

[8] —— *the ſon of thy* grandmother:] It is undoubtedly true that the mother only knows the legitimacy of the child. I ſuppoſe *Launce* infers, that if he could read, he muſt have read this well known obſervation. STEEVENS.

[9] —— ſaint Nicholas *be thy ſpeed!*] St. Nicholas preſided over ſcholars, who were therefore called *St. Nicholas's clerks.* Hence, by a quibble between Nicholas and Old Nick, highwaymen, in *The Firſt Part of Henry the Fourth,* are called *Nicholas's clerks.* WARBURTON.

That this ſaint preſided over young ſcholars, may be gathered from Knight's *Life of Dean Colet,* p. 362, for by the ſtatutes of Paul's ſchool there inſerted, the children are required to attend divine ſervice at the cathedral on his anniverſary. The reaſon I

Speed. Imprimis, *She can milk.*

Laun. Ay, that ſhe can.[1]

Speed. Item, *She brews good ale.*

Laun. And thereof comes the proverb,—Bleſſing of your heart,[2] you brew good ale.

Speed. Item, *She can ſew.*

Laun. That's as much as to ſay, Can ſhe ſo?

Speed. Item, *She can knit.*

Laun. What need a man care for a ſtock with a wench, when ſhe can knit him a ſtock.[3]

Speed. Item, *She can waſh and ſcour.*

Laun. A ſpecial virtue; for then ſhe need not be waſhed and ſcoured.

Speed. Item, *She can ſpin.*

take to be, that the legend of this ſaint makes him to have been a biſhop, while he was a boy. Sir J. Hawkins.

So, Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589: "Methinks this fellow ſpeaks like biſhop Nicholas; for on Saint Nicholas's night commonly the ſcholars of the country make them a biſhop, who, like a fooliſh boy, goeth about bleſſing and preaching with ſuch childiſh terms, as maketh the people laugh at his fooliſh counterfeit ſpeeches." Steevens.

[1] Speed. Imprimis, *She can milk.*

Laun. *Ay, that ſhe can.*] Theſe two ſpeeches ſhould evidently be omitted. There is not only no attempt at humour in them, contrary to all the reſt in the ſame dialogue, but Launce clearly directs Speed to go on with the paper where he himſelf left off. See his preceding ſoliloquy. Farmer.

[2] —— *Bleſſing of your heart,* &c.] So, in Ben Jonſon's *Maſque of Augurs:*

"Our ale's o' the beſt,
"And each good gueſt
"*Prays for their ſouls* that brew it." Steevens.

[3] —— *knit him a* ſtock.] i. e. *ſtocking.* So, in *Twelfth Night:* "—it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd *ſtock.*" Steevens.

Laun. Then may I ſet the world on wheels, when ſhe can ſpin for her living.

Speed. Item, *She hath many nameleſs virtues.*

Laun. That's as much as to ſay, baſtard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. *Here follow her vices.*

Laun. Cloſe at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, *She is not to be kiſſed faſting,*[4] *in reſpect of her breath.*

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfaſt: Read on.

Speed. Item, *She hath a ſweet mouth.*[5]

Laun. That makes amends for her ſour breath.

Speed. Item, *She doth talk in her ſleep.*

Laun. It's no matter for that, ſo ſhe ſleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, *She is ſlow in words.*

Laun. O villain, that ſet this down among her

[4] ——*ſhe is not to be* kiſſed *faſting,*] The old copy reads —*ſhe is not to be faſting,* &c. The neceſſary word—*kiſſed,* was firſt added by Mr. Rowe. Steevens.

[5] ——*ſweet mouth.*] This I take to be the ſame with what is now vulgarly called a *ſweet tooth,* a luxurious deſire of dainties and ſweetmeats. Johnson.

So, in Thomas Paynell's tranſlation of Ulrich Hutten's Book *De medicina Guaiaci & Morbo Gallico,* 1539: "—delycates and deynties, wherewith they may ſtere up their *ſweete mouthes* and prouoke theyr appetites."

Yet how a *luxurious deſire of dainties* can make amends for *offenſive breath,* I know not. A *ſweet* mouth may, however, mean a *likeriſh* mouth, in a wanton ſenſe. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

"Their ſaucy *ſweetneſs* that do coin heaven's image," &c.

Steevens.

vices! To be ſlow in words, is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't; and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, *She is proud.*

Laun. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, *She hath no teeth*

Laun. I care not for that neither, becauſe I love cruſts.

Speed. Item, *She is curſt.*

Laun. Well; the beſt is, ſhe hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, *She will often praiſe her liquor.*[6]

Laun. If her liquor be good, ſhe ſhall: if ſhe will not, I will; for good things ſhould be praiſed.

Speed. Item, *She is too liberal.*[7]

Laun. Of her tongue ſhe cannot; for that's writ down ſhe is ſlow of: of her purſe ſhe ſhall not; for that I'll keep ſhut: now, of another thing ſhe may; and that I cannot help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*

[6] ——*praiſe her liquor.*] That is, ſhew how well ſhe likes it by drinking often. Johnson.

[7] ——*She is too* liberal.] *Liberal*, is licentious and groſs in language. So, in *Othello*: "Is he not a profane and very *liberal* counſellor?" Johnson.

Again, in *The Fair Maid of Briſtow*, 1605, bl. l:

"But Vallenger, moſt like a *liberal* villain,
"Did give her ſcandalous ignoble terms."

Mr. Malone adds another inſtance from *Woman's a Weathercock*, by N. Field, 1612:

"Next that the fame
"Of your neglect, and *liberal* talking tongue,
"Which breeds my honour an eternal wrong."

Steevens.

Laun. Stop there; I'll have her: ſhe was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that laſt article: Rehearſe that once more.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit,*[8]—

Laun. More hair than wit,—it may be; I'll prove it: The cover of the ſalt hides the ſalt, and therefore it is more than the ſalt; the hair that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides the leſs. What's next?

Speed. —*And more faults than hairs,*—

Laun. That's monſtrous: O, that that were out!

Speed. —*And more wealth than faults.*

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious:[9]

[8] —— *She hath* more hair than wit,] An old Engliſh proverb. See Ray's Collection:

"Buſh natural, *more hair than wit.*"

Again, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix:*

"*Hair!* 'tis the baſeſt ſtubble; in ſcorn of it
"This proverb ſprung,—*He has more hair than wit.*"

Again, in *Rhodon and Iris,* 1631:

"Now is the old proverb really perform'd;
"*More hair than wit.*" Steevens.

[9] —— *makes the faults* gracious:] *Gracious,* in old language, means *graceful.* So, in *K. John:*

"There was not ſuch a *gracious* creature born."

Again, in *Albion's Triumph,* 1631:

"On which (*the freeze*) were feſtoons of ſeveral fruits in their natural colours, on which in *gracious* poſtures lay children ſleeping."

Again, in *The Mal-content,* 1604:

"The moſt exquiſite, &c. that ever made an old lady *gracious* by torch-light." Steevens.

Mr. Steevens's interpretation of the word *gracious* has been controverted, but it is right. We have the ſame ſentiment in *The Merry Wives of Windſor:*

"O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd *faults*
"Look *handſome* in *three hundred* pounds a year!"

Malone.

Well, I'll have her: And if it be a match, as nothing is impoſſible,—

Speed. What then?

Laun. Why, then I will tell thee,—that thy maſter ſtays for thee at the north gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath ſtaid for a better man than thee.

Speed. And muſt I go to him?

Laun. Thou muſt run to him, for thou haſt ſtaid ſo long, that going will ſcarce ſerve the turn.

Speed. Why didſt not tell me ſooner? 'pox of your love-letters! [*Exit.*

Laun. Now will he be ſwinged for reading my letter: An unmannerly ſlave, that will thruſt himſelf into ſecrets!—I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Room in the Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Duke *and* Thurio; Proteus *behind.*

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not, but that ſhe will love
you,
Now Valentine is baniſh'd from her ſight.

Thu. Since his exíle ſhe hath deſpis'd me moſt,
Forſworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am deſperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impreſs of love is as a figure

Trenched in ice;[1] which with an hour's heat
Diſſolves to water, and doth loſe his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthleſs Valentine ſhall be forgot.—
How now, ſir Proteus? Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievouſly.[2]

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not ſo.—
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou haſt ſhown ſome ſign of good deſert,)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace.

Duke. Thou know'ſt, how willingly I would effect
The match between ſir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And alſo, I think, thou art not ignorant
How ſhe oppoſes her againſt my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perverſely ſhe perſévers ſo.
What might we do, to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love ſir Thurio?

[1] Trenched *in ice*;] Cut, carved in ice. *Trancher*, to cut, French. JOHNSON.

So, in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:

" Is deeply *trenched* in my bluſhing brow."

STEEVENS.

[2] —— *grievouſly*.] So ſome copies of the firſt folio; others have, *heavily*. The word, therefore, muſt have been corrected, while the ſheet was working off at the preſs. The word *laſt*, p. 256, l. 2, was inſerted in ſome copies in the ſame manner.

MALONE.

Pro. The beſt way is to ſlander Valentine
With falſhood, cowardice, and poor deſcent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but ſhe'll think, that it is ſpoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it muſt, with circumſtance,[3] be ſpoken
By one, whom ſhe eſteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you muſt undertake to ſlander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I ſhall be loth to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Eſpecially, againſt his very friend.[4]

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your ſlander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,
By aught that I can ſpeak in his diſpraiſe,
She ſhall not long continue love to him.
But ſay, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that ſhe will love ſir Thurio.

Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love[5] from him,

[3] ——*with circumſtance,*] With the addition of ſuch incidental particulars as may induce belief. Johnson.

[4] ——*his* very *friend.*] *Very* is *immediate.* So, in *Macbeth*:
" And the *very* ports they blow." Steevens.

[5] ——*as you unwind her love*—] As you wind off her love from him, make me the *bottom* on which you wind it. The houſewife's term for a ball of thread wound upon a central body, is a *bottom of thread.* Johnson.

So, in Grange's *Garden*, 1557: " in anſwer to a letter written unto him by a Curtyzan:"

Leſt it ſhould ravel, and be good to none,
You muſt provide to bottom it on me:
Which muſt be done, by praiſing me as much
As you in worth diſpraiſe ſir Valentine.

Duke. And, Proteus, we dare truſt you in this kind;
Becauſe we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot ſoon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant ſhall you have acceſs,
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For ſhe is lumpiſh, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's ſake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her,[6] by your perſuaſion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect:—
But you, ſir Thurio, are not ſharp enough;
You muſt lay lime,[7] to tangle her deſires,
By wailful ſonnets, whoſe compoſed rhymes
Should be full fraught with ſerviceable vows.

Duke. Ay, much the force of heaven-bred poeſy.[8]

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You ſacrifice your tears, your ſighs, your heart:
Write till your ink be dry; and with your tears

" A *bottome* for your ſilke it ſeems
" My letters are become,
" Which oft with winding off and on
" Are waſted whole and ſome." Steevens.

[6] —— *you may* temper *her,*] Mould her, like wax, to whatever ſhape you pleaſe. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II: " I have him already *tempering* between my finger and my thumb; and ſhortly will I ſeal with him." Malone.

[7] —— *lime,*] That is, *birdlime.* Johnson.

[8] *Ay, much the force of heaven-bred poeſy.*] The old copy reads:

Ay, much is, &c. Ritson.

Moiſt it again ; and frame ſome feeling line,
That may diſcover ſuch integrity :[9]—
For Orpheus' lute was ſtrung with poets' ſinews ;[1]
Whoſe golden touch could ſoften ſteel and ſtones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forſake unſounded deeps to dance on ſands.
After your dire lamenting elegies,
Viſit by night your lady's chamber-window,
With ſome ſweet concert :[2] to their inſtruments

[9] ——*ſuch integrity :*] *Such integrity* may mean ſuch ardour and ſincerity as would be manifeſted by practiſing the directions given in the four preceding lines. STEEVENS.

I ſuſpect that a line following this has been loſt ; the import of which perhaps was—

" As her obdurate heart may penetrate." MALONE.

[1] *For Orpheus'* lute *was ſtrung with* poets' ſinews ;] This ſhews Shakſpeare's knowledge of antiquity. He here aſſigns Orpheus his true character of legiſlator. For under that of a poet only, or lover, the quality given to his lute is unintelligible. But, conſidered as a lawgiver, the thought is noble, and the imagery exquiſitely beautiful. For by his *lute,* is to be underſtood his *ſyſtem of laws* ; and by the *poet's ſinews,* the power of numbers, which Orpheus actually employed in thoſe laws to make them received by a fierce and barbarous people.

WARBURTON.

Proteus is deſcribing to Thurio the powers of poetry ; and gives no quality to the lute of Orpheus, but thoſe uſually and vulgarly aſcribed to it. It would be ſtrange indeed if, in order to prevail upon the ignorant and ſtupid Thurio to write a ſonnet to his miſtreſs, he ſhould enlarge upon the legiſlative powers of Orpheus, which were nothing to the purpoſe. Warburton's obſervations frequently tend to prove Shakſpeare more profound and learned than the occaſion required, and to make the Poet of Nature the moſt unnatural that ever wrote. M. MASON.

[2] ——*with ſome ſweet* concert :] The old copy has *conſort,* which I once thought might have meant in our author's time a band or company of muſicians. So, in *Romeo and Juliet :*

" *Tyb.* Mercutio, thou *conſort'ſt* with Romeo.

" *Mer. Conſort !* what, doſt thou make us *minſtrels ?*"

The ſubſequent words, " *To* their *inſtruments*—," ſeem to

Tune a deploring dump ;[3] the night's dead ſilence

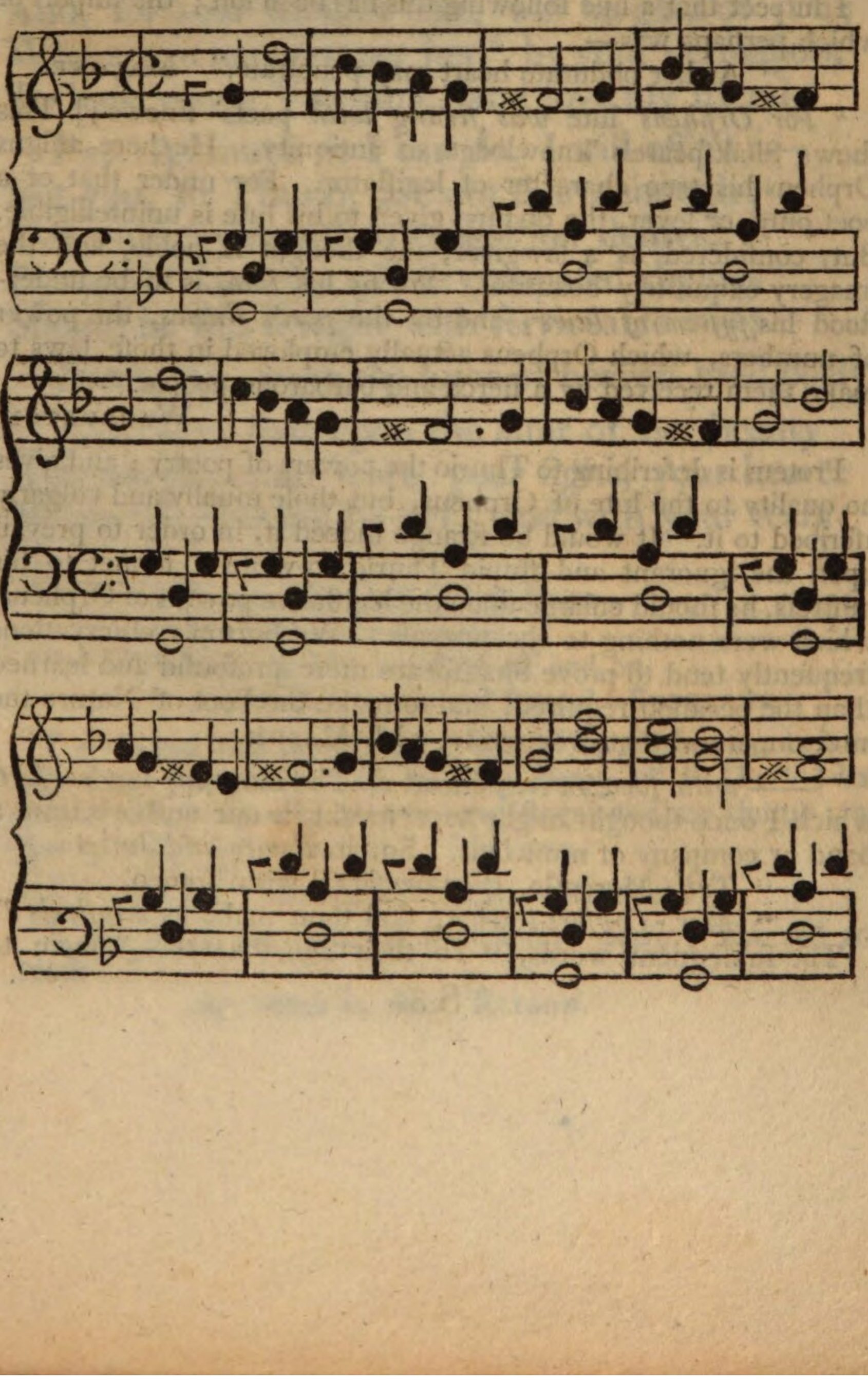
favour this interpretation; but other inſtances, that I have ſince met with, in books of our author's age, have convinced me that *conſort* was only the old ſpelling of *concert*, and I have accordingly printed the latter word in the text. The epithet *ſweet* annexed to it, ſeems better adapted to the muſick itſelf than to the band. *Conſort*, when accented on the firſt ſyllable, (as here) had, I believe, the former meaning; when on the ſecond, it ſignified a company. So, in the next ſcene:

"What ſay'ſt thou? Wilt thou be of our *conſort?*"

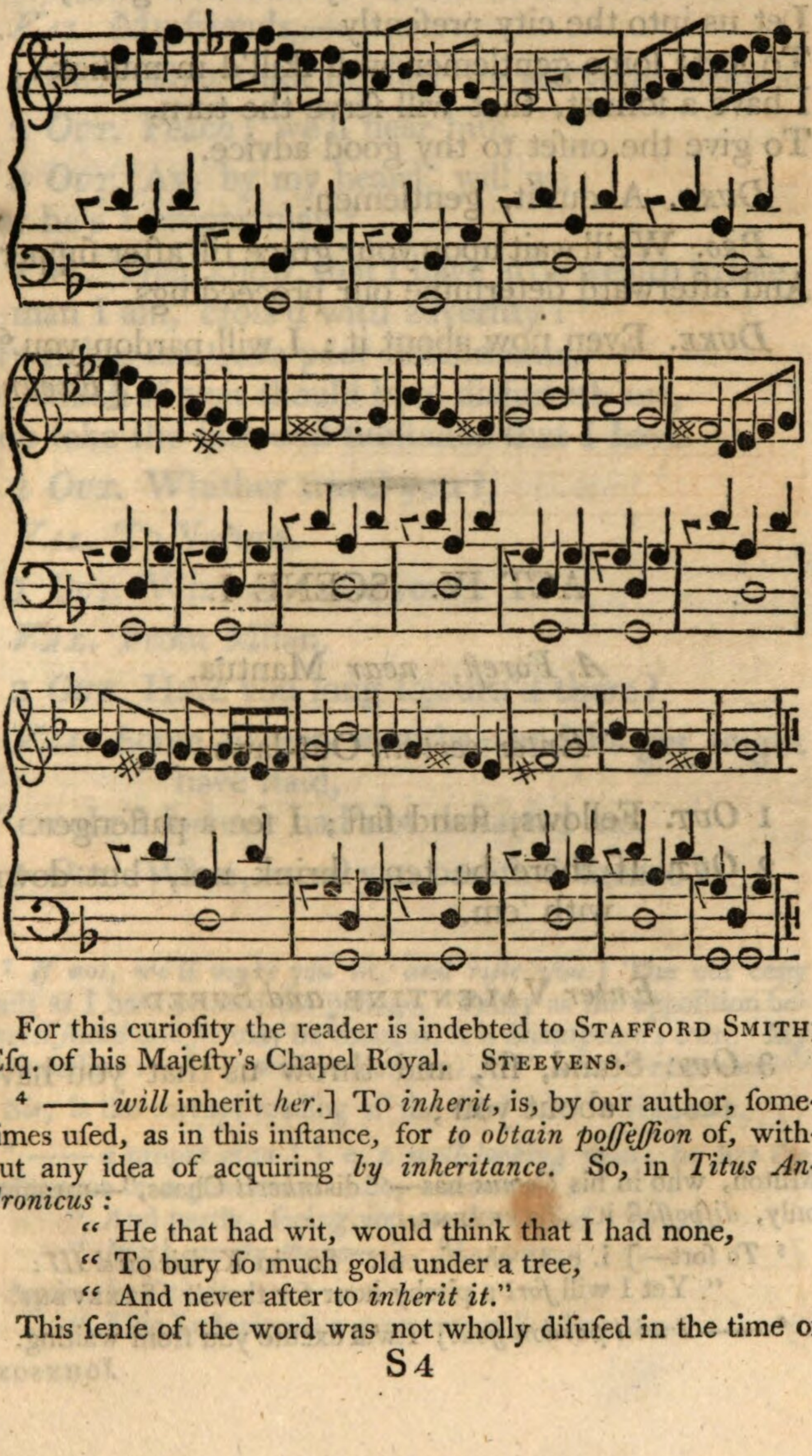
MALONE.

[3] *Tune a deploring* dump;] A *dump* was the ancient term for a *mournful elegy*.

A DOMPE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.



Will well become ſuch ſweet complaining grievance.
This, or elſe nothing, will inherit her.[4]



For this curioſity the reader is indebted to STAFFORD SMITH, Eſq. of his Majeſty's Chapel Royal. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*will* inherit *her*.] To *inherit*, is, by our author, ſometimes uſed, as in this inſtance, for *to obtain poſſeſſion* of, without any idea of acquiring *by inheritance*. So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

" He that had wit, would think that I had none,
" To bury ſo much gold under a tree,
" And never after to *inherit it*."

This ſenſe of the word was not wholly diſuſed in the time of

Duke. This diſcipline ſhows thou haſt been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice:
Therefore, ſweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city preſently
To ſort[5] ſome gentlemen well ſkill'd in muſick:
I have a ſonnet, that will ſerve the turn,
To give the onſet to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your grace till after ſupper:
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it; I will pardon you.[6]

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Foreſt, near Mantua.

Enter certain Out-laws.

1 *Out.* Fellows, ſtand faſt; I ſee a paſſenger.

2 *Out.* If there be ten, ſhrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter Valentine *and* Speed.

3 *Out.* Stand, ſir, and throw us that you have about you;

Milton, who in his *Comus* has—" dis*inherit* Chaos,"—meaning only, *diſpoſſeſs* it. Steevens.

[5] *To* ſort—] i. e. to chooſe out. So, in *K. Richard III:*
" Yet I will *ſort* a pitchy hour for thee." Steevens.

[6] ——*I will pardon you.*] I will excuſe you from waiting. Johnson.

If not, we'll make you ſit, and rifle you.[7]

Speed. Sir, we are undone! theſe are the villains
That all the travellers do fear ſo much.

Val. My friends,—

1 *Out.* That's not ſo, ſir; we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace; we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we;
For he's a proper man.[8]

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to loſe;
A man I am, croſs'd with adverſity:
My riches are theſe poor habiliments,
Of which if you ſhould here diſfurniſh me,
You take the ſum and ſubſtance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

1 *Out.* Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

3 *Out.* Have you long ſojourn'd there?

Val. Some ſixteen months; and longer might have ſtaid,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 *Out.* What, were you baniſh'd thence?

[7] *If not, we'll make you* ſit, *and rifle you.*] The old copy reads as I have printed the paſſage. Paltry as the oppoſition between *ſtand* and *ſit* may be thought, it is Shakſpeare's own. My predeceſſors read—" we'll make you, *ſir*," &c. STEEVENS.

Sir, is the corrupt reading of the third folio. MALONE.

[8] —— *a* proper *man.*] i. e. a *well-looking* man; he has the appearance of a gentleman. So, afterwards:

" And partly, ſeeing you are *beautified*
" *With goodly ſhape*—." MALONE.

Again, in *Othello*:

" This Ludovico is a *proper* man." STEEVENS.

Val. I was.

2 *Out.* For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearſe:
I kill'd a man, whoſe death I much repent;
But yet I ſlew him manfully in fight,
Without falſe vantage, or baſe treachery.

1 *Out.* Why ne'er repent it, if it were done ſo:
But were you baniſh'd for ſo ſmall a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of ſuch a doom.

1 *Out.* Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy;
Or elſe I often had been miſerable.

3 *Out.* By the bare ſcalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,[9]

[9] —— Robin Hood's *fat friar,*] *Robin Hood* was captain of a band of robbers, and was much inclined to rob churchmen. JOHNSON.

So, in *A mery Geſte of Robin Hoode,* &c. bl. l. no date:

" Theſe *byſhoppes* and theſe *archebyſhoppes*
" Ye ſhall them beate and bynde," &c.

But by Robin Hood's *fat friar,* I believe, Shakſpeare means *Friar Tuck,* who was confeſſor and companion to this noted outlaw. So, in one of the old ſongs of *Robin Hood*:

" And of brave little John,
" Of *Friar Tuck* and Will Scarlett,
" Stokeſly and Maid Marian."

Again, in the 26th ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

" Of *Tuck the merry friar* which many a ſermon made,
" In praiſe of *Robin Hoode,* his out-lawes, and his trade."

Again, in Skelton's Play of *Magnificence,* f. 5. 6:

" Another bade ſhave halfe my berde,
" And boyes to the pylery gan me plucke,
" And wolde have made me *freer Tucke*
" To preche oute of the pylery hole."

See figure III. in the plate at the end of the firſt part of *King Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's obſervations on it. STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnſon ſeems to have miſunderſtood this paſſage. The ſpeaker does not ſwear by the ſcalp of ſome churchman who had

This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1 *Out.* We'll have him: firs, a word.

Speed. Maſter, be one of them;
It is an honourable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain!

2 *Out.* Tell us this: Have you any thing to take to?

Val. Nothing, but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know then, that ſome of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thruſt from the company of awful men:[1]
Myſelf was from Verona baniſhed,
For practiſing to ſteal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.[2]

been plundered, but by the ſhaven crown of Robin Hood's chaplain.—"We will live and die together, (ſays a perſonage in Peele's *Edward I.* 1593,) like Robin Hood, little John, *friar Tucke*, and Maide Marian." Malone.

[1] —— awful *men*:] Reverend, worſhipful, ſuch as magiſtrates, and other principal members of civil communities. Johnson.

Awful is uſed by Shakſpeare, in another place, in the ſenſe of *lawful*. Second part of *K. Henry IV.* Act IV. ſc. ii:

"We come within our *awful* banks again." Tyrwhitt.

So, in *King Henry V.* 1600:

"—— creatures that by *awe* ordain
"An *act* of order to a peopled kingdom." Malone.

I believe we ſhould read—*lawful* men—i. e. *legales* homines. So, in *The Newe Boke of Juſtices*, 1560: "—commandinge him to the ſame to make an inqueſt and pannel of *lawful* men of his countie." For this remark I am indebted to Dr. Farmer. Steevens.

Awful men means men *well governed, obſervant of law and authority; full of, or ſubject to awe.* In the ſame kind of ſenſe as we uſe *fearful.* Ritson.

[2] *An* heir, *and* near *allied unto the duke.*] All the impreſſions, from the firſt downwards, read—*An heir and* niece *allied unto the duke.* But our poet would never have expreſſed himſelf ſo

2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Whom, in my mood, I ſtabb'd unto the heart.[3]

1 *Out.* And I, for ſuch like petty crimes as theſe.
But to the purpoſe,—(for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawleſs lives,)
And, partly, ſeeing you are beautified
With goodly ſhape; and by your own report
A linguiſt; and a man of ſuch perfection,
As we do in our quality[4] much want;—

2 *Out.* Indeed, becauſe you are a baniſh'd man,
Therefore, above the reſt, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general?

ſtupidly, as to tell us, this lady was the duke's *niece*, and *allied* to him: for her alliance was certainly ſufficiently included in the firſt term. Our author meant to ſay, ſhe was an *heireſs*, and *near allied* to the duke; an expreſſion the moſt natural that can be for the purpoſe, and very frequently uſed by the ſtage-poets. THEOBALD.

A *niece*, or a *nephew*, did not always ſignify the daughter of a brother or ſiſter, but any remote deſcendant. Of this uſe I have given inſtances, as to a *nephew*. See *Othello*, Act I. I have not, however, diſturbed Theobald's emendation. STEEVENS.

Heir in our author's time (as it ſometimes is now) was applied to females, as well as males. The old copy reads—*And* heir. The correction was made in the third folio. MALONE.

[3] *Whom, in my* mood, *I ſtabb'd unto the heart.*] Thus, Dryden:

"Madneſs laughing in his ireful *mood*."

Again, Gray:

"*Moody* madneſs, laughing, wild." HENLEY.

Mood is anger or reſentment. MALONE.

[4] ——*in our* quality—] Our *quality* means our profeſſion, calling, or condition of life. Thus, in Maſſinger's *Roman Actor*, Aretinus ſays to Paris the tragedian:

"In thee, as being chief of thy profeſſion,
"I do accuſe the *quality* of treaſon:"

that is, the whole profeſſion or fraternity.

Hamlet, ſpeaking of the young players, ſays, "will they purſue the *quality* no longer than they can ſing?" &c. &c. M. MASON.

To make a virtue of neceſſity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderneſs?

3 *Out.* What ſay'ſt thou? wilt thou be of our conſórt?
Say, ay, and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homag , and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander, and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou ſcorn our courteſy, thou dieſt.

2 *Out.* Thou ſhalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided that you do no outrages
On ſilly women, or poor paſſengers.[5]

3 *Out.* No, we deteſt ſuch vile baſe practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And ſhew thee all the treaſure we have got;
Which, with ourſelves, all reſt at thy diſpoſe.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Milan. *Court of the Palace.*

Enter Proteus.

Pro. Already have I been falſe to Valentine,
And now I muſt be as unjuſt to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have acceſs my own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthleſs gifts.

[5] —— *no outrages*
On ſilly women, or poor paſſengers.] This was one of the rules of Robin Hood's government. Steevens.

When I proteſt true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falſhood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think, how I have been forſworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd:
And, notwithſtanding all her ſudden quips,[6]
The leaſt whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, ſpaniel-like, the more ſhe ſpurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her ſtill.
But here comes Thurio: now muſt we to her window,
And give ſome evening muſick to her ear.

Enter THURIO, *and Muſicians.*

THU. How now, ſir Proteus? are you crept before us?

PRO. Ay, gentle Thurio; for, you know, that love
Will creep in ſervice where it cannot go.[7]

THU. Ay, but, I hope, ſir, that you love not here.

PRO. Sir, but I do; or elſe I would be hence.

THU. Whom? Silvia?

PRO. Ay, Silvia,—for your ſake.

THU. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it luſtily a while.

[6] —— ſudden *quips,*] That is, haſty paſſionate reproaches and ſcoffs. So Macbeth is in a kindred ſenſe ſaid to be *ſudden*; that is, iraſcible and impetuous. JOHNSON.

The ſame expreſſion is uſed by Dr. Wilſon in his *Arte of Rhetorique,* 1553: "And make him at his wit's end through the *ſudden quip.*" MALONE.

[7] —— *you know, that love*
Will creep *in ſervice where it cannot go.*] Kindneſs will *creep* where it cannot *gang,* is to be found in Kelly's *Collection of Scottiſh Proverbs,* p. 226. REED.

Enter Hoſt, *at a diſtance*; *and* JULIA *in boy's clothes.*

HOST. Now, my young gueſt! methinks you're allycholly; I pray you, why is it?

JUL. Marry, mine hoſt, becauſe I cannot be merry.

HOST. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where you ſhall hear muſick, and ſee the gentleman that you aſk'd for.

JUL. But ſhall I hear him ſpeak?

HOST. Ay, that you ſhall.

JUL. That will be muſick. [*Muſick plays.*

HOST. Hark! hark!

JUL. Is he among theſe?

HOST. Ay: but peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is ſhe,
That all our ſwains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wiſe is ſhe;
The heavens ſuch grace did lend her,[8]
That ſhe might admired be.

Is ſhe kind, as ſhe is fair?
For beauty lives with kindneſs:[9]
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindneſs;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

[8] *Who is Silvia? what is ſhe,* &c.——
The heavens ſuch grace did lend her,] So, in *Pericles*:
" So buxom, blithe, and full of face,
" *As heaven had lent her all his grace.*" DOUCE.

[9] —— *beauty* lives *with kindneſs*:] Beauty without kindneſs *dies* unenjoyed, and undelighting. JOHNSON.

Then to Silvia let us ſing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now? are you ſadder than you were before?
How do you, man? the muſick likes you not.

Jul. You miſtake; the muſician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays falſe, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the ſtrings?

Jul. Not ſo; but yet ſo falſe that he grieves my very heart-ſtrings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a ſlow heart.

Host. I perceive, you delight not in muſick.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars ſo.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the muſick!

Jul. Ay; that change is the ſpite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing. But, hoſt, doth this ſir Proteus, that we talk on, often reſort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, he loved her out of all nick.[1]

[1] ——*out of all* nick.] Beyond all reckoning or count. Reckonings are kept upon nicked or notched ſticks or tallies.
WARBURTON.

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to ſeek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his maſter's command, he muſt carry for a preſent to his lady.

Jul. Peace! ſtand aſide! the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you! I will ſo plead,
That you ſhall ſay, my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At ſaint Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell. [*Exeunt* Thurio *and Muſicians.*

Silvia *appears above, at her window.*

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyſhip.

Sil. I thank you for your muſick, gentlemen:
Who is that, that ſpake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your ſervant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compaſs yours.

Sil. You have your wiſh; my will is even this,[2]—
That preſently you hie you home to bed.

So, in *A Woman never vex'd*, 1632:

" —— I have carried
" The tallies at my girdle ſeven years together,
" For I did ever love to deal honeſtly in the *nick*."

As it is an inn-keeper who employs the alluſion, it is much in character. Steevens.

[2] *You have your wiſh; my* will *is even this,*] The word *will* is here ambiguous. He wiſhes to *gain* her *will*: ſhe tells him, if he wants her *will* he has it. Johnson.

Thou ſubtle, perjur'd, falſe, diſloyal man!
Think'ſt thou, I am ſo ſhallow, ſo conceitleſs,
To be ſeduced by thy flattery,
That haſt deceiv'd ſo many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me,—by this pale queen of night I ſwear,
I am ſo far from granting thy requeſt,
That I deſpiſe thee for thy wrongful ſuit;
And by and by intend to chide myſelf,
Even for this time I ſpend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, ſweet love, that I did love a lady;
But ſhe is dead.

Jul. 'Twere falſe, if I ſhould ſpeak it;
For, I am ſure, ſhe is not buried. [*Aſide.*

Sil. Say, that ſhe be; yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives; to whom, thyſelf art witneſs,
I am betroth'd: And art thou not aſham'd
To wrong him with thy importúnacy.

Pro. I likewiſe hear, that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And ſo, ſuppoſe, am I; for in his grave[3]
Aſſure thyſelf, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's thence;
Or, at the leaſt, in her's ſepulchre thine.

Jul. He heard not that. [*Aſide.*

Pro. Madam, if your heart be ſo obdúrate,
Vouchſafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I'll ſpeak, to that I'll ſigh and weep:
For, ſince the ſubſtance of your perfect ſelf

[3] ——*in his grave*—] The old copy has—*her* grave. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio.
MALONE.

Is elſe devoted, I am but a ſhadow;
And to your ſhadow I will make true love.

Jul. If 'twere a ſubſtance, you would, ſure, deceive it,
And make it but a ſhadow, as I am. [*Aſide.*

Sil. I am very loth to be your idol, ſir;
But, ſince your falſhood ſhall become you well[4]
To worſhip ſhadows, and adore falſe ſhapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I'll ſend it:
And ſo, good reſt.

[4] *But, ſince* your falſhood *ſhall become you well*—] This is hardly ſenſe. We may read, with very little alteration:

" But ſince *you're falſe,* it ſhall become you well."

JOHNSON.

There is no occaſion for any alteration, if we only ſuppoſe that *it* is underſtood here, as in ſeveral other places:

" But, ſince your falſhood, ſhall become you well
" To worſhip ſhadows and adore falſe ſhapes,"

i. e. But, ſince your falſhood, *it* ſhall become you well, &c.

Or indeed, in this place, *To worſhip ſhadows,* &c. may be conſidered as the nominative caſe to *ſhall become.* TYRWHITT.

" I am very loth (ſays Silvia) to be your idol; but ſince your falſhood to your friend and miſtreſs ſhall well become you, to worſhip ſhadows, and adore falſe ſhapes (i. e. will be properly employed in ſo doing,) ſend to me, and you ſhall have my picture."

RITSON.

I once had a better opinion of the alteration propoſed by Dr. Johnſon than I have at preſent. I now believe the text is right, and that our author means, however licentious the expreſſion,—But, ſince your falſhood well becomes, or is well ſuited to, the worſhipping of ſhadows, and the adoring of falſe ſhapes, ſend to me in the morning for my picture, &c. Or, in other words, But, ſince the worſhipping of ſhadows and the adoring of falſe ſhapes ſhall well become *you, falſe as you are,* ſend, &c. *To worſhip ſhadows,* &c. I conſider as the objective caſe, as well as *you.* There are other inſtances in theſe plays of a double accuſative depending on the ſame verb. I have therefore followed the punctuation of the old copy, and not placed a comma after *falſhood,* as in the modern editions. *Since* is, I think, here an adverb, not a prepoſition. MALONE.

Pro. As wretches have o'er-night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt* Proteus; *and* Silvia, *from above.*

Jul. Hoſt, will you go?

Host. By my hallidom, I was faſt aſleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies ſir Proteus?

Host. Marry, at my houſe: Truſt me, I think, 'tis almoſt day.

Jul. Not ſo; but it hath been the longeſt night
That e'er I watch'd, and the moſt heavieſt.[5]

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. This is the hour that madam Silvia
Entreated me to call, and know her mind;
There's ſome great matter ſhe'd employ me in.—
Madam, madam!

Silvia *appears above, at her window.*

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your ſervant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyſhip's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thouſand times good morrow.

[5] ——*moſt heavieſt.*] This uſe of the double ſuperlative is frequent in our author. So, in *King Lear*, Act II. ſc. iii:
"To take the baſeſt and *moſt pooreſt* ſhape."
Steevens.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourſelf.
According to your ladyſhip's impoſe,[6]
I am thus early come, to know what ſervice
It is your pleaſure to command me in.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not, I flatter, for, I ſwear, I do not,)
Valiant, wiſe, remorſeful,[7] well accompliſh'd.
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will
I bear unto the baniſh'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very ſoul abhorr'd.
Thyſelf haſt loved; and I have heard thee ſay,
No grief did ever come ſo near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whoſe grave thou vow'dſt pure chaſtity.[8]

[6] ——*your ladyſhip's* impoſe,] *Impoſe* is *injunction, command.* A taſk ſet at college, in conſequence of a fault, is ſtill called an *impoſition.* Steevens.

[7] —— remorſeful,] *Remorſeful* is pitiful. So, in *The Maids Metamorphoſis,* by Lyly, 1600:

"Provokes my mind to take *remorſe* of thee."

Again, in Chapman's tranſlation of the 2d book of Homer's *Iliad,* 1598:

"Deſcend on our long-toyled hoſt with thy *remorſeful* eye."

Again, in the ſame tranſlator's verſion of the 20th *Iliad:*

"—— he was none of thoſe *remorſefull* men,
"Gentle and affable; but fierce at all times, and mad then."

Steevens.

[8] *Upon whoſe grave thou vow'dſt pure* chaſtity.] It was common in former ages for widowers and widows to make vows of chaſtity in honour of their deceaſed wives or huſbands. In Dugdale's *Antiquities of Warwickſhire,* page 1013, there is the form of a commiſſion by the biſhop of the dioceſe for taking a vow of chaſtity made by a widow. It ſeems that, beſides obſerving the vow, the widow was, for life, to wear a veil and a mourning habit. Some ſuch diſtinction we may ſuppoſe to have been made in reſpect of male votariſts; and therefore this circumſtance might inform the players how Sir Eglamour ſhould be

Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to paſs,
I do deſire thy worthy company,
Upon whoſe faith and honour I repoſe.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the juſtice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a moſt unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune ſtill reward with plagues.
I do deſire thee, even from a heart
As full of ſorrows as the ſea of ſands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have ſaid to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;[9]
Which ſince I know they virtuouſly are plac'd,
I give conſent to go along with you;
Recking as little[1] what betideth me,
As much I wiſh all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where ſhall I meet you?

Sil. At friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confeſſion.

dreſt; and will account for Silvia's having choſen him as a perſon in whom ſhe could confide without injury to her own character. Steevens.

[9] ——*grievances*;] Sorrows, ſorrowful affections. Johnson.

[1] Recking *as little*—] To *reck* is to care for. So, in *Hamlet*:
"And *recks* not his own read."
Both Chaucer and Spenſer uſe this word with the ſame ſignification. Steevens.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyſhip:
Good-morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good-morrow, kind ſir Eglamour.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame.

Enter Launce, *with his dog.*

When a man's ſervant ſhall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I ſaved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and ſiſters went to it! I have taught him—even as one would ſay preciſely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was ſent to deliver him, as a preſent to miſtreſs Silvia, from my maſter; and I came no ſooner into the dining-chamber, but he ſteps me to her trencher, and ſteals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himſelf[2] in all companies! I would have, as one ſhould ſay, one that takes upon him to be a dog[3] indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for't; ſure as I live, he had ſuffered for't: you ſhall judge. He thruſts me himſelf into the company of three or four gentlemen-like dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there (bleſs the mark) a

[2] ——keep *himſelf*—] i. e. reſtrain himſelf. Steevens.

[3] ——*to be a dog*—] I believe we ſhould read—*I would have*, &c. *one that takes upon him to be a dog*, to be a dog *indeed, to be*, &c. Johnson.

piſſing while ;[4] but all the chamber ſmelt him. *Out with the dog*, ſays one ; *What cur is that?* ſays another ; *Whip him out*, ſays the third ; *Hang him up*, ſays the duke. I, having been acquainted with the ſmell before, knew it was Crab ; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs :[5] *Friend*, quoth I, *you mean to whip the dog? Ay, marry, do I*, quoth he. *You do him the more wrong*, quoth I ; *'twas I did the thing you wot of.* He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many maſters would do this for their ſervant ?[6] Nay, I'll be ſworn, I have ſat in the ſtocks for puddings he hath ſtolen, otherwiſe he had been executed : I have ſtood on the pillory for geeſe he hath killed, otherwiſe he had ſuffered for't : thou think'ſt not of this now !— Nay, I remember the trick you ſerved me, when I took my leave of madam Silvia ;[7] did not I bid thee

[4] —— *a* piſſing while,] This expreſſion is uſed in Ben Jonſon's *Magnetic Lady* : " —have patience but a *piſſing while.*" It appears from Ray's *Collection*, that it is proverbial. STEEVENS.

[5] *The fellow that* whips *the dogs :*] This appears to have been part of the office of an *uſher of the table.* So, in *Mucedorus* :

" —I'll prove my office good : for look you, &c.—When a dog chance to blow his noſe backward, then with a *whip* I give him good time of the day, and ſtrew ruſhes preſently."

STEEVENS.

[6] —— their *ſervant ?*] The old copy reads—*his* ſervant ?

STEEVENS.

Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[7] —— *madam* Silvia ;] Perhaps we ſhould read of madam *Julia.* It was *Julia* only of whom a formal leave could have been taken. STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton, without any neceſſity I think, reads—Julia ; " alluding to the leave his maſter and he took when they left Verona." But it appears from a former ſcene, (as Mr. Heath has obſerved,) that Launce was not preſent when Proteus and Julia parted. Launce on the other hand has juſt taken leave of, i. e. parted from, (for that is all that is meant,) madam Silvia.

MALONE,

ſtill mark me, and do as I do? When didſt thou ſee me heave up my leg, and make water againſt a gentlewoman's farthingale? didſt thou ever ſee me do ſuch a trick?

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

PRO. Sebaſtian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in ſome ſervice preſently.

JUL. In what you pleaſe;—I will do what I can.

PRO. I hope, thou wilt.—How now, you whoreſon peaſant? [*To* LAUNCE.
Where have you been theſe two days loitering?

LAUN. Marry, ſir, I carried miſtreſs Silvia the dog you bade me.

PRO. And what ſays ſhe, to my little jewel?

LAUN. Marry, ſhe ſays, your dog was a cur; and tells you, curriſh thanks is good enough for ſuch a preſent.

PRO. But ſhe received my dog?

LAUN. No, indeed, ſhe did not: here have I brought him back again.

PRO. What, didſt thou offer her this from me?

LAUN. Ay, ſir; the other ſquirrel [8] was ſtolen from

Though Launce was not preſent when *Julia* and Proteus parted, it by no means follows that he and Crab had not likewiſe their audience of leave. RITSON.

[8] ——*the other* ſquirrel *&c.*] Sir T. Hanmer reads—"the other, *Squirrel*," &c. and conſequently makes *Squirrel* the proper name of the beaſt. Perhaps Launce only ſpeaks of it as a diminutive animal, more reſembling a *ſquirrel* in ſize, than a dog. STEEVENS.

The ſubſequent words,—"who is a dog *as big as ten of yours*," ſhew that Mr. Steevens's interpretation is the true one. MALONE.

me by the hangman's boys in the market-place: and then I offered her mine own; who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my ſight.
Away, I ſay: Stay'ſt thou to vex me here?
A ſlave, that, ſtill an end,[9] turns me to ſhame.
[*Exit* Launce.
Sebaſtian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of ſuch a youth,
That can with ſome diſcretion do my buſineſs,
For 'tis no truſting to yon fooliſh lowt;
But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour;
Which (if my augury deceive me not)
Witneſs good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thou,[1] for this I entertain thee.
Go preſently, and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to madam Silvia:
She loved me well, deliver'd it to me.[2]

Jul. It ſeems, you loved her not, to leave her token:[3]

[9] ——an end,] i. e. *in the end*, at the concluſion of every buſineſs he undertakes. Steevens.

Still an end, and *moſt an end*, are vulgar expreſſions, and mean commonly, generally. So, in Maſſinger's *Very Woman*, a Citizen aſks the Maſter, who had ſlaves to ſell, "What will that girl do?" To which he replies:

"——ſure no harm at all, ſir,
"For ſhe ſleeps *moſt an end*." M. Mason.

[1] —— *know* thou,] The old copy has—*thee*. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[2] *She loved me well, deliver'd it to me.*] i. e. She, *who* delivered it to me, loved me well. Malone.

[3] *It ſeems, you loved her* not, *to* leave *her token:*] Proteus

She's dead, belike.[4]

Pro. Not ſo; I think, ſhe lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why doſt thou cry, alas?

Jul. I cannot chooſe but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore ſhould'ſt thou pity her?

Jul. Becauſe, methinks, that ſhe loved you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her, that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity, love ſhould be ſo contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!

does not properly leave his lady's token, he gives it away. The old edition has it:

It ſeems you loved her not, not *leave her token.*

I ſhould correct it thus:

It ſeems you loved her not, nor love *her token.*

JOHNSON.

The emendation was made in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Johnſon, not recollecting the force of the word *leave,* propoſes an amendment of this paſſage, but that is unneceſſary; for, in the language of the time, to *leave* means to *part with,* or *give away.* Thus, in *The Merchant of Venice,* Portia, ſpeaking of the ring ſhe gave Baſſanio, ſays:

" —— and here he ſtands;
" I dare be ſworn for him, he would not *leave* it,
" Or pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
" That the world maſters."

And Baſſanio ſays, in a ſubſequent ſcene;

" If you did know to whom I gave the ring, &c.
" And how unwillingly I *left* the ring,
" You would abate the ſtrength of your diſpleaſure."

M. MASON.

To *leave,* is uſed with equal licence, in a former ſcene, for to *ceaſe.* " I *leave* to be," &c. MALONE.

[4] *She's dead, belike.*] This is ſaid in reference to what Proteus had aſſerted to Silvia in a former ſcene; viz. that both *Julia* and Valentine were dead. STEEVENS.

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter;—that's her chamber.—Tell my lady,
I claim the promiſe for her heavenly picture.
Your meſſage done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou ſhalt find me ſad and ſolitary.

[*Exit* Proteus.

Jul. How many women would do ſuch a meſſage?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou haſt entertain'd
A fox, to be the ſhepherd of thy lambs:
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
That with his very heart deſpiſeth me?
Becauſe he loves her, he deſpiſeth me;
Becauſe I love him, I muſt pity him.
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will:
And now am I (unhappy meſſenger)
To plead for that, which I would not obtain;
To carry that which I would have refus'd;
To praiſe his faith, which I would have diſprais'd.[5]
I am my maſter's true confirmed love;
But cannot be true ſervant to my maſter,
Unleſs I prove falſe traitor to myſelf.
Yet I will woo for him; but yet ſo coldly,
As, heaven, it knows, I would not have him ſpeed.

Enter Silvia, *attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to ſpeak with madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be ſhe?

Jul. If you be ſhe, I do entreat your patience
To hear me ſpeak the meſſage I am ſent on.

[5] *To carry that, which I would have refus'd*; &c.] The ſenſe is, to go and preſent that which I wiſh not to be accepted, to praiſe him whom I wiſh to be diſpraiſed. Johnson.

Sil. From whom?
Jul. From my maſter, ſir Proteus, madam.
Sil. O!—he ſends you for a picture?
Jul. Ay, madam.
Sil. Urſula, bring my picture there.
[*Picture brought.*
Go, give your maſter this: tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber, than this ſhadow.
Jul. Madam, pleaſe you peruſe this letter.——
Pardon me, madam; I have unadvis'd
Delivered you a paper that I ſhould not;
This is the letter to your ladyſhip.
Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.
Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.
Sil. There, hold.
I will not look upon your maſter's lines:
I know, they are ſtuff'd with proteſtations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break,
As eaſily as I do tear his paper.
Jul. Madam, he ſends your ladyſhip this ring.
Sil. The more ſhame for him that he ſends it me;
For, I have heard him ſay a thouſand times,
His Julia gave it him at his departure:
Though his falſe finger hath profan'd the ring,
Mine ſhall not do his Julia ſo much wrong.
Jul. She thanks you.
Sil. What ſay'ſt thou?
Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her:
Poor gentlewoman! my maſter wrongs her much.
Sil. Doſt thou know her?
Jul. Almoſt as well as I do know myſelf:

To think upon her woes, I do proteſt,
That I have wept an hundred ſeveral times.

Sil. Belike, ſhe thinks that Proteus hath forſook her.

Jul. I think ſhe doth, and that's her cauſe of ſorrow.

Sil. Is ſhe not paſſing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than ſhe is:
When ſhe did think my maſter lov'd her well,
She, in my judgement, was as fair as you;
But ſince ſhe did neglect her looking-glaſs,
And threw her ſun-expelling maſk away,
The air hath ſtarv'd the roſes in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,[6]
That now ſhe is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was ſhe?[7]

Jul. About my ſtature: for, at Pentecoſt,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown;
Which ſerved me as fit, by all men's judgement,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore, I know ſhe is about my height.

[6] *And* pinch'd *the lily-tincture of her face,*] The colour of a part *pinched,* is livid, as it is commonly termed, *black and blue.* The weather may therefore be juſtly ſaid to *pinch* when it produces the ſame viſible effect. I believe this is the reaſon why the cold is ſaid to *pinch.* JOHNSON.

Cleopatra ſays of herſelf:

" —— think on me,
" That am with Phœbus' amorous *pinches* black."

STEEVENS.

[7] Sil. *How tall* was *ſhe?*] We ſhould read—" How tall *is* ſhe?" For that is evidently the queſtion which Silvia means to aſk.

RITSON.

And, at that time, I made her weep a-good,[8]
For I did play a lamentable part:
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, paſſioning
For Theſeus' perjury, and unjuſt flight;[9]

[8] ——*weep* a-good,] i. e. in good earneſt. *Tout de bon.* Fr. So, in Turberville's tranſlation of Ovid's epiſtle from *Ariadne to Theſeus*:

" ——beating of my breaſt *a-good.*" STEEVENS.

So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

" And therewithal their knees have rankled ſo,
" That I have laugh'd *a-good.*" MALONE.

[9] ——*'twas Ariadne*, paſſioning
For Theſeus' perjury, and unjuſt flight;] The hiſtory of this twice-deſerted lady is too well known to need an introduction here; nor is the reader interrupted on the buſineſs of Shakſpeare: but I find it difficult to refrain from making a note the vehicle for a conjecture which I may have no better opportunity of communicating to the public.—The ſubject of a picture of Guido (commonly ſuppoſed to be Ariadne deſerted by Theſeus and courted by Bacchus) may poſſibly have been hitherto miſtaken. Whoever will examine the fabulous hiſtory critically, as well as the performance itſelf, will acquieſce in the truth of the remark. Ovid, in his *Faſti*, tells us, that Bacchus (who left Ariadne to go on his Indian expedition) found too many charms in the daughter of one of the kings of that country.

" Interea Liber depexos crinibus Indos
" Vincit, et Eoo dives ab orbe redit.
" Inter captivas facie præſtante puellas
" Grata nimis Baccho filia regis erat.
" Flebat amans conjux, ſpatiataque littore curvo
" Edidit incultis talia verba ſonis.
" Quid me deſertis perituram, Liber, arenis
" Servabas? potui dedoluiſſe ſemel.——
" Auſus es ante oculos, adducta pellice, noſtros
" Tam bene compoſitum ſollicitare torum," &c.

Ovid, Faſt, l. iii. v. 465.

In this picture he appears as if juſt returned from India, bringing with him his new favourite, who hangs on his arm, and whoſe preſence only cauſes thoſe emotions ſo viſible in the countenance of Ariadne, who had been hitherto repreſented on this occaſion:

" ——— as paſſioning
" For Theſeus' perjury and unjuſt flight."

From this painting a plate was engraved by Giacomo Freij,

Which I ſo lively acted with my tears,
That my poor miſtreſs, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very ſorrow!

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth!—
Alas, poor lady! deſolate and left!—
I weep myſelf, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purſe; I give thee this
For thy ſweet miſtreſs' ſake, becauſe thou lov'ſt her.
Farewell. [*Exit* Silvia.

Jul. And ſhe ſhall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.—
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.
I hope my maſter's ſuit will be but cold,
Since ſhe reſpects my miſtreſs' love ſo much.[1]
Alas, how love can trifle with itſelf!

which is generally a companion to the Aurora of the ſame maſter. The print is ſo common, that the curious may eaſily ſatisfy themſelves concerning the propriety of a remark which has intruded itſelf among the notes on Shakſpeare.

To paſſion is uſed as a verb, by writers contemporary with Shakſpeare. In *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, printed 1598, we meet with the ſame expreſſion: "—what, art thou *paſſioning* over the picture of Cleanthes?"

Again, in *Elioſto Libidinoſo*, a novel, by John Hinde, 1606: "—if thou gaze on a picture, thou muſt, with Pigmalion, be *paſſionate*."

Again, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. III. c. 12:

"Some argument of matter *paſſioned*." Steevens.

——*'twas Ariadne*, paſſioning—] On her being deſerted by Theſeus in the night, and left on the iſland of Naxos. Malone.

[1] ——my miſtreſs' *love ſo much*.] She had in her preceding ſpeech called Julia *her miſtreſs*; but it is odd enough that ſhe ſhould thus deſcribe herſelf, when ſhe is *alone*. Sir T. Hanmer reads—"*his* miſtreſs;" but without neceſſity. Our author knew that his audience conſidered the diſguiſed Julia in the preſent ſcene as a page to Proteus, and this, I believe, and the love of antitheſis, produced the expreſſion. Malone.

Here is her picture: Let me ſee; I think,
If I had ſuch a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unleſs I flatter with myſelf too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me ſuch a colour'd periwig.[2]
Her eyes are grey as glaſs;[3] and ſo are mine:

[2] *I'll get me ſuch a colour'd* periwig.] It ſhould be remembered, that falſe hair was worn by the ladies, long before *wigs* were in faſhion. Theſe falſe coverings, however, were called *periwigs*. So, in *Northward Hoe*, 1607: "There is a new trade come up for caſt gentlewomen, of *perriwig-making*: let your wife ſet up in the Strand."—"*Perwickes*," however, are mentioned by Churchyard in one of his earlieſt poems.

STEEVENS.

See *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act II. ſc. iii: "—and her hair ſhall be of what colour it pleaſe God." And *The Merchant of Venice*, Act III. ſc. ii:

"So are criſped ſnaky golden locks," &c.

Again, in *The Honeſtie of this Age, proving by good Circumſtance that the World was never honeſt till now*, by Barnabe Rich, quarto, 1615: "My lady holdeth on her way, perhaps to the tire-maker's ſhop, where ſhe ſhaketh her crownes, to beſtowe upon ſome new-faſhioned attire;—upon ſuch artificial deformed *periwigs*, that they were fitter to furniſh a theatre, or for her that in a ſtage play ſhould repreſent ſome hag of hell, than to be uſed by a Chriſtian woman." Again, *ibid*: "Theſe attire-makers within theſe forty years were not known by that name; and but now very lately they kept their lowzie commodity of *periwigs*, and their monſtrous attires, cloſed in boxes,—and thoſe women that uſed to weare them would not buy them but in ſecret. But now they are not aſhamed to ſet them forth upon their ſtalls,—ſuch monſtrous mop-powles of haire, ſo proportioned and deformed, that but within theſe twenty or thirty years would have drawne the paſſers-by to ſtand and gaze, and to wonder at them." MALONE.

[3] *Her eyes are* grey as glaſs;] So Chaucer, in the character of his Prioreſs:

"Ful ſemely hire wimple y-pinched was;
"Hire noſe tretis; hire *eyen grey as glas*." THEOBALD.

Ay, but her forehead's low,[4] and mine's as high.
What ſhould it be, that he reſpects in her,
But I can make reſpective [5] in myſelf,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, ſhadow, come, and take this ſhadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou ſenſeleſs form,
Thou ſhalt be worſhipp'd, kiſs'd, lov'd, and ador'd;
And, were there ſenſe in his idolatry,
My ſubſtance ſhould be ſtatue in thy ſtead.[6]

[4] ——*her forehead's low,*] A high forehead was in our author's time accounted a feature eminently beautiful. So, in *The Hiſtory of Guy of Warwick,* "Felice his lady" is ſaid to "have *the ſame high forehead as Venus.*" JOHNSON.

[5] ——reſpective—] i. e. *reſpectable.* STEEVENS.

[6] *My ſubſtance ſhould be* ſtatue *in thy ſtead.*] It would be eaſy to read, with no more roughneſs than is found in many lines of Shakſpeare:

"——ſhould be *a* ſtatue in thy ſtead."

The ſenſe, as Mr. Edwards obſerves, is, "He ſhould have my ſubſtance as a *ſtatue,* inſtead of thee [the picture] who art a ſenſeleſs form." This word, however, is uſed without the article *a* in Maſſinger's *Great Duke of Florence:*

"——it was your beauty
"That turn'd me *ſtatue.*"

And again, in Lord Surrey's tranſlation of the 4th *Æneid:*

"And Trojan *ſtatue* throw into the flame."

Again, in Dryden's *Don Sebaſtian:*

"——try the virtue of that Gorgon face,
"To ſtare me into *ſtatue.*" STEEVENS.

Steevens has clearly proved that this paſſage requires no amendment; but it appears from hence, and a paſſage in Maſſinger, that the word *ſtatue* was formerly uſed to expreſs a *portrait.* Julia is here addreſſing herſelf to a *picture*; and in the *City Madam,* the young ladies are ſuppoſed to take leave of the *ſtatues* of their lovers, as they ſtyle them, though Sir John, at the beginning of the ſcene, calls them *pictures,* and deſcribes them afterwards as nothing but ſuperficies, colours, and no ſubſtance. M. MASON.

——ſtatue—] *Statue* here, I think, ſhould be written *ſtatua,* and pronounced as it generally, if not always, was in our author's time, a word of three ſyllables. It being the firſt time

I'll uſe thee kindly for thy miſtreſs' ſake,
That us'd me ſo; or elſe, by Jove I vow,

this word occurs, I take the opportunity of obſerving that alterations have been often improperly made in the text of Shakſpeare, by ſuppoſing *ſtatue* to be intended by him for a diſſyllable. Thus, in *King Richard III.* Act III. ſc. vii:

" But like dumb *ſtatues* or breathing ſtones."

Mr. Rowe has unneceſſarily changed *breathing* to *un*breathing, for a ſuppoſed defect in the metre, to an actual violation of the ſenſe.

Again, in *Julius Cæſar*, Act II. ſc. ii:

" She dreamt to-night ſhe ſaw my *ſtatue*."

Here, to fill up the line, Mr. Capell adds the name of Decius, and the laſt editor, deſerting his uſual caution, has improperly changed the regulation of the whole paſſage.

Again, in the ſame play, Act III. ſc. ii:

" Even at the baſe of Pompey's *ſtatue*."

In this line, however, the true mode of pronouncing the word is ſuggeſted by the laſt editor, who quotes a very ſufficient authority for his conjecture. From authors of the times it would not be difficult to fill whole pages with inſtances to prove that *ſtatue* was at that period a triſyllable. Many authors ſpell it in that manner. On ſo clear a point the firſt proof which occurs is enough. Take the following from Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, 4to. 1633: " It is not poſſible to have the true pictures or *ſtatuaes* of Cyrus, Alexander, Cæſar, no nor of the kings or great perſonages of much later years," &c. p. 88. Again: " —without which the hiſtory of the world ſeemeth to be as the *Statua* of Polyphemus with his eye out," &c. REED.

It may be obſerved, on this occaſion, that ſome Latin words which were admitted into the Engliſh language, ſtill retained their Roman pronunciation. Thus *heroe* and *heroes* are conſtantly uſed for triſyllables; as in the following inſtances, by Chapman:

" His ſpeare fixt by him as he ſlept, the great end in the ground,
" The point, that briſled the darke earth, caſt a reflection round
" Like pallid lightnings throwne by Jove. Thus his *Heroe* lay,
" And under him a big oxe hide." 10*th Iliad.*

Again, in the ſame book:

I ſhould have ſcratch'd out your unſeeing eyes,[7]
To make my maſter out of love with thee. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The ſame. An Abbey.

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. The ſun begins to gild the weſtern ſky;
And now, it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at Patrick's cell, ſhould meet me.[8]
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unleſs it be to come before their time;
So much they ſpur their expedition.

Enter SILVIA.

See, where ſhe comes: Lady, a happy evening!

Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour!

" This ſaid, he on his ſhoulders caſt a yellow lion's hide,
" Big, and reacht earth; then took his ſpeare; and Neſtor's will applide,
" Rais'd the *Heroes,* brought them both. All met, the round they went." STEEVENS.

[7] —— *your* unſeeing *eyes,*] So, in *Macbeth:*
" Thou haſt *no ſpeculation* in thoſe eyes—." STEEVENS.

[8] *That Silvia, at Patrick's cell, ſhould meet me.*] The old copy redundantly reads: " —*friar* Patrick's cell." But the omiſſion of this title is juſtified by a paſſage in the next ſcene, where the Duke ſays—
" At Patrick's cell this even; and there ſhe was not."
STEEVENS.

Out at the poſtern by the abbey-wall;
I fear, I am attended by ſome ſpies.

Egl. Fear not: the foreſt is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are ſure enough.[9] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. An Apartment in the Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Thurio, Proteus, *and* Julia.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what ſays Silvia to my ſuit?

Pro. O, ſir, I find her milder than ſhe was;
And yet ſhe takes exceptions at your perſon.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No; that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it ſomewhat rounder.

Pro. But love will not be ſpurr'd to what it loaths.

Thu. What ſays ſhe to my face?

Pro. She ſays, it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old ſaying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.[1]

[9] ——ſure *enough.*] *Sure* is ſafe, out of danger. Johnson.

[1] Black *men are* pearls *&c.*] So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:

" —— a *black complexion*
" Is always *precious* in a *woman's eye.*"

Again, in *Sir Giles Gooſecap:*

" —— but to make every *black* ſlovenly cloud a *pearl in her eye.*" Steevens.

" A black man is a jewel in a fair woman's eye," is one of Ray's proverbial ſentences. Malone.

Jul. 'Tis true,[2] ſuch pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them. [*Aſide.*

Thu. How likes ſhe my diſcourſe?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I diſcourſe of love, and peace?

Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace. [*Aſide.*

Thu. What ſays ſhe to my valour?

Pro. O, ſir, ſhe makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when ſhe knows it cowardice. [*Aſide.*

Thu. What ſays ſhe to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool. [*Aſide.*

Thu. Conſiders ſhe my poſſeſſions?

Pro. O, ay; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. That ſuch an aſs ſhould owe them. [*Aſide.*

Pro. That they are out by leaſe.[3]

[2] Jul. *'Tis true,* &c.] This ſpeech, which certainly belongs to Julia, is given in the old copy to Thurio. Mr. Rowe reſtored it to its proper owner. STEEVENS.

[3] *That they are* out by leaſe.] I ſuppoſe he means, becauſe Thurio's folly has let them on diſadvantageous terms. STEEVENS.

She pities Sir Thurio's poſſeſſions, becauſe they are let to others, and are not in his own dear hands. This appears to me to be the meaning of it. M. MASON.

" By Thurio's *poſſeſſions*, he himſelf underſtands his lands and eſtate. But Proteus chooſes to take the word likewiſe in a figurative ſenſe, as ſignifying his *mental endowments*: and when

Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, ſir Proteus? how now, Thurio?
Which of you ſaw ſir Eglamour[4] of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why, then ſhe's fled unto that peaſant Valentine;
And Eglamour is in her company.
'Tis true; for friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the foreſt:
Him he knew well, and gueſs'd that it was ſhe;
But, being maſk'd, he was not ſure of it:
Beſides, ſhe did intend confeſſion
At Patrick's cell this even; and there ſhe was not:
Theſe likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, ſtand not to diſcourſe,
But mount you preſently; and meet with me
Upon the riſing of the mountain-foot
That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled.
Deſpatch, ſweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peeviſh girl,[5]

he ſays they are *out by leaſe*, he means they are no longer enjoyed by their maſter, (who is a fool,) but are leaſed out to another." *Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786. Steevens.

[4] —— ſir *Eglamour* —] *Sir*, which is not in the old copy, was inſerted by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[5] —— *a* peeviſh *girl*,] *Peeviſh*, in ancient language, ſignifies *fooliſh*. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I:

" To ſend ſuch *peeviſh* tokens to a king." Steevens.

That flies her fortune when it follows her:
I'll after; more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,
Than for the love of reckleſs Silvia.[6] [*Exit.*

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [*Exit.*

Jul. And I will follow, more to croſs that love,
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Frontiers of Mantua. *The Foreſt.*

Enter Silvia, *and* Out-laws.

Out. Come, come;
Be patient, we muſt bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thouſand more miſchances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.

1 *Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3 *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us,
But Moyſes, and Valerius, follow him.
Go thou with her to the weſt end of the wood,
There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled;
The thicket is beſet, he cannot 'ſcape.

1 *Out.* Come, I muſt bring you to our captain's cave:
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not uſe a woman lawleſsly.

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee. [*Exeunt.*

[6] ——reckleſs *Silvia.*] i. e. careleſs, heedleſs. So, in *Hamlet:*
"——like a puff'd and *reckleſs* libertine." Steevens.

SCENE IV.

Another part of the Foreſt.

Enter VALENTINE.

VAL. How uſe doth breed a habit in a man!
This ſhadowy deſert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flouriſhing peopled towns:
Here can I ſit alone, unſeen of any,
And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,
Tune my diſtreſſes, and record my woes.[7]
O thou that doſt inhabit in my breaſt,
Leave not the manſion ſo long tenantleſs;
Leſt, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was![8]
Repair me with thy preſence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cheriſh thy forlorn ſwain!—

[7] ——record *my woes.*] To *record* anciently ſignified to *ſing*. So, in *The Pilgrim*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"——O ſweet, ſweet! how the birds *record* too?"

Again, in a paſtoral, by N. Breton, publiſhed in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

"Sweet Philomel, the bird that hath the heavenly throat,
"Doth now, alas! not once afford *recording* of a note."

Again, in another *Dittie*, by Thomas Watſon, *ibid:*

"Now birds *record* with harmonie."

Sir John Hawkins informs me, that to *record* is a term ſtill uſed by bird-fanciers, to expreſs the firſt eſſays of a bird in ſinging. STEEVENS.

[8] *O thou that doſt inhabit in my breaſt,*
Leave not the manſion ſo long tenantleſs;
Leſt, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!] It is hardly poſſible to point out four lines, in any of the plays of Shakſpeare, more remarkable for eaſe and elegance. STEEVENS.

And leave no memory of what it was!] So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*:

"And leave no memory *that e'er I* was." RITSON.

What halloing, and what ſtir, is this to-day?
Theſe are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have ſome unhappy paſſenger in chace:
They love me well; yet I have much to do,
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine; who's this comes here?
[*Steps aſide.*

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, *and* JULIA.

PRO. Madam, this ſervice I have done for you,
(Though you reſpect not aught your ſervant doth,)
To hazard life, and reſcue you from him
That wou'd have forc'd your honour and your love.
Vouchſafe me, for my meed,[9] but one fair look;
A ſmaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And leſs than this, I am ſure, you cannot give.

VAL. How like a dream is this I ſee and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [*Aſide.*

SIL. O miſerable, unhappy that I am!

PRO. Unhappy, were you, madam, ere I came;
But, by my coming, I have made you happy.

SIL. By thy approach thou mak'ſt me moſt unhappy.

JUL. And me, when he approacheth to your preſence. [*Aſide.*

SIL. Had I been ſeized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfaſt to the beaſt,

[9] —— *my* meed,] i. e. reward. So, in *Titus Andronicus:*
" ——— thanks, to men
" Of noble minds, is honourable *meed.*" STEEVENS.

Again, in *Gammer Gurton's Needle,* 1575:
" O Chriſt! that I were ſure of it! in faith he ſhould have his *mede.*"
See alſo Spenſer, and almoſt every writer of the times. REED.

Rather than have falſe Proteus reſcue me.
O, heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whoſe life's as tender to me as my ſoul;
And full as much, (for more there cannot be,)
I do deteſt falſe perjur'd Proteus:
Therefore be gone, ſolicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, ſtood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?
O, 'tis the curſe in love, and ſtill approv'd,[1]
When women cannot love where they're belov'd.

Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's belov'd.
Read over Julia's heart, thy firſt beſt love,
For whoſe dear ſake thou didſt then rend thy faith
Into a thouſand oaths; and all thoſe oaths
Deſcended into perjury, to love me.
Thou haſt no faith left now, unleſs thou hadſt two,
And that's far worſe than none; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love,
Who reſpects friend?

Sil. All men but Proteus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle ſpirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a ſoldier, at arms' end;
And love you 'gainſt the nature of love, force you.

Sil. O heaven!

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my deſire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill faſhion!

[1] —— *and ſtill* approv'd,] *Approv'd* is *felt, experienced.*
MALONE.

Pro. Valentine!

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love;[2]
(For ſuch is a friend now,) treacherous man!
Thou haſt beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have perſuaded me: Now I dare not ſay
I have one friend alive; thou would'ſt diſprove me.
Who ſhould be truſted now, when one's right hand[3]
Is perjur'd to the boſom? Proteus,
I am ſorry, I muſt never truſt thee more,
But count the world a ſtranger for thy ſake.
The private wound is deepeſt: [4] O time, moſt curſt!
'Mongſt all foes, that a friend ſhould be the worſt!

[2] ——that's *without faith or love*;] *That's* is perhaps here uſed, not for *who is*, but for *id eſt, that is to ſay*. Malone.

[3] *Who ſhould be truſted* now, *when one's right hand*—] The word *now* is wanting in the firſt folio. Steevens.

The ſecond folio, to complete the metre, reads:

" Who ſhall be truſted *now*, when one's right hand—."

The addition, like *all* thoſe made in that copy, appears to have been merely arbitrary; and the modern word [*own*, which was introduced by Sir Thomas Hanmer] is, in my opinion, more likely to have been the author's than the other. Malone.

What! " *all* at one fell ſwoop!" are they *all* arbitrary, when Mr. Malone has honoured ſo many of them with a place in his text? Being completely ſatisfied with the reading of the ſecond folio, I have followed it. Steevens.

[4] *The private wound* &c.] I have a little mended the meaſure. The old edition, and all but Sir Thomas Hanmer's read:

" *The private wound is deepeſt: O time moſt* accurs'd."

Johnson.

Deepeſt, higheſt, and other ſimilar words, were ſometimes uſed by the poets of Shakſpeare's age as monoſyllables.

So, in our poet's 133d Sonnet:

" But ſlave to ſlavery my *ſweeteſt* friend muſt be."

Malone.

Perhaps our author only wrote—" *ſweet*," which the tranſcriber, or printer, prolonged into the ſuperlative—" ſweet*eſt*."

Steevens.

Pro. My ſhame and guilt confounds me.—
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty ſorrow
Be a ſufficient ranſom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly ſuffer,
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honeſt:—
Who by repentance is not ſatisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for theſe are pleas'd;
By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd:—
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.[5]

Jul. O me, unhappy! [*Faints.*

[5] *All that was mine in* Silvia, *I give thee.*] It is (I think) very odd, to give up his miſtreſs thus at once, without any reaſon alledged. But our author probably followed the ſtories juſt as he found them in his novels as well as hiſtories. Pope.

This paſſage either hath been much ſophiſticated, or is one great proof that the main parts of this play did not proceed from Shakſpeare; for it is impoſſible he could make Valentine act and ſpeak ſo much out of character, or give to Silvia ſo unnatural a behaviour, as to take no notice of this ſtrange conceſſion, if it had been made. Hanmer.

Valentine, from ſeeing *Silvia* in the company of Proteus, might conceive ſhe had eſcaped with him from her father's court, for the purpoſes of love, though ſhe could not foreſee the violence which his villainy might offer, after he had ſeduced her under the pretence of an honeſt paſſion. If Valentine, however, be ſuppoſed to hear all that paſſed between them in this ſcene, I am afraid I have only to ſubſcribe to the opinions of my predeceſſors. Steevens.

——*I give thee,*] Transfer theſe two lines to the end of Thurio's ſpeech in page 305, and all is right. Why then ſhould Julia faint? It is only an artifice, ſeeing Silvia given up to Valentine, to diſcover herſelf to Proteus, by a pretended miſtake of the rings. One great fault of this play is the haſtening too abruptly, and without due preparation, to the denouëment, which ſhews that, if it be Shakſpeare's, (which I cannot doubt,) it was one of his very early performances. Blackstone.

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why wag! how now? what is the matter?
Look up; ſpeak.

Jul. O good ſir, my maſter charg'd me
To deliver a ring to madam Silvia;[6]
Which, out of my neglect was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it.
[*Gives a ring.*

Pro. How! let me ſee:[7]
Why this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. O, cry you mercy, ſir, I have miſtook;
This is the ring you ſent to Silvia.
[*Shows another ring.*

Pro. But, how cam'ſt thou by this ring? at my depart,
I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herſelf did give it me;
And Julia herſelf hath brought it hither.

Pro. How! Julia!

[6] *To* deliver *a ring to madam Silvia*;] Surely our author wrote—"*Deliver* a ring," &c. A verſe ſo rugged as that in the text muſt be one of thoſe corrupted by the players, or their tranſcriber. STEEVENS.

[7] Pro. *How! let me ſee:* &c.] I ſuſpect that this unmetrical paſſage ſhould be regulated as follows:

Pro. *How! let me ſee* it: *Why, this is the ring*
I gave to Julia.
Jul. *'Cry you mercy, ſir,*
I have miſtook: this is the ring you ſent
To Silvia.
Pro. *But how cam'ſt thou by this?*
At my depart, I gave this unto Julia. STEEVENS.

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,[8]
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
How oft haſt thou with perjury cleft the root?[9]
O Proteus, let this habit make thee bluſh!
Be thou aſham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodeſt rayment; if ſhame live[1]
In a diſguiſe of love:
It is the leſſer blot, modeſty finds,
Women to change their ſhapes, than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds! 'tis true: O heaven! were man
But conſtant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all ſins:
Inconſtancy falls off, ere it begins:
What is in Silvia's face, but I may ſpy
More freſh in Julia's with a conſtant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be bleſt to make this happy cloſe;
'Twere pity two ſuch friends ſhould be long foes.

Pro. Bear witneſs, heaven, I have my wiſh for ever.

[8] *Behold her that* gave aim *to all thy oaths,*] So, in *Titus Andronicus*, Act V. ſc. iii:

" But gentle people, *give* me *aim* a while."

Both theſe paſſages allude to the *aim-crier* in archery. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act III. ſc. ii: "—all my neighbours ſhall *cry aim*." See note, *ibid.* Steevens.

[9] *How oft haſt thou with perjury cleft the* root?] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*cleft the root* on't. Johnson.

——*cleft the* root?] i. e. of her heart. Malone.

An alluſion to *cleaving the pin* in archery. Steevens.

[1] ——*if* ſhame *live*—] That is, *if it be any ſhame to wear a diſguiſe for the purpoſes of love.* Johnson.

Jul. And I have mine.[2]

Enter Out-laws, *with* Duke *and* Thurio.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear, I ſay; it is my lord the duke.[3]
Your grace is welcome to a man diſgrac'd,
Baniſhed Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

Val. Thurio give back, or elſe embrace thy death;
Come not within the meaſure[4] of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Milan ſhall not behold thee.[5] Here ſhe ſtands,
Take but poſſeſſion of her with a touch;—
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.—

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;

[2] *And I* have *mine.*] The old copy reads—"And I mine."—I have inſerted the word *have,* which is neceſſary to metre, by the advice of Mr. Ritſon. Steevens.

[3] Forbear, *I ſay; it is my lord the duke.*] The old copy, without regard to metre, repeats the word *forbear,* which is here omitted. Steevens.

[4] ——*the meaſure*—] The length of my ſword, the reach of my anger. Johnson.

[5] Milan *ſhall not behold thee.*] All the editions—*Verona ſhall not behold thee.* But, whether through the miſtake of the firſt editors, or the poet's own careleſſneſs, this reading is abſurdly faulty. For the threat here is to Thurio, who is a Milaneſe; and has no concern, as it appears, with Verona. Beſides, the ſcene is between the confines of Milan and Mantua, to which Silvia follows Valentine, having heard that he had retreated thither. And, upon theſe circumſtances, I ventured to adjuſt the text, as I imagine the poet muſt have intended; i. e. Milan, *thy country, ſhall never ſee thee again: thou ſhalt never live to go back thither.* Theobald.

I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore ſhe is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and baſe art thou,
To make ſuch means for her as thou haſt done,[6]
And leave her on ſuch ſlight conditions.—
Now, by the honour of my anceſtry,
I do applaud thy ſpirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empreſs' love.[7]
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,[8]
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.—
Plead a new ſtate[9] in thy unrivall'd merit,
To which I thus ſubſcribe,—ſir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou haſt deſerv'd her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beſeech you, for your daughter's ſake,
To grant one boon that I ſhall aſk of you.

Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. Theſe baniſh'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endued with worthy qualities;
Forgive them what they have committed here,

[6] *To* make ſuch means *for her as thou haſt done,*] i. e. to make ſuch intereſt for, to take ſuch diſingenuous pains about her. So, in *King Richard III:*

"One that *made means* to come by what he hath."
STEEVENS.

[7] *And think thee* worthy of an empreſs' love.] This thought has already occurred in the fourth ſcene of the ſecond act:

"He is as *worthy for an empreſs' love.*" STEEVENS.

[8] —— *all former* griefs,] *Griefs* in old language frequently ſignified *grievances, wrongs.* MALONE.

[9] Plead *a new ſtate*—] Should not this begin a new ſentence? *Plead* is the ſame as *plead thou.* TYRWHITT.

I have followed Mr. Tyrwhitt's direction. STEEVENS.

And let them be recall'd from their exíle:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou haſt prevail'd: I pardon them, and thee;
Diſpoſe of them, as thou know'ſt their deſerts.
Come, let us go; we will include all jars [1]
With triumphs,[2] mirth, and rare ſolemnity.

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our diſcourſe to make your grace to ſmile:
What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he bluſhes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord; more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that ſaying?

Val. Pleaſe you, I'll tell you as we paſs along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned.—
Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance, but to hear
The ſtory of your loves diſcovered:
That done, our day of marriage ſhall be yours;
One feaſt, one houſe, one mutual happineſs.

[*Exeunt.*[3]

[1] ——include *all jars*—] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*conclude.* JOHNSON.

To *include* is to *ſhut up*, to *conclude*. So, in *Macbeth*:

" ——and *ſhut up*
" In meaſureleſs content."

Again, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. IV. ch. ix:

" And for to *ſhut up* all in friendly love." STEEVENS.

[2] *With* triumphs,] *Triumphs* in this and many other paſſages of Shakſpeare, ſignify Maſques and Revels, &c. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

" With ſtately *triumphs*, mirthful comic ſhows."

STEEVENS.

[3] In this play there is a ſtrange mixture of knowledge and

ignorance, of care and negligence. The verſification is often excellent, the alluſions are learned and juſt; but the author conveys his heroes by ſea from one inland town to another in the ſame country; he places the Emperor at Milan, and ſends his young men to attend him, but never mentions him more; he makes Proteus, after an interview with Silvia, ſay he has only ſeen her picture; and, if we may credit the old copies, he has, by miſtaking places, left his ſcenery inextricable. The reaſon of all this confuſion ſeems to be, that he took his ſtory from a novel, which he ſometimes followed, and ſometimes forſook, ſometimes remembered, and ſometimes forgot.

That this play is rightly attributed to Shakſpeare, I have little doubt. If it be taken from him, to whom ſhall it be given? This queſtion may be aſked of all the diſputed plays, except *Titus Andronicus*; and it will be found more credible, that Shakſpeare might ſometimes ſink below his higheſt flights, than that any other ſhould riſe up to his loweſt. JOHNSON.

Johnſon's general remarks on this play are juſt, except that part in which he arraigns the conduct of the poet, for making Proteus ſay, that he had only ſeen the picture of Silvia, when it appears that he had had a perſonal interview with her. This, however, is not a blunder of Shakſpeare's, but a miſtake of Johnſon's, who conſiders the paſſage alluded to in a more literal ſenſe than the author intended it. Sir Proteus, it is true, had ſeen Silvia for a few moments; but though he could form from thence ſome idea of her perſon, he was ſtill unacquainted with her temper, manners, and the qualities of her mind. He therefore conſiders himſelf as having ſeen her picture only.—The thought is juſt, and elegantly expreſſed.—So, in *The Scornful Lady*, the elder Loveleſs ſays to her:

" I was mad once when I loved *pictures*;
" For what are ſhape and colours elſe, but *pictures?*"

M. MASON.

Mr. Ritſon's reply to the objections of Mr. Tyrwhitt, was not only too long to appear in its proper place, but was communicated too late to follow the note on which it is founded. STEEVENS.

Pro. *O, how this ſpring of love* reſembleth, *&c.* pp. 201, 202, 203.

The learned and reſpectable writer of theſe obſervations is now unfortunately no more; but his opinions will not on that account have leſs influence with the readers of Shakſpeare: I am therefore ſtill at liberty to enforce the juſtice and propriety of my own ſentiments, which I truſt I ſhall be found to do with all poſſible delicacy and reſpect toward the memory and character of the truly ingenious gentleman from whom I have the misfortune to

differ. I humbly conceive that, upon more mature conſideration, Mr. Tyrwhitt would have admitted, that, if the propoſed method of printing the words in queſtion were once proved to be right, it would be of little conſequence whether the diſcovery had ever been "adopted before," or could "be followed in the pronunciation of them, without the help of an entire new ſyſtem of ſpelling:" which, in fact, is the very object I mean to contend for; or rather for *a* ſyſtem of ſpelling, as I am perfectly confident we have none at preſent, or at leaſt I have never been able to find it. We are not to regard the current or faſhionable orthography of the day, as the reſult of an enquiry into the ſubject by men of learning and genius; but rather as the mechanical or capricious efforts of writers and printers to expreſs by letters, according to their ear, the vulgar ſpeech of the country, juſt as travelers attempt that of Chickſaws or Cherokees, without the aſſiſtance of grammar, and utterly ignorant or regardleſs of conſiſtency, principle, or ſyſtem. This was the caſe in Caxton's time, when a word was ſpelled almoſt as many different ways as it contained letters, and is no otherwiſe at this day; and, perhaps, the prejudices of education and habit, even in minds ſufficiently expanded and vigorous on other ſubjects, will always prevent a reform, which it were to be wiſhed was neceſſary to objects of no higher importance. Whether what I call the *right method* of printing theſe words be "ſuch as was never adopted before by any mortal," or not, does not ſeem of much conſequence; for, reaſoning from principle and not precedent, I am by no means anxious to avail myſelf of the inconſiſtencies of an age in which even ſcholars were not always agreed in the orthography of their own name: a ſufficient number of inſtances will, however, occur in the courſe of this note to ſhew that the remark was not made with its author's uſual deliberation; which I am the rather diſpoſed to believe, from his conceiving that this method could not "be followed in pronunciation;" ſince were it univerſally adopted, pronunciation neither would nor poſſibly could be affected by it in any degree whatever. "Fanciful and unfounded" too as my "ſuppoſed canon" may be, I find it laid down in Ben Jonſon's *Grammar*, which expreſsly ſays that "the ſecond and third perſon ſingular of the preſent are made of the firſt by adding *eſt* and *eth*, which laſt is ſometimes ſhortened into *s*." And afterward, ſpeaking of the firſt conjugation, he tells us that "it fetcheth the time paſt from the preſent by adding *ed*." I ſhall have reaſon to think myſelf peculiarly unfortunate, if, after my hypotheſis is "allowed in its utmoſt extent," it will not prove what it was principally formed to do, *viz.* that Shakſpeare has not taken a liberty in extending certain words to ſuit the purpoſe of his metre. But, ſurely, if I prove that he has only given

thoſe words as they ought to be written, I prove the whole of my poſition, which ſhould ceaſe, of courſe, to be termed or conſidered an hypotheſis. A mathematical problem may, at firſt ſight, appear "fanciful and unfounded" to the ableſt mathematician, but his aſſent is enſured by its demonſtration. I may ſafely admit that the words in queſtion are "more frequently uſed" by our author's contemporaries, and by himſelf, "without the additional ſyllable;" as this will only ſhew that his contemporaries and himſelf have "more frequently" taken the liberty of ſhortening thoſe words, than written them at length. Such a word as *alarm'd*, for inſtance, is generally, perhaps conſtantly, uſed by poets as a diſſyllable; and yet, if we found it given with its full power *a-larm-ed*, we ſhould ſcarcely ſay that the writer had taken the liberty of lengthening it a ſyllable. Thus too the word *diamond* is uſually ſpoken as if two ſyllables, but it is certainly three, and is ſo properly given by Shakſpeare:

"Sir, I muſt have that *diamond* from you."

Hadſt is now a monoſyllable, but did our author therefore take a liberty in writing *Hadeſt*?

"Makes ill deeds done. *Hadeſt* thou not been by."

Not only this word, but *mayeſt*, *doeſt*, *doeth*, and the like are uniformly printed in the *bible* as diſſyllables. Does Butler, to ſerve his rhyme, ſtretch out the word *brethren* in the following paſſage?

"And fierce auxiliary men,
"That came to aid their *brethren*."

Or does he not rather give it, as he found it pronounced, and as it ought to be printed? The word *idly* is ſtill more to the purpoſe: It is at preſent a diſſyllable; what it was in Shakſpeare's time may appear from his *Comedy of Errors*, 1623:

"God helpe poore ſoules how *idlely* doe they talk:"

or, indeed, from any other paſſage in that or the next edition, being conſtantly printed as a triſyllable. So, again, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queene*, 1609, 1611:

"Both ſtaring fierce, and holding *idlely*."

And this orthography, which at once illuſtrates and ſupports my ſyſtem, appears in Shelton's *Don Quixote*, Sir T. Smith's *Commonwealth*, Goulart's *Hiſtories*, Holinſhed's *Chronicle*, and numberleſs other books; and conſequently proves that the word was not ſtretched out by Spenſer to ſuit the purpoſe of his metre, though I am aware that it is miſſpelled *idely* in the firſt edition, which is leſs correctly printed. But the true and eſtabliſhed ſpelling might have led Mr. Seward and Dr. Farmer to a better reading than *gentily*, in the following line of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"For when the weſt wind courts her *gently*."

Proved, I ſuppoſe, is rarely found a diſſyllable in poetry, if even pronounced as one in proſe; but, in the *Articles of Religion*, Oxford, 1728, it is ſpelled and divided after my own heart: "—whatſoever is not read therein, nor may be *prove-ed* thereby, &c." The words *obſervation* and *affection* are uſually pronounced, the one as conſiſting of three, the other of four ſyllables, but each of them is in reality a ſyllable longer, and is ſo properly given by our author:

"With *obſervation*, the which he vents:"
"Yet have I fierce *affections*, and think."

Examples, indeed, of this nature would be endleſs; I ſhall therefore content myſelf with producing one more, from the old ballad of *The Children in the Wood:*

"You that executors be made,
"And *overſeers* eke."

In this paſſage the word *overſeers* is evidently and properly uſed as a quadriſyllable; and, in one black letter copy of the ballad, is accurately printed as ſuch, *overſeeers*; which, if Shakſpeare's orthography ſhould ever be an editor's object, may ſerve as a guide for the regulation of the following line:

"That high *all-ſeer* that I dallied with."

Of the words quoted by Mr. Tyrwhitt, as inſtances of the liberty ſuppoſed to have been taken by Shakſpeare, thoſe which I admit to be properly a ſyllable ſhorter, certainly obtained the ſame pronunciation in the age of this author which he has annexed to them. Thus, *country*, *monſtrous*, *remembrance*, *aſſembly*, were not only pronounced, in his time, the two firſt as *three*, the other as *four* ſyllables, but are ſo ſtill; and the reaſon, to borrow Mr. Tyrwhitt's words, "muſt be obvious to every one who can pronounce the language." *Henry* was not only uſually pronounced, (as indeed it is at preſent,) but frequently written as a triſyllable; even in proſe. Thus, in Dr. Hutton's *Diſcourſe on the Antiquities of Oxford*, at the end of Hearne's *Textus Roſſenſis*: "*King Henery* the eights colledge." See, upon this ſubject, *Walliſii Grammatica*, p. 57. That Mr. Tyrwhitt ſhould have treated the words *angry*, *humbler*, *nobler*, uſed as triſyllables, among thoſe which could "receive no ſupport from the ſuppoſed canon," muſt have been owing to the obſcure or imperfect manner in which I attempted to explain it; as theſe are, unluckily, ſome of the identical inſtances which the canon, if a canon it muſt be, is purpoſely made to ſupport, or, rather, by which it is to be ſupported: an additional proof that Mr. Tyrwhitt, though he might think it proper to reprobate my doctrine as "fanciful and unfounded," did not give himſelf the trouble to underſtand it. This canon, in ſhort, is nothing but a moſt plain and ſimple rule of Engliſh grammar, which

has, in ſubſtance, at leaſt, been repeated over and over:—Every word, compounded upon the principles of the Engliſh or Saxon language, always preſerves its roots unchanged: a rule which, like all others, may be liable to exceptions, but I am aware of none at preſent. Thus *humbler* and *nobler*, for inſtance, are compoſed by the adjectives *humble*, *noble*, and *er*, the ſign of the comparative degree; *angry*, of the noun *anger*, and *y* the Saxon adjective termination ıȝ. In the uſe of all theſe, as triſyllables, Shakſpeare is moſt correct; and that he is no leſs ſo in *England*, which uſed to be pronounced as three ſyllables, and is ſo ſtill, indeed, by thoſe who do not acquire the pronunciation of their mother tongue from the books of purblind pedants, who want themſelves the inſtruction they pretend to give, will be evident from the etymology and diviſion of the word, the *criteria* or touchſtones of orthography. Now, let us divide *England* as we pleaſe, or as we can, we ſhall produce neither its roots nor its meaning; for what can one make of the *land* of the *Engs* or the *gland* of the *Ens?* but write it as it ought to be written, and divide it as it ought to be divided, *En-gle-land*, (indeed it will divide itſelf, for there is no other way,) and you will have the ſenſe and derivation of the word, as well as the origin of the nation, at firſt ſight; from the Saxon Ꞓnȝla landꝺa, the *land* or country of the *Engles* or *Angles*: juſt as *Scotland*, *Ireland*, *Finland*, *Lapland*, which neither ignorance nor pedantry has been able to corrupt, deſign the country of the *Scot*, the Ire, the *Fin*, and the *Lap*: and yet, in ſpite of all ſenſe and reaſon, about half the words in the language are in the ſame aukward and abſurd predicament, than which nothing can be more diſtorted and unnatural; as, I am confident it muſt have appeared to Mr. Tyrwhitt, had he voluntarily turned his attention that way, or actually attempted, what he haſtily thought would be very eaſy, to ſhew that this "ſuppoſed canon was quite fanciful and unfounded;" or, in ſhort, as it will appear to any perſon, who tries to ſubject the language to the rules of ſyllabication, or in plainer Engliſh to ſpell his words; a taſk which, however uſeful, and even neceſſary, no Dictionary-maker has ever dared to attempt, or, at leaſt, found it poſſible to execute. Indeed, the ſame kind of objection which Mr. Tyrwhitt has made to *my* ſyſtem, might be, and, no doubt, has, by ſuperficial readers, been frequently made to *his own*, of inſerting the final ſyllable in the genitives *Peneus's*, *Theſeus's*, *Venus's*, *ox's*, *aſs's*, *St. James's*, *Thomas's*, *Wallis's*, &c. and printing, as *he* has done, *Peneuſes*, *Theſeuſes*, *Venuſes*, *oxes*, *aſſes*, *St. Jameſes*, *Thomaſes*, *Walliſes*; an innovation neither leſs ſingular, nor more juſt, than the one I am contending for, in the conjugation, or uſe in compoſition, of *reſemble*, *wreſtle*, *whiſtle*, *tickle*, &c. But, as I am conſcious

that *I burn day-light*, ſo my readers are probably of opinion that *the game is not worth the candle:* I ſhall, therefore, take the hint; and, to ſhew how much or little one would have occaſion, in adopting my ſyſtem, to deviate from the orthography at preſent in uſe, I beg leave, in the few words I add, to introduce that which, as a conſiderable eaſy and laſting improvement, I wiſh to ſee eſtabliſhed. Tedious, then, as my note has become, and imperfect as I am obligeed to leave it, I flatter myſelf I have completely juſtifyed this divineeſt of authors from the il founded charge of racking his words, as the tyrant did his captives. I hope too I have, at the ſame time, made it appear that there is ſomething radically defective and erroneous in the vulgar methods of ſpeling, or rather miſpeling; which requires correction. A lexicographer of eminence and abilitys wil have it very much in his power to introduce a ſystematical reform, which, once eſtabliſhed, would remain unvaryed and invariable as long as the language endureed. This Dr. Johnſon might have had the honour of; but, learned and eloquent as he was, I muſt be permited to think that a profound knowlege of the etymology, principles, and formation of the language he undertook to explain, was not in the number of thoſe many excellencys for which he will be long and deſerveedly admireed. RITSON.

A

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.*

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.*

* A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.] This play was entered at Stationers' Hall, Oct. 8, 1600, by Thomas Fiſher. It is probable that the hint for it was received from Chaucer's *Knight's Tale.*

There is an old black letter pamphlet by W. Bettie, called *Titana and Theſeus,* entered at Stationers' Hall, in 1608; but Shakſpeare has taken no hints from it. *Titania* is alſo the name of the Queen of the Fairies in Decker's *Whore of Babylon,* 1607. STEEVENS.

The Midſummer-Night's Dream I ſuppoſe to have been written in 1592. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the Order of Shakſpeare's Plays,* Vol. II. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.[1]

Theſeus, *Duke of* Athens.
Egeus, *Father to* Hermia.
Lyſander, } *in love with* Hermia.
Demetrius, }
Philoſtrate, *Maſter of the Revels to* Theſeus.
Quince, *the Carpenter.*
Snug, *the Joiner.*
Bottom, *the Weaver.*
Flute, *the Bellows-mender.*
Snout, *the Tinker.*
Starveling, *the Tailor.*

Hippolyta, *Queen of the* Amazons, *betrothed to* Theſeus.
Hermia, *Daughter to* Egeus, *in love with* Lyſander.
Helena, *in love with* Demetrius.

Oberon, *King of the Fairies.*
Titania, *Queen of the Fairies.*
Puck, *or* Robin-goodfellow, *a Fairy.*
Peas-bloſſom, }
Cobweb, }
Moth, } *Fairies.*
Muſtard-ſeed, }
Pyramus, }
Thiſbe, }
Wall, } *Characters in the* Interlude *performed by the* Clowns.
Moonſhine, }
Lion, }

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.
Attendants on Theſeus *and* Hippolyta.

SCENE, Athens, *and a Wood not far from it.*

[1] The enumeration of perſons was firſt made by Mr. Rowe.
STEEVENS.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Athens. *A Room in the Palace of* Theſeus.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, *and Attendants.*

THE. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how ſlow
This old moon wanes! ſhe lingers my deſires,
Like to a ſtep-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.[2]

HIP. Four days will quickly ſteep themſelves in nights;[3]

[2] *Like to a ſtep-dame, or a dowager,*
Long withering out *a young man's revenue.*] The authenticity of this reading having been queſtioned by Dr. Warburton, I ſhall exemplify it from Chapman's tranſlation of the 4th Book of Homer:

"——there the goodly plant lies *withering out* his grace."
STEEVENS.

" ——— *Ut piget annus*
" *Pupillis, quos dura premit cuſtodia matrum,*
" *Sic mihi tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora.*" Hor.
MALONE.

[3] —— ſteep *themſelves in nights*;] So, in *Cymbeline*, Act V. ſc. iv:

" ——— neither deſerve,
" And yet are *ſteep'd* in favours." STEEVENS.

Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a ſilver bow
New bent[4] in heaven, ſhall behold the night
Of our ſolemnities.

The. Go, Philoſtrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble ſpirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp.—
[*Exit* Philostrate.
Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my ſword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.[5]

[4] New *bent*—] The old copies read—*Now* bent. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

[5] *With pomp, with* triumph, *and with revelling.*] By triumph, as Mr. Warton has obſerved in his late edition of Milton's *Poems*, p. 56, we are to underſtand *ſhows*, ſuch as maſks, revels, &c. So, again in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

" And now what reſts, but that we ſpend the time
" With ſtately *triumphs*, mirthful comick ſhows,
" Such as befit the pleaſures of the court?"

Again, in the preface to Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1624: " Now come tidings of weddings, maſkings, mummeries, entertainments, trophies, *triumphs*, revels, ſports, playes." Jonſon, as the ſame gentleman obſerves, in the title of his maſque called *Love's Triumph through Callipolis*, by *triumph* ſeems to have meant a grand proceſſion; and in one of the ſtage-directions, it is ſaid, " the triumph is ſeen far off." Malone.

Thus alſo, (and more ſatisfactorily,) in the *Duke of Anjou's Entertainment at Antwerp*, 1581: " Yet notwithſtanding, their triumphes [thoſe of the Romans] have ſo borne the bell above all the reſt, that the word *triumphing*, which commeth thereof, *hath beene applied to all high, great, and ſtatelie dooings.*"
Steevens.

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, *and* DEMETRIUS.

EGE. Happy be Theſeus, our renowned duke![6]

THE. Thanks, good Egeus: What's the news with thee?

EGE. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Againſt my child, my daughter Hermia.—
Stand forth, Demetrius;—My noble lord,
This man hath my conſent to marry her:—
Stand forth, Lyſander;—and, my gracious duke,
This hath bewitch'd[7] the boſom of my child:

[6] ——*our renowned* duke!] Thus, in Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*:

"Whilom as olde ſtories tellen us,
"There was a *Duk* that highte Theſeus,
"Of Athenes he was lord and governour," &c.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 861.

Lidgate too, the monk of Bury, in his tranſlation of the *Tragedies of John Bochas*, calls him by the ſame title, ch. xii. l. 21:

"*Duke* Theſeus had the victorye."

Creon, in the tragedy of *Jocaſta*, tranſlated from *Euripides* in 1566, is called *Duke Creon*.

So likewiſe Skelton:

"Not like *Duke* Hamilcar,
"Nor like *Duke* Aſdruball."

Stanyhurſt, in his Tranſlation of Virgil, calls Æneas, *Duke* Æneas; and in Heywood's *Iron Age*, Part II. 1632, Ajax is ſtyled *Duke* Ajax, Palamedes, *Duke* Palamedes, and Neſtor, *Duke* Neſtor, &c.

Our verſion of the Bible exhibits a ſimilar miſapplication of a modern title; for in Daniel iii. 2, Nebuchadonozar, King of Babylon, ſends out a ſummons to the *Sheriffs* of his provinces.

STEEVENS.

See alſo the 1ſt Book of *The Chronicles*, ch. i. v. 51, & ſeqq. a liſt of the *Dukes* of Edom. HARRIS.

[7] *This* hath *bewitch'd*—] The old copies read—This *man* hath bewitch'd—. The emendation was made for the ſake of the metre, by the editor of the ſecond folio. It is very probable that the compoſitor caught the word *man* from the line above. MALONE.

Thou, thou, Lyſander, thou haſt given her rhymes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou haſt by moon-light at her window ſung,
With feigning voice, verſes of feigning love;
And ſtol'n the impreſſion of her fantaſy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds,[8] conceits,
Knacks, trifles, noſegays, ſweet-meats; meſſengers
Of ſtrong prevailment in unharden'd youth:
With cunning haſt thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To ſtubborn harſhneſs:—And, my gracious duke,
Be it ſo ſhe will not here before your grace
Conſent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;
As ſhe is mine, I may diſpoſe of her:
Which ſhall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death; according to our law,[9]
Immediately provided in that caſe.[1]

[8] ——*gawds,*] i. e. baubles, toys, trifles. Our author has the word frequently. See *King John,* Act III. ſc. v.

Again, in *Appius and Virginia,* 1576:

" When gain is no grandſier,
" And *gaudes* not ſet by," &c.

Again, in Drayton's *Mooncalf:*

" ——— and in her lap
" A ſort of paper puppets, *gauds* and toys."

The Rev. Mr. Lambe, in his notes on the ancient metrical hiſtory of *The Battle of Flodden,* obſerves that a *gawd* is *a child's toy,* and that the children in the North call their play-things *gowdys,* and their baby-houſe a *gowdy-houſe.* STEEVENS.

[9] *Or to her death; according to our law,*] By a law of Solon's, parents had an abſolute power of life and death over their children. So it ſuited the poet's purpoſe well enough, to ſuppoſe the Athenians had it before.—Or perhaps he neither thought nor knew any thing of the matter. WARBURTON.

[1] *Immediately provided in that caſe.*] Shakſpeare is grievouſly ſuſpected of having been placed, while a boy, in an attorney's office. The line before us has an undoubted ſmack of legal common-place. Poetry diſclaims it. STEEVENS.

The. What ſay you, Hermia? be adviſ'd, fair maid:
To you your father ſhould be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.[2]
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lyſander.

The. In himſelf he is:
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other muſt be held the worthier.

Her. I would, my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes muſt with his judgement look.

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold;
Nor how it may concern my modeſty.
In ſuch a preſence here, to plead my thoughts:
But I beſeech your grace that I may know
The worſt that may befal me in this caſe,
If I refuſe to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death,[3] or to abjure
For ever the ſociety of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, queſtion your deſires,
Know of your youth,[4] examine well your blood,

[2] *To* leave *the figure, or* disfigure *it.*] The ſenſe is, *you owe to your father a being which he may at pleaſure continue or deſtroy.* JOHNSON.

[3] ——*to die the death,*] So, in the ſecond part of *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon,* 1601:

" We will, my liege, elſe let us *die the death.*"

See notes on *Meaſure for Meaſure,* Act II. ſc. iv. STEEVENS.

[4] *Know of your youth,*] Bring your youth to the queſtion. Conſider your youth. JOHNSON.

Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye[5] to be in ſhady cloiſter mew'd,
To live a barren ſiſter all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitleſs moon.
Thrice bleſſed they, that maſter ſo their blood,
To undergo ſuch maiden pilgrimage:
But earthlier happy is the roſe diſtill'd,[6]
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in ſingle bleſſedneſs.

Her. So will I grow, ſo live, ſo die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordſhip, whoſe unwiſhed yoke[7]
My ſoul conſents not to give ſovereignty.

[5] *For* aye—] i. e. for *ever*. So, in *K. Edward II.* by Marlowe, 1622:

"And fit for *aye* enthronized in heaven." Steevens.

[6] *But* earthlier *happy is the roſe* diſtill'd,] Thus all the copies: yet *earthlier* is ſo harſh a word, and *earthlier happy*, for *happier earthly*, a mode of ſpeech ſo unuſual, that I wonder none of the editors have propoſed *earlier happy*. Johnson.

It has ſince been obſerved, that Mr. Pope did propoſe *earlier*. We might read—*earthly happy*.

—— *the* roſe diſtill'd,] So, in Lyly's *Midas*, 1592: "—You bee all young and faire, endeavour to bee wiſe and vertuous; that when, like *roſes*, you ſhall fall from the ſtalke, you may be gathered, and put to the *ſtill*."

This image, however, muſt have been generally obvious, as in Shakſpeare's time the diſtillation of roſe water was a common proceſs in all families. Steevens.

This is a thought in which Shakſpeare ſeems to have much delighted. We meet with it more than once in his Sonnets. See 5th, 6th, and 54th Sonnet. Malone.

[7] —— *whoſe unwiſhed yoke*—] Thus both the quartos 1600, and the folio 1623. The ſecond folio reads—

——— to *whoſe unwiſhed yoke*—. Steevens.

Dele *to*, and for *unwiſh'd* r. *unwiſhed*.—Though I have been in general extremely careful not to admit into my text any of

The. Take time to pauſe: and, by the next new moon,
(The ſealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlaſting bond of fellowſhip,)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For diſobedience to your father's will;
Or elſe, to wed Demetrius, as he would:
Or on Diana's altar to proteſt,
For aye, auſterity and ſingle life.

Dem. Relent, ſweet Hermia;—And, Lyſander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.[8]

the innovations made by the editor of the ſecond folio, from ignorance of our poet's language or metre, my caution was here over-watched; and I printed the above lines as exhibited by that and all the ſubſequent editors, of which the reader was apprized in a note. The old copies ſhould have been adhered to, in which they appear thus:

Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordſhip, whoſe unwiſhed yoke
My ſoul conſents not to give ſovereignty.

i. e. to give ſovereignty *to*. See various inſtances of this kind of phraſeology in a note on *Cymbeline*, ſcene the laſt. The change was certainly made by the editor of the ſecond folio, from his ignorance of Shakſpeare's phraſeology. Malone.

I have adopted the preſent elliptical reading, becauſe it not only renders the line ſmoother, but ſerves to exclude the diſguſting recurrence of the prepoſition—*to*; and yet if the authority of the firſt folio had not been ſupported by the quartos, &c. I ſhould have preferred the more regular phraſeology of the folio 1632. Steevens.

[8] *You have her father's love, Demetrius;*
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.] I ſuſpect that Shakſpeare wrote:
Let me have Hermia; do you marry him. Tyrwhitt.

Ege. Scornful Lyſander! true, he hath my love;
And what is mine my love ſhall render him;
And ſhe is mine; and all my right of her
I do eſtate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well poſſeſs'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all theſe boaſts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia:
Why ſhould not I then proſecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her ſoul; and ſhe ſweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this ſpotted [9] and inconſtant man.

The. I muſt confeſs, that I have heard ſo much,
And with Demetrius thought to have ſpoke thereof;
But, being over-full of ſelf-affairs,
My mind did loſe it.—But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you ſhall go with me,
I have ſome private ſchooling for you both.—
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourſelf
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or elſe the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate,)
To death, or to a vow of ſingle life.—
Come, my Hippolyta; What cheer, my love?—
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
I muſt employ you in ſome buſineſs

So, in *King Lear*:
" Let pride which ſhe calls plainneſs marry her."
STEEVENS.

[9] ——*ſpotted*—] As *ſpotleſs* is innocent, ſo *ſpotted* is wicked.
JOHNSON.

Againſt our nuptial; and confer with you
Of ſomething nearly that concerns yourſelves.

Ege. With duty, and deſire we follow you.

[*Exeunt* Thes. Hip. Ege. Dem. *and train.*

Lys. How now, my love? Why is your cheek ſo pale?
How chance the roſes there do fade ſo faſt?

Her. Belike, for want of rain; which I could well
Beteem them[1] from the tempeſt of mine eyes.

Lys. Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or hiſtory,
The courſe of true love[2] never did run ſmooth:
But, either it was different in blood;

Her. O croſs! too high to be enthrall'd to low![3]

[1] Beteem *them*—] Give them, beſtow upon them. The word is uſed by Spenſer. Johnson.

" So would I, ſaid th' enchanter, glad and fain
" *Beteem* to you his ſword, you to defend." *Fairy Queen.*

Again, in *The Caſe is Altered. How? Aſk Dalio and Milo,* 1605:

" I could *beteeme* her a better match."

But I rather think that to *beteem,* in this place, ſignifies (as in the northern counties) to *pour out*; from *tommer,* Daniſh. Steevens.

[2] *The courſe of true love*—] This paſſage ſeems to have been imitated by Milton. *Paradiſe Loſt,* B. X.—896. & ſeqq. Malone.

[3] —— *too high to be enthrall'd to* low!] *Love*—poſſeſſes all the editions, but carries no juſt meaning in it. Nor was Hermia diſpleas'd at being in love; but regrets the inconveniences that generally attend the paſſion; either, the parties are diſproportioned, in degree of blood and quality; or unequal, in reſpect of years; or brought together by the appointment of friends, and not by their own choice. Theſe are the complaints repreſented by Lyſander; and Hermia, to anſwer to the firſt, as ſhe has done to the other two, muſt neceſſarily ſay:

O croſs! too high to be enthrall'd to low!

Lys. Or elſe miſgraffed, in reſpect of years;
Her. O ſpite! too old to be engag'd to young!
Lys. Or elſe it ſtood upon the choice of friends:
Her. O hell! to chooſe love by another's eye!
Lys. Or, if there were a ſympathy in choice,
War, death, or ſickneſs did lay ſiege to it;
Making it momentany as a ſound,[4]
Swift as a ſhadow, ſhort as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,[5]
That, in a ſpleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to ſay,—Behold!
The jaws of darkneſs do devour it up:[6]

So the antitheſis is kept up in the terms; and ſo ſhe is made to condole the diſproportion of blood and quality in lovers.

THEOBALD.

The emendation is fully ſupported, not only by the tenour of the preceding lines, but by a paſſage in our author's *Venus and Adonis*, in which the former predicts that the courſe of love never ſhall run ſmooth:

" Sorrow on love hereafter ſhall attend,
" Ne'er ſettled equally, *too high*, or *low*," &c.

MALONE.

[4] —— momentany *as a ſound*,] Thus the quartos. The firſt folio reads—*momentary*. *Momentany* (ſays Dr. Johnſon) is the old and proper word. STEEVENS.

" —— that ſhort *momentany* rage,"—is an expreſſion of Dryden. HENLEY.

[5] *Brief as the lightning in the* collied *night*,] *Collied*, i. e. black, ſmutted with coal, a word ſtill uſed in the midland counties. So, in Ben Jonſon's *Poetaſter*:

" —— Thou haſt not *collied* thy face enough."

STEEVENS.

[6] *That, in a* ſpleen, *unfolds both heaven and earth,*
And ere a man hath power to ſay,—Behold!
The jaws of darkneſs do devour it up:] Though the word *ſpleen* be here employed oddly enough, yet I believe it right. Shak peare, always hurried on by the grandeur and multitude of his ideas, aſſumes every now and then, an uncommon licence in the uſe of his words. Particularly in complex moral modes

So quick bright things come to confuſion.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever croſs'd,
It ſtands as an edict in deſtiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Becauſe it is a cuſtomary croſs;
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and ſighs,
Wiſhes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.[7]

Lys. A good perſuaſion; therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and ſhe hath no child:
From Athens is her houſe remote ſeven leagues;[8]
And ſhe reſpects me as her only ſon.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the ſharp Athenian law
Cannot purſue us: If thou lov'ſt me then,
Steal forth thy father's houſe to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do obſervance to a morn of May,
There will I ſtay for thee.

it is uſual with him to employ one, only to expreſs a very few *ideas* of that number of which it is compoſed. Thus wanting here to expreſs the ideas—of a ſudden, or—*in a trice*, he uſes the word *ſpleen*; which, partially conſidered, ſignifying a haſty ſudden fit, is enough for him, and he never troubles himſelf about the further or fuller ſignification of the word. Here, he uſes the word *ſpleen* for a *ſudden haſty fit*; ſo juſt the contrary, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, he uſes *ſudden* for *ſplenetic*: "*ſudden quips*." And it muſt be owned this ſort of converſation adds a force to the diction. WARBURTON.

[7] —— fancy's *followers*.] *Fancy* is *love*. So afterwards in this play:

"Fair Helena in *fancy* following me." STEEVENS.

[8] *From Athens is her houſe* remote *ſeven leagues*;] *Remote* is the reading of both the quartos; the folio has—*remov'd*. STEEVENS.

Her. My good Lyſander!
I ſwear to thee, by Cupid's ſtrongeſt bow;
By his beſt arrow with the golden head;[9]
By the ſimplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knitteth ſouls, and proſpers loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,[1]
When the falſe Trojan under ſail was ſeen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women ſpoke;—
In that ſame place thou haſt appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promiſe, love: Look, here comes Helena.

Enter Helena.

Her. God ſpeed fair Helena! Whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unſay.
Demetrius loves your fair:[2] O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-ſtars;[3] and your tongue's ſweet air

[9] ——*his beſt* arrow *with the* golden *head*;] So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book II:

" ——*arrowes* two, and tipt with *gold* or lead:
" Some hurt, accuſe a third with horny head."

Steevens.

[1] ——*by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,*] Shakſpeare had forgot that Theſeus performed his exploits before the Trojan war, and conſequently long before the death of Dido.

Steevens.

[2] *Demetrius loves your* fair:] *Fair* is uſed again as a ſubſtantive in *The Comedy of Errors*, Act III. ſc. iv:

" ——My decayed *fair*,
" A ſunny look of his would ſoon repair."

Again, in *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

" But what foul hand hath arm'd Matilda's *fair*?"

Again, in *A Looking-Glaſs for London and England*, 1598:

" And fold in me the riches of thy *fair*."

More tuneable than lark to ſhepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickneſs is catching; O, were favour ſo![4]
Your's would I catch,[5] fair Hermia, ere I go;

Again, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

"Then tell me, love, ſhall I have all thy *fair?*"

Again, in Greene's *Never too late*, 1616: "Though ſhe were falſe to Menelaus, yet her *fair* made him brook her follies."

Again:

"Flora in tawny hid up all her flowers,
"And would not diaper the meads with *fair.*"

STEEVENS.

[3] *Your eyes are lode-ſtars;*] This was a compliment not unfrequent among the old poets. The-lode ſtar is the *leading* or guiding ſtar, that is, the pole-ſtar. The magnet is, for the ſame reaſon, called the *lode-ſtone*, either becauſe it leads iron, or becauſe it guides the ſailor. Milton has the ſame thought in *L'Allegro*:

"Towers and battlements it ſees
"Boſom'd high in tufted trees,
"Where perhaps ſome beauty lies,
"The *cynoſure* of neighb'ring eyes."

Davies calls Queen Elizabeth:

"*Lode-ſtone* to hearts, and *lode-ſtone* to all eyes."

JOHNSON.

So, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*:

"Led by the *loadſtar* of her heavenly looks."

Again, in *The Battle of Alcazar*, 1594:

"The *loadſtar* and the honour of our line." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*O, were* favour *ſo!*] *Favour* is *feature, countenance.* So, in *Twelfth-Night*, Act II. ſc. iv:

"——————thine eye
"Hath ſtay'd upon ſome *favour* that it loves."

STEEVENS.

[5] *Yours* would *I catch,*] This emendation is taken from the Oxford edition. The old reading is—*Your words I catch.*

JOHNSON.

Mr. Malone reads—"Your *words I'd* catch." STEEVENS.

The emendation [*I'd* catch] was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. Sir T. Hanmer reads—"Yours *would* I catch;" in which he has been followed by the ſubſequent editors. As the old reading (*words*) is intelligible, I have adhered to the ancient copies. MALONE.

My ear ſhould catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue ſhould catch your tongue's ſweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The reſt I'll give to be to you tranſlated.[6]
O, teach me how you look; and with what art
You ſway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me ſtill.

Hel. O, that your frowns would teach my ſmiles ſuch ſkill!

Her. I give him curſes, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O, that my prayers could ſuch affection move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.[7]

Hel. None, but your beauty; 'Would that fault were mine![8]

Her. Take comfort; he no more ſhall ſee my face;
Lyſander and myſelf will fly this place.—

I have deſerted the old copies, only becauſe I am unable to diſcover how Helena, by catching the words of Hermia, could alſo catch her *favour*, i. e. her beauty. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *to be to you* tranſlated.] To *tranſlate*, in our author, ſometimes ſignifies to *change*, to *transform*. So, in *Timon*:

" —— to preſent ſlaves and ſervants
" *Tranſlates* his rivals." STEEVENS.

[7] *His folly, Helena, is* no fault *of mine.*] The folio, and the quarto printed by Roberts, read:

His folly, Helena, is none *of mine.* JOHNSON.

[8] *None, but your beauty; 'Would that fault were mine!*] I would point this line thus:

None.—But your beauty;—'Would that fault were mine!

HENDERSON.

Before the time I did Lyſander ſee,[9]
Seem'd Athens as a paradiſe to me:
O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto hell!

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow-night when Phœbe doth behold
Her ſilver viſage in the wat'ry glaſs,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed graſs,
(A time that lovers' flights doth ſtill conceal,)
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to ſteal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primroſe-beds [1] were wont to lie,
Emptying our boſoms of their counſel ſweet:[2]
There my Lyſander and myſelf ſhall meet:

[9] *Take comfort; he no more ſhall ſee my face;*
Lyſander and myſelf will fly this place.—
Before the time I did Lyſander ſee,] Perhaps every reader may not diſcover the propriety of theſe lines. Hermia is willing to comfort Helena, and to avoid all appearance of triumph over her. She therefore bids her not to conſider the power of pleaſing, as an advantage to be much envied or much deſired, ſince Hermia, whom ſhe conſiders as poſſeſſing it in the ſupreme degree, has found no other effect of it than the loſs of happineſs.
JOHNSON.

[1] —— faint *primroſe-beds*—] Whether the epithet *faint* has reference to the colour or ſmell of primroſes, let the reader determine. STEEVENS.

[2] *Emptying our boſoms of their counſel* ſweet;] That is, emptying our boſoms of thoſe ſecrets upon which we were wont to conſult each other with ſo ſweet a ſatisfaction. HEATH.

Emptying our boſoms of their counſel ſwell'd;
There my Lyſander and myſelf ſhall meet:
And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
To ſeek new friends, and ſtrange companions.] This whole ſcene is ſtrictly in rhyme; and that it deviates in theſe two couplets, I am perſuaded, is owing to the ignorance of the firſt, and the inaccuracy of the later editors. I have therefore ventured to reſtore the rhymes, as I make no doubt but the poet firſt gave them. *Sweet* was eaſily corrupted into *ſwell'd*, becauſe that

And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
To ſeek new friends and ſtranger companies.
Farewell, ſweet playfellow; pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!—

made an *antitheſis* to *emptying*: and *ſtrange companions* our editors thought was plain Engliſh; but *ſtranger companies*, a little quaint and unintelligible. Our author very often uſes the *ſubſtantive*, ſtranger, *adjectively*; and *companies* to ſignify *companions*: as in *Richard II.* Act I:

"*To tread the* ſtranger *paths of baniſhment.*"

And in *Henry V:*

"*His* companies *unletter'd, rude and ſhallow.*"

THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton retains the old reading, and perhaps juſtifiably; for a *boſom ſwell'd with ſecrets* does not appear as an expreſſion unlikely to have been uſed by our author, who ſpeaks of a *ſtuff'd boſom* in *Macbeth*.

In Lyly's *Midas*, 1592, is a ſomewhat ſimilar expreſſion: "I am one of thoſe whoſe tongues are *ſwell'd with ſilence.*" Again, in our author's *King Richard II*:

"——— the unſeen grief
"That *ſwells* in ſilence in the tortur'd ſoul."

"*Of* counſels ſwell'd" may mean—ſwell'd *with* counſels.

Of and *with*, in other ancient writers have the ſame ſignification. See alſo, *Macbeth*—Note on—

"*Of* Kernes and Gallow-glaſſes was ſupplied."

i. e. *with* them.

In the ſcenes of *King Richard II.* there is likewiſe a mixture of rhyme and blank verſe. Mr. Tyrwhitt, however, concurs with Theobald.

Though I have thus far defended the old reading, in deference to the opinion of other criticks I have given Theobald's conjectures a place in the text. STEEVENS.

I think, *ſweet*, the reading propoſed by Theobald, is right.

The latter of Mr. Theobald's emendations is likewiſe ſupported by Stowe's *Annales*, p. 291, edit. 1615: "The prince himſelf was faine to get upon the high altar, to girt his aforeſaid *companies* with the order of knighthood." Mr. Heath obſerves, that our author ſeems to have had the following paſſage in the 55th Pſalm, (v. 14, 15,) in his thoughts: "But it was even thou, my companion, my guide, and mine own familiar friend. We took *ſweet counſel* together, and walked in the houſe of God as friends." MALONE.

Keep word, Lyſander: we muſt ſtarve our ſight
From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.[3]
[*Exit* HERM.

LYS. I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you!
[*Exit* LYS.

HEL. How happy ſome, o'er other ſome can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as ſhe.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not ſo;
He will not know what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things baſe and vile, holding no quantity,[4]
Love can tranſpoſe to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath love's mind of any judgement taſte;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haſte:
And therefore is love ſaid to be a child,
Becauſe in choice he is ſo oft beguil'd.
As waggiſh boys in game[5] themſelves forſwear,
So the boy love is perjur'd every where:

[3] —— *when Phœbe doth behold,* &c.

—— *deep midnight.*] Shakſpeare has a little forgotten himſelf. It appears from p. 318, that to-morrow night would be within three nights of the new moon, when there is no moonſhine at all, much leſs at deep midnight. The ſame overſight occurs in Act III. ſc. i. BLACKSTONE.

[4] —— *holding no* quantity,] *Quality* ſeems a word more ſuitable to the ſenſe than quantity, but either may ſerve.
JOHNSON.

Quantity is our author's word. So, in *Hamlet*, Act III. ſc. ii:
"And women's fear and love *hold quantity*."
STEEVENS.

[5] —— *in* game—] *Game* here ſignifies not contentious play, but *ſport, jeſt*. So Spenſer:
"—— 'twixt earneſt, and 'twixt *game*." JOHNSON.

For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,[6]
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;
And when this hail[7] ſome heat from Hermia felt,
So he diſſolv'd, and ſhowers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Purſue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expence:[8]
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his ſight thither, and back again. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Room in a Cottage.

Enter SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, QUINCE, *and* STARVELING.[9]

QUIN. Is all our company here?

[6] —— *Hermia's* eyne,] This plural is common both in Chaucer and Spenſer. So, in Chaucer's *Character of the Prioreſſe*, Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 152:

" —— hir *eyen* grey as glaſs."

Again, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. I. c. iv. ſt. 9:

" While flaſhing beams do dare his feeble *eyen*."

STEEVENS.

[7] —— this *hail*—] Thus all the editions, except the 4to. 1600, printed by Roberts, which reads inſtead of *this hail*, his *hail*. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *it is a* dear expence:] i. e. it will *coſt him much*, (be a ſevere conſtraint on his feelings,) to make even ſo ſlight a return for my communication. STEEVENS.

[9] In this ſcene Shakſpeare takes advantage of his knowledge of the theatre, to ridicule the prejudices and competitions of the players. Bottom, who is generally acknowledged the principal actor, declares his inclination to be for a tyrant, for a part of fury, tumult, and noiſe, ſuch as every young man pants to per-

Bot. You were beſt to call them generally, man by man, according to the ſcrip.[1]

Quin. Here is the ſcroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and ducheſs, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. Firſt, good Peter Quince, ſay what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and ſo grow to a point.[2]

form when he firſt ſteps upon the ſtage. The ſame Bottom, who ſeems bred in a tiring-room, has another hiſtrionical paſſion. He is for engroſſing every part, and would exclude his inferiors from all poſſibility of diſtinction. He is therefore deſirous to play Pyramus, Thiſbe, and the Lion, at the ſame time.

JOHNSON.

[1] ——*the* ſcrip.] A *ſcrip*, Fr. *eſcript*, now written *ecrit*. So, Chaucer, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, l. 2. 1130:

" *Scripe* nor bil."

Again, in Heywood's, *If you know not me you know Nobody*, 1606, P. II:

" I'll take thy own word without *ſcrip* or ſcroll."

Holinſhed likewiſe uſes the word. STEEVENS.

[2] ——grow *to a point.*] Dr. Warburton reads—*go on*; but *grow* is uſed, in alluſion to his name, Quince. JOHNSON.

To *grow* to a point, I believe, has no reference to the name of *Quince*. I meet with the ſame kind of expreſſion in *Wily Beguiled:*

" As yet we are *grown* to no concluſion."

Again, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

" Our reaſons will be infinite, I trow,
" Unleſs *unto ſome other point we grow.*" STEEVENS.

And ſo grow to a point.] The ſenſe, in my opinion, hath been hitherto miſtaken; and inſtead of a *point*, a ſubſtantive, I would read *appoint* a verb, that is, *appoint* what part each actor is to perform, which is the real caſe. Quince firſt tells them the name of the play, then calls the actors by their names, and after that, tells each of them what part is ſet down for him to act.

Perhaps, however, only the particle *a* may be inſerted by the printer, and Shakſpeare wrote to *point*, i. e. to appoint. The

Quin. Marry, our play is—The moſt lamentable comedy,[3] and moſt cruel death of Pyramus and Thiſby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I aſſure you, and a merry.[4]—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the ſcroll: Maſters, ſpread yourſelves.[5]

Quin. Anſwer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready: Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are ſet down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himſelf moſt gallantly for love.

word occurs in that ſenſe in a poem by N. B. 1614, called *I would and I would not,* ſtanza iii:

"To *point* the captains every one their fight."

WARNER.

[3] —— *The moſt lamentable comedy,* &c.] This is very probably a burleſque on the *title page* of *Cambyſes*: "A lamentable Tragedie, mixed full of pleaſant Mirth, containing, *The Life of Cambiſes King of Percia,*" &c. By Thomas Preſton, bl. l. no date.

On the regiſters of the Stationers' company, however, appears "the boke of *Perymus and Theſbye,*" 1562. Perhaps Shakſpeare copied ſome part of his interlude from it. STEEVENS.

A poem entitled *Pyramus and Thiſbe,* By D. Gale, was publiſhed in 4to. in 1597; but this, I believe, was poſterior to the *Midſummer-Night's Dream.* MALONE.

[4] *A very* good *piece of work, and a* merry.] This is deſigned as a ridicule on the titles of our ancient moralities and interludes. Thus Skelton's *Magnificence* is called "a goodly interlude and a mery." STEEVENS.

[5] —— ſpread *yourſelves.*] i. e ſtand ſeparately, not in a group, but ſo that you may be diſtinctly ſeen, and called over.

STEEVENS.

Bot. That will aſk ſome tears in the true performing of it: If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move ſtorms, I will condole in ſome meaſure.[6] To the reſt:—Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in,[7] to make all ſplit.[8]

" The raging rocks,
" With ſhivering ſhocks,[9]
" Shall break the locks

[6] ——*I will* condole *in ſome meaſure.*] When we uſe this verb at preſent, we put *with* before the perſon for whoſe misfortune we profeſs concern. Anciently it ſeems to have been employed without it. So, in *A Pennyworth of good Counſell*, an ancient ballad:

" Thus to the wall
" I may *condole.*"

Again, in *Three Merry Coblers*, another old ſong:

" Poor weather beaten ſoles,
" Whoſe caſe the body *condoles.*" STEEVENS.

[7] *I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a* cat *in,*] In the old comedy of *The Roaring Girl*, 1611, there is a character called *Tear-cat*, who ſays: " I am called, by thoſe who have ſeen my valour, *Tear-cat.*" In an anonymous piece called *Hiſtriomaſtix*, or *The Player Whipt*, 1610, in ſix acts, a parcel of ſoldiers drag a company of players on the ſtage, and the captain ſays: " Sirrah, this is you that would rend and *tear a cat* upon a ſtage," &c. Again, in *The Iſle of Gulls*, a comedy by J. Day, 1606: " I had rather hear two ſuch jeſts, than a whole play of ſuch *Tear-cat* thunderclaps." STEEVENS.

[8] —— *to* make all ſplit.] This is to be connected with the previous part of the ſpeech; not with the ſubſequent rhymes. It was the deſcription of a bully. In the ſecond act of *The Scornful Lady*, we meet with " two *roaring boys* of Rome, that *made all ſplit.*" FARMER.

I meet with the ſame expreſſion in *The Widows Tears*, by Chapman, 1612: " Her wit I muſt employ upon this buſineſs to prepare my next encounter, but in ſuch a faſhion as ſhall *make all ſplit.*" MALONE.

[9] With *ſhivering ſhocks,*] The old copy reads—" *And* ſhivering," &c. The emendation is Dr. Farmer's. STEEVENS.

" Of priſon-gates:
" And Phibbus' car
" Shall ſhine from far,
" And make and mar
" The fooliſh fates."

This was lofty!—Now name the reſt of the players.—This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.[1]

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You muſt take Thiſby on you.

Flu. What is Thiſby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus muſt love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one; you ſhall play it in a maſk, and you may ſpeak as ſmall as you will.[2]

[1] —— *the* bellows-mender.] In Ben Jonſon's *Maſque of Pan's Anniverſary*, &c. a man of the ſame profeſſion is introduced. I have been told that a *bellows-mender* was one who had the care of *organs*, *regals*, &c. STEEVENS.

[2] —— *as ſmall* &c.] This paſſage ſhows how the want of women on the old ſtage was ſupplied. If they had not a young man who could perform the part with a face that might paſs for feminine, the character was acted in a maſk, which was at that time a part of a lady's dreſs ſo much in uſe, that it did not give any unuſual appearance to the ſcene: and he that could modulate his voice in a female tone, might play the woman very ſucceſsfully. It is obſerved in Downes's *Roſcius Anglicanus*, that Kynaſton, one of theſe counterfeit heroines, moved the paſſions more ſtrongly than the women that have ſince been brought upon the ſtage. Some of the cataſtrophes of the old comedies, which makes lovers marry the wrong women, are, by recollection of the common uſe of maſks, brought nearer to probability. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon here ſeems to have quoted from memory. Downes does not ſpeak of Kynaſton's performance in ſuch unqualified

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thiſby too: I'll ſpeak in a monſtrous little voice;—*Thiſne, Thiſne,—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thiſby dear! and lady dear!*

Quin. No, no; you muſt play Pyramus, and, Flute, you Thiſby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you muſt play Thiſby's mother.[3]—Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father; myſelf, Thiſby's father;—Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part:—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am ſlow of ſtudy.[4]

terms. His words are—"It has ſince been diſputable among the judicious, whether any women that ſucceeded him, (Kynaſton,) ſo ſenſibly touched the audience as he." Reed.

Prynne, in his *Hiſtriomaſtix*, exclaims with great vehemence through ſeveral pages, becauſe a woman acted a part in a play at Blackfryars in the year 1628. Steevens.

[3] ——*you muſt play Thiſby's mother.*] There ſeems a double forgetfulneſs of our poet, in relation to the characters of this interlude. The father and mother of Thiſby, and the father of Pyramus, are here mentioned, who do not appear at all in the interlude; but Wall and Moonſhine are both employed in it, of whom there is not the leaſt notice taken here. Theobald.

Theobald is wrong as to this laſt particular. The introduction of *Wall* and *Moonſhine* was an after-thought. See Act III. ſc. i. It may be obſerved, however, that no part of what is rehearſed is afterwards repeated, when the piece is acted before Theſeus. Steevens.

[4] ——*ſlow of* ſtudy.], *Study* is ſtill the cant term uſed in a

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke ſay, *Let him roar again, Let him roar again.*

Quin. An you ſhould do it too terribly, you would fright the ducheſs and the ladies, that they would ſhriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's ſon.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you ſhould fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more diſcretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice ſo, that I will roar you as gently as any ſucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.[5]

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus is a ſweet-faced man; a proper man, as one ſhall ſee in a ſummer's day; a moſt lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you muſt needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I beſt to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will diſcharge it in either your ſtraw-coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain-beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.[6]

theatre for getting any nonſenſe by rote. Hamlet aſks the player if he can "*ſtudy*" a ſpeech." STEEVENS.

[5] —— an *'twere any nightingale.*] *An* means *as if.* So, in *Troilus and Creſſida:* — "He will weep you, *an* 'twere a man born in April." STEEVENS.

[6] —— *your perfect yellow.*] Here Bottom again diſcovers a

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.[7]—But, maſters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, requeſt you, and deſire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light; there will we rehearſe: for if we meet in the city, we ſhall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties,[8] ſuch as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearſe more obſcenely, and courageouſly. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

true genius for the ſtage by his ſolicitude for propriety of dreſs, and his deliberation which beard to chooſe among many beards, all unnatural. Johnson.

So, in the old comedy of *Ram-Alley*, 1611:

" What *colour'd beard* comes next by the window?
" A black man's, I think;
" I think, a *red*: for that is moſt in faſhion."

This cuſtom of wearing coloured beards, the reader will find more amply explained in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act IV. ſc. ii. Steevens.

[7] ——*French crowns* &c.] That is, a head from which the hair has fallen in one of the laſt ſtages of the *lues venerea*, called the *corona veneris*. To this our poet has too frequent alluſions. Steevens.

[8] ——*properties*,] *Properties* are whatever little articles are wanted in a play for the actors, according to their reſpective parts, dreſſes and ſcenes excepted. The perſon who delivers them out is to this day called the *property-man*. In *The Baſſingbourne Roll*, 1511, we find "garnements and *propyrts*." See Warton's Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, Vol. III. p. 326.

Again, in *Albumazar*, 1615:

" Furbo, our beards,
" Black patches for our eyes, and other *properties*."

Again, in *Weſtward-Hoe*, 1607:

" I'll go make ready my ruſtical *properties*." Steevens.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.
Bot. Enough; Hold, or cut bow-ſtrings.[9]
[*Exeunt.*

[9] *At the duke's oak we meet.*

—— *Hold, or cut* bow-ſtrings.] This proverbial phraſe came originally from the camp. When a rendezvous was appointed, the militia ſoldiers would frequently make excuſe for not keeping word, that their *bow-ſtrings* were *broke*, i. e. their arms unſerviceable. Hence when one would give another abſolute aſſurance of meeting him, he would ſay proverbially—*hold or* cut *bow-ſtrings*— i. e. whether the bow-ſtrings held or broke. For *cut* is uſed as a neuter, like the verb *fret*. As when we ſay, the *ſtring frets*, the *ſilk frets*, for the paſſive, *it is cut* or *fretted*.
WARBURTON.

This interpretation is very ingenious, but ſomewhat diſputable. The excuſe made by the militia ſoldiers is a mere ſuppoſition, without proof; and it is well known that while *bows* were in uſe, no archer ever entered the field without a ſupply of *ſtrings* in his pocket; whence originated the proverb, *to have two ſtrings to one's bow*. In *The Country Girl*, a comedy by T. B. 1647, is the following threat to a fidler:

" ——————— fiddler, ſtrike;
" I'll ſtrike you, elſe, and *cut your begging bowſtrings*."

Again, in *The Ball*, by Chapman and Shirley, 1639:

" ——— have you devices to jeer the reſt?
" *Luc.* All the regiment of 'em, or I'll *break my bowſtrings*."

The *bowſtrings* in both theſe inſtances may only mean the *ſtrings* which make part of the *bow* with which muſical inſtruments of ſeveral kinds are ſtruck. The propriety of the alluſion I cannot ſatisfactorily explain. Let the curious reader, however, conſult Aſcham's *Toxophilus*, edit. 1589, p. 38. b.
STEEVENS.

To meet, *whether bow-ſtrings hold or are cut*, is to meet in all events. To cut the bowſtring, when bows were in uſe, was probably a common practice of thoſe who bore enmity to the archer. " He hath twice or thrice *cut* Cupid's *bowſtring*, (ſays Don Pedro in *Much Ado about Nothing*,) and the little hangman dare not ſhoot at him." MALONE.

Hold, or cut cod piece point, is a proverb to be found in Ray's *Collection*, p. 57, edit. 1737. COLLINS.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Wood near Athens.

Enter a Fairy *at one door, and* PUCK *at another.*

PUCK. How now, ſpirit! whither wander you?
FAI. Over hill, over dale,[1]
Thorough buſh, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moones ſphere;[2]
And I ſerve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:[3]

[1] *Over hill, over dale,* &c.] So Drayton, in his *Nymphidia,* or *Court of Fairy:*

" Thorough brake, thorough brier,
" Thorough muck, thorough mire,
" Thorough water, thorough fire." JOHNSON.

[2] —— *the* moones *ſphere*;] Unleſs we ſuppoſe this to be the Saxon genitive caſe, (as it is here printed,) the metre will be defective. So, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen,* B. III. c. i. ſt. 15:

" And eke through feare as white as *whales* bone."

Again, in a letter from Gabriel Harvey to Spenſer, 1580: " Have we not *God hys wrath,* for God*des* wrath, and a thouſand of the ſame ſtampe, wherein the corrupte orthography in the moſt, hath been the ſole or principal cauſe of corrupte proſodye in over-many?"

The following paſſage, however, in the 3d Book of Sidney's *Arcadia,* may ſuggeſt a different reading:

" ——— what mov'd me to invite
" Your preſence, (ſiſter deare,) firſt to my *moony ſphere?*"
STEEVENS.

[3] *To dew her* orbs *upon the green:*] The *orbs* here mentioned are circles ſuppoſed to be made by the fairies on the ground,

The cowſlips tall her penſioners be;[4]
In their gold coats ſpots you ſee;[5]
Thoſe be rubies, fairy favours,
In thoſe freckles live their ſavours:

whoſe verdure proceeds from the fairies' care to water them. Thus, Drayton:

" They in their courſes make that *round*,
" In meadows and in marſhes found,
" Of them ſo called the fairy ground." JOHNSON.

Thus, in *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus*: " —ſimiles illis ſpectris, quæ in multis locis, præſertim nocturno tempore, ſuum *ſaltatorium orbem* cum omnium muſarum concentu verſare ſolent." It appears from the ſame author, that theſe dancers always parched up the graſs, and therefore it is properly made the office of the fairy to refreſh it. STEEVENS.

[4] *The* cowſlips *tall her* penſioners *be*;] The *cowſlip* was a favourite among the fairies. There is a hint in Drayton of their attention to May morning:

" —— For the queen a fitting tower,
" Quoth he, is that fair *cowſlip flower*.——
" In all your train there's not a fay
" That ever went to *gather May*,
" But ſhe hath made it in her way,
" The *talleſt* there that groweth." JOHNSON.

This was ſaid in conſequence of Queen Elizabeth's faſhionable eſtabliſhment of a band of military courtiers, by the name of *penſioners*. They were ſome of the handſomeſt and *talleſt* young men, of the beſt families and fortune, that could be found. Hence, ſays, Mrs. Quickly, in *The Merry Wives*, Act II. ſc. ii: " —and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, *penſioners*." They gave the mode in dreſs and diverſions.—They accompanied the Queen in her progreſs to Cambridge, where they held ſtaff-torches at a play on a Sunday evening, in King's College Chapel. T. WARTON.

[5] *In their gold coats* ſpots *you ſee*;] Shakſpeare, in *Cymbeline*, refers to the ſame red ſpots:

" *A mole cinque-ſpotted, like the crimſon* drops
" *I' th' bottom of a cowſlip*." PERCY.

Perhaps there is likewiſe ſome alluſion to the habit of a *penſioner*. See a note on the ſecond Act of the *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, ſc. ii. STEEVENS.

I muſt go ſeek ſome dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowſlip's ear.[6]
Farewell, thou lob of ſpirits,[7] I'll be gone;
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night;
Take heed, the queen come not within his ſight.
For Oberon is paſſing fell and wrath,
Becauſe that ſhe, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, ſtol'n from an Indian king;
She never had ſo ſweet a changeling:[8]

[6] *And hang a pearl in every cowſlip's ear.*] The ſame thought occurs in an old comedy call'd *The Wiſdom of Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600; i. e. the ſame year in which the firſt printed copies of this play made their appearance. An enchanter ſays:

" 'Twas I that led you through the painted meads
" Where the light fairies danc'd upon the flowers,
" *Hanging on every leaf an orient pearl.*" Steevens.

[7] —— lob *of ſpirits,*] *Lob, lubber, looby, lobcock,* all denote both inactivity of body and dulneſs of mind. Johnson.

Both *lob* and *lobcock* are uſed as terms of contempt in *The Rival Friends,* 1632.

Again, in the interlude of *Jacob and Eſau,* 1568:

" Should find Eſau ſuch a lout or a *lob.*"

Again, in the ſecond book of Homer, as tranſlated by Arthur Hall, 1581:

" —— yet fewe he led, bycauſe he was a *lobbe.*"

Again, in *The Knight of the Burning Peſtle,* by Beaumont and Fletcher: " There is a pretty tale of a witch that had the devil's mark about her, that had a giant to her ſon, that was called *Lob-lye-by-the-fire.*" This being ſeems to be of kin to the *lubber-fiend* of Milton, as Mr. Warton has remarked in his *Obſervations on the Fairy Queen.* Steevens.

[8] —— *changeling:*] *Changeling* is commonly uſed for the child ſuppoſed to be left by the fairies, but here for a child taken away. Johnson.

So, Spenſer, B. I. c. x:

" And her baſe elfin brood there for thee left,
" Such men do *changelings* call, ſo call'd by fairy theft."
Steevens.

And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the foreſts wild:[9]
But ſhe, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or ſpangled ſtar-light ſheen,[1]
But they do ſquare;[2] that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

It is *here* properly uſed, and in its *common acceptation*; that is, for a *child got in exchange*. A fairy is now ſpeaking.
RITSON.

[9] ——trace *the foreſts wild*:] This verb is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in Browne's *Britannia's Paſtorals*, B. II. Song II. 1613:
" In ſhepherd's habit ſeene
" To *trace* our woods."
Again, in Milton's *Comus*, v. 423:
" May *trace* huge foreſts, and unharbour'd heaths."
HOLT WHITE.

[1] ——*ſheen*,] Shining, bright, gay. JOHNSON.

So, in *Tancred and Giſmund*, 1592:
" ——— but why
" Doth Phœbus' ſiſter, *ſheen* deſpiſe thy power?"
Again, in the ancient romance of *Syr Tryamoure*, bl. l. no date:
" He kyſſed and toke his leave of the quene,
" And of other ladies bright and *ſhene*." STEEVENS.

[2] *But they do* ſquare;] To *ſquare* here is to quarrel. The French word *contrecarrer* has the ſame import. JOHNSON.

So, in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601:
" ——— let me not ſeem rude,
" That thus I ſeem to *ſquare* with modeſty."
" —— pray let me go, for he'll begin to *ſquare*," &c.
Again, in *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:
" Marry, ſhe knew you and I were at *ſquare*,
" And leſt we fell to blowes, ſhe did prepare."
STEEVENS.

It is ſomewhat whimſical, that the glaſiers uſe the words *square* and *quarrel* as ſynonymous terms for a pane of glaſs.
BLACKSTONE.

Fai. Either I miſtake your ſhape and making quite,
Or elſe you are that ſhrewd and knaviſh ſprite,
Call'd Robin Good-fellow:[3] are you not he,
That fright[4] the maidens of the villagery;
Skim milk; and ſometimes labour in the quern,
And bootleſs make the breathleſs houſewife churn;[5]

[3] —— *Robin Good-fellow*;] This account of Robin Good-fellow correſponds, in every article, with that given of him in Harſenet's *Declaration*, ch. xx. p. 134: "And if that the bowle of curds and creame were not duly ſet out for Robin Good-fellow, the frier, and Siſſe the dairy-maid, why then either the pottage was burnt to next day in the pot, or the cheeſes would not curdle, or the butter would not come, or the ale in the fat never would have good head. But if a Peeter-penny, or an houſle-egge were behind, or a patch of tythe unpaid,—then 'ware of bull-beggars, ſpirits," &c. He is mentioned by Cartwright [*Ordinary*, Act III. ſc. i.] as a ſpirit particularly fond of diſconcerting and diſturbing domeſtic peace and œconomy.
T. Warton.

Reginald Scot gives the ſame account of this frolickſome ſpirit, in his *Diſcoverie of Witchcraft*, Lond. 1584, 4to. p. 66: "Your grandames' maids were wont to ſet a bowl of milk for him, for his pains in grinding malt and muſtard, and ſweeping the houſe at midnight—this white bread and bread and milk, was his ſtanding fee." Steevens.

[4] *That* fright—] The old copies read—*frights*; and in grammatical propriety, I believe, this verb, as well as thoſe that follow, ſhould agree with the perſonal pronoun *he*, rather than with *you*. If ſo, our author ought to have written—*frights, ſkims, labours, makes*, and *miſleads*. The other, however, being the more common uſage, and that which he has preferred, I have corrected the former word. Malone.

[5] *Skim milk; and ſometimes labour in the quern,*
And bootleſs make the breathleſs houſewife churn;] The ſenſe of theſe lines is confuſed. *Are not you he*, (ſays the fairy,) *that fright the country girls, that ſkim milk, work in the hand-mill, and make the tired dairy-woman churn without effect?* The mention of the mill ſeems out of place, for ſhe is not now telling the good, but the evil that he does. I would regulate the lines thus:

And ſometime make the drink to bear no barm ;[6]
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm ?
Thoſe that Hobgoblin call you, and ſweet Puck,[7]
You do their work, and they ſhall have good luck :

And ſometimes make the breathleſs houſewife churn
Skim milk, and bootleſs labour in the quern.

Or, by a ſimple tranſpoſition of the lines :

And bootleſs make the breathleſs houſewife churn
Skim milk, and ſometimes labour in the quern.

Yet there is no neceſſity of alteration. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon thinks the mention of the *mill* out of place, as the Fairy is not now telling the good, but the evil he does. The obſervation will apply, with equal force, to his *ſkimming the milk*, which, if it were done at a proper time, and the cream preſerved, would be a piece of ſervice. But we muſt underſtand both to be miſchievous pranks. He ſkims the milk, when it ought not to be ſkimmed :—
(So, in *Grim the Collier of Croydon :*

" But woe betide the ſilly dairy-maids,
" For I ſhall fleet their cream-bowls night by night.")

and grinds the corn, when it is not wanted ; at the ſame time perhaps throwing the flour about the houſe. RITSON.

A *Quern* is a hand-mill, kuerna, *mola*. Iſlandic. So, in Chaucer's *Monkes Tale :*

" Wheras they made him at the *querne* grinde."

Again, in *Stanyhurſt's* tranſlation of the firſt book of *Virgil*, 1582, *quern*-ſtones are mill-ſtones :

" Theyre corne in *quern-ſtoans* they do grind," &c.

Again, in *The More the Merrier*, a collection of epigrams, 1608 :

" Which like a *querne* can grind more in an hour."

Again, in the old Song of *Robin Goodfellow*, printed in the 3d volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry :*

" I grind at *mill*,
" Their malt up ſtill," &c. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *no* barm ;] *Barme* is a name for *yeaſt*, yet uſed in our midland counties, and univerſally in Ireland. So, in *Mother Bombie*, a comedy, 1594 : " It behoveth my wits to work like *barme*, alias yeaſt." Again, in *The Humorous Lieutenant* of Beaumont and Fletcher :

" I think my brains will work yet without *barm*."

STEEVENS.

[7] *Thoſe that Hobgoblin call you, and ſweet Puck,*
You do their work,] To thoſe traditionary opinions Milton has reference in *L'Allegro :*

Are not you he?

" Then to the ſpicy nut-brown ale,
" With ſtories told of many a feat,
" How fairy Mab the junkets eat;
" She was pinch'd and pull'd, ſhe ſaid,
" And he by frier's lanthorn led;
" Tells how the drudging goblin ſweat
" To earn his cream-bowl duly ſet,
" When in one night, ere glimpſe of morn,
" His ſhadowy flail hath threſh'd the corn
" That ten day-labourers could not end;
" Then lies him down the *lubber* fiend."

A like account of Puck is given by Drayton, in his *Nymphidia:*

" He meeteth Puck, which moſt men call
" Hobgoblin, and on him doth fall.——
" This Puck ſeems but a dreaming dolt,
" Still walking like a ragged colt,
" And oft out of a buſh doth bolt,
" Of purpoſe to deceive us;
" And leading us makes us to ſtray,
" Long winter's nights out of the way,
" And when we ſtick in mire and clay,
" He doth with laughter leave us."

It will be apparent to him that ſhall compare Drayton's poem with this play, that either one of the poets copied the other, or, as I rather believe, that there was then ſome ſyſtem of the fairy empire generally received, which they both repreſented as accurately as they could. Whether Drayton or Shakſpeare wrote firſt, I cannot diſcover. JOHNSON.

Gervaſe of Tilbury, ſpeaking of the *Portunus*, a ſpecies of dæmon, ſays:—" Cum inter ambiguas noctis tenebras Angli ſolitarii equitant, Portunus nonnunquam inviſus equitanti ſe copulat, et cum diutius comitatur euntem, tandem loris arreptis equum in lutum ad manum ducit, in quo dum infixus volutatur, *Portunus* exiens *cachinnum facit*, & ſic hujuſcemodi ludibrio humanam ſimplicitatem deridet." See alſo Mr. Tyrwhitt on v. 6441, of the *Cant. Tales* of Chaucer.

The ſame learned editor ſuppoſes Drayton to have been the follower of Shakſpeare; for, ſays he, " *Don Quixote* (which was not publiſhed till 1605) is cited in the *Nymphidia*, whereas we have an edition of *A Midſummer-Night's Dream* in 1600."

In this century ſome of our poets have been as little ſcrupulous

Puck. Thou ſpeak'ſt aright;[8]
I am that merry wanderer of the night.

in adopting the ideas of their predeceſſors. In Gay's ballad, inſerted in *The What d'ye call it*, is the following ſtanza:

" How can they ſay that nature
" Has nothing made in vain;
" Why then beneath the water
" Should hideous rocks remain?" &c. &c.

Compare this with a paſſage in Chaucer's *Frankeleines Tale*, Tyrwhitt's edit. v. i. 11,179, &c.

" In idel, as men ſain, ye nothing make,
" But, lord, thiſe griſly fendly rockes blake," &c. &c.

And Mr. Pope is more indebted to the ſame author for beauties inſerted in his *Eloiſa to Abelard*, than he has been willing to acknowledge. STEEVENS.

If Drayton wrote *The Nymphidia* after *A Midſummer-Night's Dream* had been acted, he could with very little propriety ſay:

" Then ſince no muſe hath been ſo bold,
" Or of the *later* or the ould,
" Thoſe elviſh ſecrets to unfold
" Which lye from others reading;
" My active muſe to light ſhall bring
" The court of that proud fayry king,
" And tell there of the revelling;
" Jove proſper my proceeding." HOLT WHITE.

Don Quixote, though publiſhed in Spain in 1605, was probably little known in England till Skelton's tranſlation appeared in 1612. Drayton's poem was, I have no doubt, ſubſequent to that year. The earlieſt edition of it that I have ſeen, was printed in 1619. MALONE.

——*ſweet* Puck,] The epithet is by no means ſuperfluous; as *Puck* alone was far from being an endearing appellation. It ſignified nothing better than *fiend*, or *devil*. So, the author of *Pierce Ploughman* puts *the pouk* for *the devil*, fol. lxxxx. B. V. penult. See alſo, fol. lxvii. v. 15: " *none helle* powke."

It ſeems to have been an old Gothic word. *Puke, puken*; Sathanas, *Gudm. And. Lexicon Iſland.* TYRWHITT.

In *The Bugbears*, an ancient MS. comedy in the poſſeſſion of the Marquis of Lanſdowne, I likewiſe met with this appellation of a fiend:

" *Puckes, puckerels*, hob howlard, by gorn and Robin Goodfelow."

I jeſt to Oberon, and make him ſmile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horſe beguile,
Neighing in likeneſs of a filly foal:
And ſometime lurk I in a goſſip's bowl,
In very likeneſs of a roaſted crab;[9]
And, when ſhe drinks, againſt her lips I bob,

Again, in *The Scourge of Venus, or the wanton Lady, with the rare Birth of Adonis,* 1615:

" Their bed doth ſhake and quaver as they lie,
" As if it groan'd to bear the weight of ſinne;
" The fatal night-crowes at their windowes flee,
" And cry out at the ſhame they do live in:
" And that they may perceive the heavens frown,
" The *poukes* and goblins pul the coverings down."

Again, in Spenſer's *Epithalamion,* 1595:

" Ne let houſe-fyres, nor lightning's helpeleſſe harms,
" Ne let the *pouke,* nor other evil ſpright,
" Ne let miſchievous witches with their charmes
" Ne let hobgoblins," &c.

Again, in the ninth Book of Golding's tranſlation of Ovid's *Metamorphoſes,* edit. 1587, p. 126:

" —— and the countrie where Chymæra, that ſame *pooke,*
" Hath goatiſh bodie," &c. STEEVENS.

[8] Puck. *Thou ſpeak'ſt aright;*] I would fill up the verſe which I ſuppoſe the author left complete:

I am, thou ſpeak'ſt aright;

It ſeems that in the fairy mythology, Puck, or Hobgoblin, was the truſty ſervant of Oberon, and always employed to watch or detect the intrigues of Queen Mab, called by Shakſpeare, Titania. For in Drayton's *Nymphidia,* the ſame fairies are engaged in the ſame buſineſs. Mab has an amour with Pigwiggen: Oberon being jealous, ſends Hobgoblin to catch them, and one of Mab's nymphs oppoſes him by a ſpell. JOHNSON.

[9] —— *a roaſted* crab;] i. e. a wild apple of that name. So, in the anonymous play of *King Henry V.* &c.

" Yet we will have in ſtore a *crab* in the fire,
" With nut-brown ale," &c.

Again, in *Damon and Pythias,* 1582:

" And ſit down in my chaire by my wife fair Aliſon,
" And turne a *crabbe* in the fire," &c.

And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
The wiſeſt aunt,[1] telling the ſaddeſt tale,
Sometime for three-foot ſtool miſtaketh me;
Then ſlip I from her bum, down topples ſhe,
And *tailor* cries,[2] and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe;[3]
And waxen[4] in their mirth, and neeze, and ſwear
A merrier hour was never waſted there.—

In *Summer's Laſt Will and Teſtament*, 1600, *Chriſtmas* is deſcribed as—

" ——ſitting in a corner, turning *crabs*,
" Or coughing o'er a warmed pot of ale." STEEVENS.

[1] *The wiſeſt* aunt,] *Aunt* is ſometimes uſed for *procureſs*. In Gaſcoigne's *Glaſs of Government*, 1575, the *bawd* Pandarina is always called *aunt*. "Theſe are *aunts* of Antwerp, which can make twenty marriages in one week for their kinſwoman." See *Winter's Tale*, Act IV. ſc. i. Among Ray's proverbial phraſes is the following: "She is one of mine *aunts* that made mine uncle to go a begging." The *wiſeſt aunt* may therefore mean the moſt *ſentimental bawd*, or, perhaps, the moſt *proſaic old woman*. STEEVENS.

The firſt of theſe conjectures is much too wanton and injurious to the word *aunt*, which in this place at leaſt certainly means no other than an *innocent old woman*. RITSON.

[2] *And* tailor *cries*,] The cuſtom of crying *tailor* at a ſudden fall backwards, I think I remember to have obſerved. He that ſlips beſide his chair, falls as a tailor ſquats upon his board. The Oxford editor, and Dr. Warburton after him, read—*and rails or cries*, plauſibly, but I believe not rightly. Beſides, the trick of the fairy is repreſented as producing rather merriment than anger. JOHNSON.

This phraſe perhaps originated in a pun. *Your* tail *is now on the ground*. See Camden's *Remaines*, 1614, PROVERBS. "Between two ſtools the *tayle* goeth to the ground." MALONE.

[3] ——*hold their hips, and loffe*;] So, in Milton's *L'Allegro*:
" And laughter holding both his ſides." STEEVENS.

[4] *And* waxen—] And *encreaſe*, as the *moon waxes*. JOHNSON.

A feeble ſenſe may be extracted from the foregoing words as

But room, Faery,[5] here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my miſtreſs:—'Would that he were gone!

they ſtand; but Dr. Farmer obſerves to me that *waxen* is probably corrupted from *yoxen*, or *yexen*. *Yoxe* Saxon, *to hiccup*. Yyxyn. *Singultio*. Prompt. Parv.

Thus in Chaucer's *Reve's Tale*, v. 4149:

"He *yoxeth*, and he ſpeaketh thurgh the noſe."

Again, in the preface to *XII. mery Jeſtes of the Wyddow Edyth*, 1575:

"Beſide the cough, a bloudy flyx,
"And cuir among a deadly *yex*."

Again, in Philemon Holland's tranſlation of the 27th Book of Pliny, chap v: "—and alſo they do ſtay the exceſſive *yex* or hocket."

That *yex*, however, was a familiar word ſo late as the time of Ainſworth the lexicographer, is clear from his having produced it as a tranſlation of the Latin ſubſtantive—*ſingultus*.

The meaning of the paſſage before us will then be, that the objects of Puck's waggery laughed till their laughter ended in a *yex* or *hiccup*.

It ſhould be remembered, in ſupport of this conjecture, that Puck is at preſent ſpeaking with an affectation of ancient phraſeology. STEEVENS.

[5] *But room, Faery,*] Thus the old copies. Some of our modern editors read—"But *make* room, Fairy." The word Fairy, or Faery, was ſometimes of three ſyllables, as often in Spenſer. JOHNSON.

SCENE II.

Enter OBERON,[6] *at one door, with his train, and* TITANIA,[7] *at another, with hers.*

OBE. Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.

TITA. What, jealous Oberon? Fairy, ſkip hence;
I have forſworn his bed and company.

OBE. Tarry, raſh wanton; Am not I thy lord?

TITA. Then I muſt be thy lady: But I know
When thou haſt ſtol'n away from fairy land,
And in the ſhape of Corin ſat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn,[8] and verſing love[9]

[6] *Enter* Oberon,] *Oberon* had been introduced on the ſtage in 1594, by ſome other author. In the Stationers' books is entered "The Scottiſhe Story of James the Fourthe, ſlain at Flodden, intermixed with a pleaſant Comedie preſented by *Oberon, King of Fairies.*" The judicious editor of *The Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, in his *Introductory Diſcourſe*, (See Vol. IV. p. 161,) obſerves that *Pluto* and *Proſerpina* in *The Merchant's Tale*, appear to have been "the true progenitors of *Oberon* and *Titania*." STEEVENS.

[7] *Titania,*] As to the *Fairy Queen*, (ſays Mr. Warton, in his *Obſervations on Spenſer*,) conſidered apart from the race of fairies, Chaucer, in his *Rime of Sir Thopas*, mentions her, together with a Fairy land. Again, in *The Wif of Bathes Tale*, v. 6439:

"In olde dayes of the king Artour,
"Of which that Bretons ſpeken gret honour;
"All was this lond fulfilled of faerie;
"The *Elf-quene*, with hire joly compagnie
"Danced ful oft in many a grene mede:
"This was the old opinion as I rede." STEEVENS.

[8] *Playing on* pipes of corn,] Richard Brathwaite (*Strappado for the Devil*, 1615,) has a poem addreſſed "To the queen of harveſt, &c. much honoured by the reed, *corn-pipe*, and whiſtle:" and it muſt be remembered, that the ſhepherd boys of Chaucer's time, had—

To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night[1]
From Perigenia, whom he ravished?[2]

" ——many a floite and litling horne,
" And *pipés made of greené corne.*" RITSON.

[9] ——versing *love*—] Perhaps Prior was the last who employed this verb:

" And Mat mote praise what Topaz *verseth.*"

STEEVENS.

[1] *Didst thou not lead him through the* glimmering night—] The *glimmering night* is the night *faintly illuminated* by stars. In *Macbeth* our author says:

" The west yet *glimmers* with some streaks of day."

STEEVENS.

[2] *From* Perigenia, *whom he ravished?*] Thus all the editors, but our author who diligently perused Plutarch, and gleaned from him, where his subject would admit, knew, from the life of *Theseus*, that her name was Perygine, (or Perigune,) by whom Theseus had his son Melanippus. She was the daughter of Sinnis, a cruel robber, and tormenter of passengers in the Isthmus. Plutarch and Athenæus are both express in the circumstance of Theseus ravishing her. THEOBALD.

In North's translation of Plutarch (Life of Theseus) this lady is called *Perigouna*. The alteration was probably intentional, for the sake of harmony. Her real name was *Perigune*.

MALONE.

Æglé, Ariadne, and Antiopa, were all at different times mistresses to Theseus. See Plutarch.

Theobald cannot be blamed for his emendation; and yet it is well known that our ancient authors, as well as the French and

And make him with fair Æglé break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

Tita. Theſe are the forgeries of jealouſy:
And never, ſince the middle ſummer's ſpring,[3]
Met we on hill, in dale, foreſt, or mead,
By paved fountain,[4] or by ruſhy brook,

the Italians, were not ſcrupulouſly nice about proper names, but almoſt always corrupted them. STEEVENS.

[3] *And never, ſince the* middle ſummer's ſpring, &c.] By the *middle ſummer's ſpring*, our author ſeems to mean the *beginning* of *middle* or *mid* ſummer. *Spring*, for *beginning*, he uſes again in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

" As flaws congealed in the *ſpring* of day:"

which expreſſion has authority from the ſcripture, St. Luke, i, 78: " —— whereby the day-*ſpring* from on high hath viſited us."

Again, in the romance of *Kyng Appolyn of Thyre*, 1510:

" —— aroſe in a mornynge at the *ſprynge of the day*," &c.

Again, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. III. c. x:

" He wooed her till day-*ſpring* he eſpyde." STEEVENS.

So Holinſhed, p. 494: "—the morrowe after about the *ſpring* of the daie—." MALONE.

The middle ſummer's ſpring, is, I apprehend, the ſeaſon when trees put forth their *ſecond*, or, as they are frequently called, their *midſummer ſhoots*. Thus, Evelyn in his *Silva*: " Cut off all the ſide boughs, and eſpecially at midſummer, if you ſpy them *breaking* out." And again, " Where the rows and bruſh lie longer than *midſummer*, unbound, or made up, you endanger the loſs of the *ſecond ſpring*." HENLEY.

[4] *Paved fountain*,] A fountain laid round the edge with ſtone. JOHNSON.

Perhaps *paved* at the bottom. So, Lord Bacon in his *Eſſay on Gardens*: " As for the other kind of *fountaine*, which we may call a bathing-poole, it may admit much curioſity and beauty .... As that the bottom be finely *paved* .... the *ſides* likewiſe," &c. STEEVENS.

The epithet ſeems here intended to mean no more than that the beds of theſe fountains were covered with pebbles, in oppoſition to thoſe of the ruſhy brooks which are oozy.

The ſame expreſſion is uſed by Sylveſter in a ſimilar ſenſe:

" By ſome cleare river's lillie-*paved* ſide." HENLEY.

Or on the beached margent[5] of the ſea,
To dance our ringlets to the whiſtling wind,
But with thy brawls thou haſt diſturb'd our ſport.
Therefore the winds, piping[6] to us in vain,
As in revenge, have ſuck'd up from the ſea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
Have every pelting river[7] made ſo proud,
That they have overborne their continents:[8]
The ox hath therefore ſtretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman loſt his ſweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:[9]

[5] *Or* on *the beached margent*—] The old copies read—Or *in*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[6] ——*the winds*, piping—] So, Milton:

"While rocking winds, are *piping* loud." JOHNSON.

And Gawin Douglas, in his tranſlation of the *Æneid*, p. 69, 1710, fol. Edinb.

"The ſoft *piping wynd* calling to ſe."

The Gloſſographer obſerves, "we ſay a *piping wind, when an ordinary gale blows, and the wind is neither too loud nor too calm.*" HOLT WHITE.

[7] —— pelting *river*—] Thus the quartos: the folio reads—*petty*. Shakſpeare has in *Lear* the ſame word, *low pelting farms*. The meaning is plainly, *deſpicable, mean, ſorry, wretched*; but as it is a word without any reaſonable etymology, I ſhould be glad to diſmiſs it for *petty*: yet it is undoubtedly right. We have "*petty pelting officer*" in *Meaſure for Meaſure*. JOHNSON.

So, in Gaſcoigne's *Glaſs of Government*, 1575:

"Doway is a *pelting* town pack'd full of poor ſcholars."

This word is always uſed as a word of contempt. So, again, in Lyly's *Midas*, 1592: "—attire never uſed but of old women and *pelting* prieſts." STEEVENS.

[8] ——*overborne their* continents:] Borne down the banks that contain them. So, in *Lear*:

"——cloſe pent up guilts,
"Rive your concealing *continents!*" JOHNSON.

[9] ——*and the* green *corn*
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:] So, in our author's 12th Sonnet:

The fold ſtands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock;[1]
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud;[2]

" And ſummer's *green*, all girded up in *ſheaves*,
" Borne on the bier with white and briſtly *beard*."
MALONE.

[1] ——murrain *flock*;] The *murrain* is the plague in cattle. It is here uſed by Shakſpeare as an adjective; as a ſubſtantive by others:

" ——— ſends him as a *murrain*
" To ſtrike our herds; or as a worſer plague,
" Your people to deſtroy."
Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613. STEEVENS.

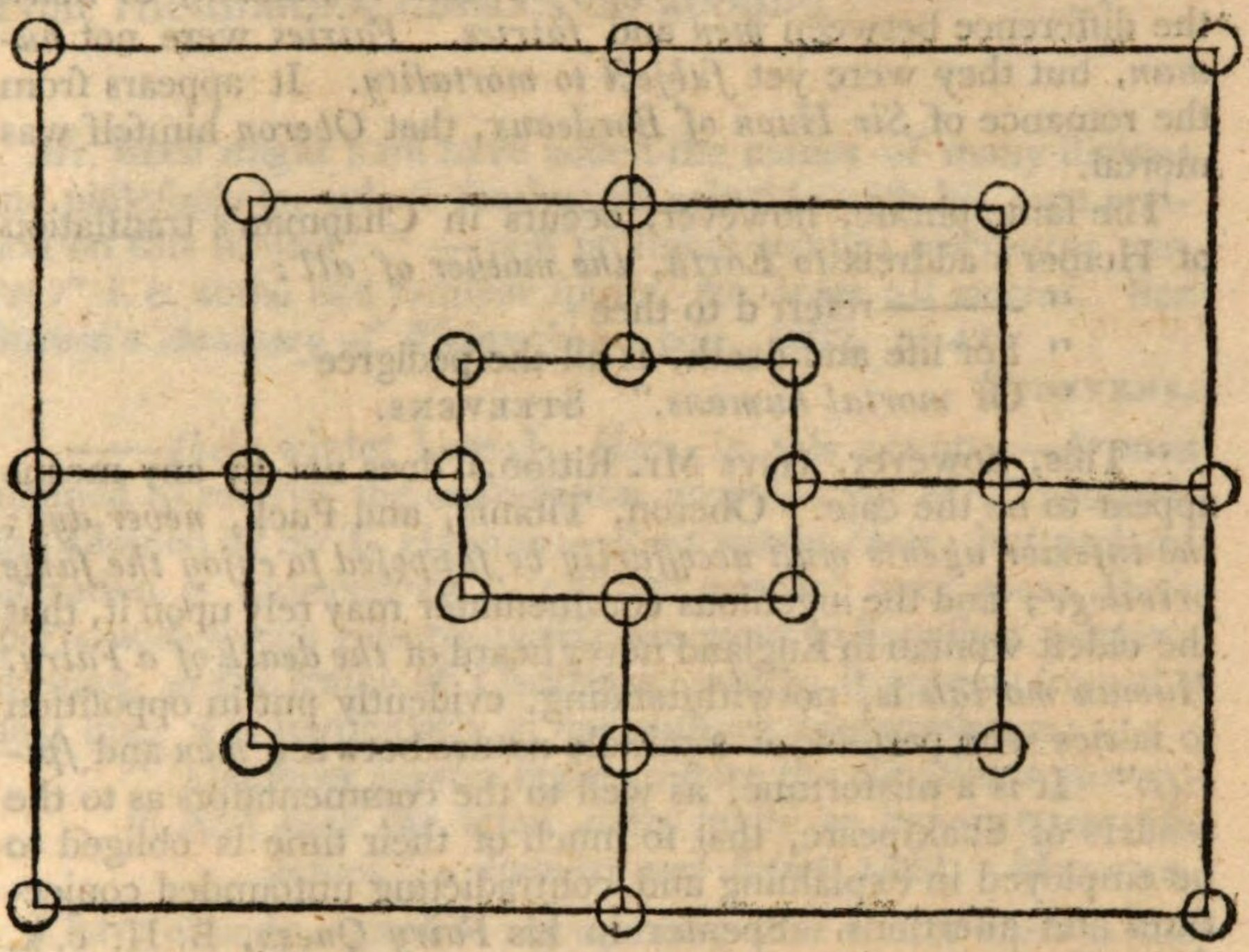
[2] *The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud*;] In that part of Warwickſhire where Shakſpeare was educated, and the neighbouring parts of Northamptonſhire, the ſhepherds and other boys dig up the turf with their knives to repreſent a ſort of imperfect cheſs-board. It conſiſts of a ſquare, ſometimes only a foot diameter, ſometimes three or four yards. Within this is another ſquare, every ſide of which is parallel to the external ſquare; and theſe ſquares are joined by lines drawn from each corner of both ſquares, and the middle of each line. One party, or player, has wooden pegs, the other ſtones, which they move in ſuch a manner as to take up each other's men as they are called, and the area of the inner ſquare is called the pound, in which the men taken up are impounded. Theſe figures are by the country people called *Nine Men's Morris*, or *Merrils*; and are ſo called, becauſe each party has nine men. Theſe figures are always cut upon the green turf or leys, as they are called, or upon the graſs at the end of ploughed lands, and in rainy ſeaſons never fail to be *choaked up with mud*. JAMES.

See Peck on Milton's *Maſque*, 115, Vol. I. p. 135.
STEEVENS.

Nine men's morris is a game ſtill played by the ſhepherds, cowkeepers, &c. in the midland counties, as follows:

A figure is made on the ground (like this which I have drawn) by cutting out the turf; and two perſons take each nine ſtones, which they place by turns in the angles, and afterwards move alternately, as at cheſs or draughts. He who can place three in a ſtraight line, may then take off any one of his adverſary's, where he pleaſes, till one, having loſt all his men, loſes the game.

And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,[3]
For lack of tread, are undiſtinguiſhable:



ALCHORNE.

In Cotgrave's *Dictionary*, under the article *Merelles*, is the following explanation: "Le Jeu des Merelles. The boyiſh game called Merils, or fivepenny morris; played here moſt commonly with ſtones, but in France with pawns, or men made on purpoſe, and termed *merelles*." The pawns or figures of men uſed in the game might originally be *black*, and hence called *morris*, or *merelles*, as we yet term a black cherry a *morello*, and a ſmall black cherry a *merry*, perhaps from *Maurus* or *Moor*, or rather from *morum*, a mulberry. TOLLET.

The *jeu de merelles* was alſo a table-game. A repreſentation of two monkies engaged at this amuſement, may be ſeen in a German edition of Petrarch de remedio utriuſque fortunæ, B. I. ch. 26. The cuts to this book were done in 1520. DOUCE.

[3] —— *the* quaint mazes *in the wanton green*,] This alludes to a ſport ſtill followed by boys; i. e. what is now called *running the figure of eight*. STEEVENS.

The human mortals[4] want their winter here;[5]

[4] *The* human *mortals*—] Shakſpeare might have employed this epithet, which, at firſt ſight, appears redundant, to mark the difference between *men* and *fairies*. *Fairies* were not *human*, but they were yet *ſubject to mortality*. It appears from the romance of *Sir Huon of Bordeaux*, that *Oberon* himſelf was mortal.

The ſame phraſe, however, occurs in Chapman's tranſlation of Homer's addreſs *to Earth, the mother of all:*

" ——— referr'd to thee
" For life and death, is all the pedigree
" Of *mortal humans*." STEEVENS.

" This, however, (ſays Mr. Ritſon,) does not by any means appear to be the caſe. Oberon, Titania, and Puck, *never dye; the inferior agents muſt neceſſarily be ſuppoſed to enjoy the ſame privilege*; and the ingenious commentator may rely upon it, that the oldeſt woman in England never heard of *the death of a Fairy*. *Human mortals* is, notwithſtanding, evidently put in oppoſition to fairies who partook of a middle nature between *men* and *ſpirits*." It is a misfortune, as well to the commentators as to the readers of Shakſpeare, that ſo much of their time is obliged to be employed in explaining and contradicting unfounded conjectures and aſſertions. Spenſer in his *Fairy Queen*, B. II. c. x. ſays, (I uſe the words of Mr. Warton; *Obſervations on Spenſer*, Vol. I. p. 55,) " That man was firſt made by Prometheus, was called *Elfe*, who wandering over the world, at length arrived at the gardens of Adonis, where he found a female whom he called *Fay*.—The iſſue of *Elfe* and *Fay* were called *Fairies*, who ſoon grew to be a mighty people, and conquered all nations. Their eldeſt ſon Elfin governed America, and the next to him, named Elfinan, founded the city of Cleopolis, which was encloſed with a golden wall by Elfinine. His ſon Elfin overcame the Gobbelines; but of all fairies, Elfant was the moſt renowned, who built Panthea of chryſtal. To theſe ſucceeded Elfar, who ſlew two brethren giants; and to him Elfinor, who built a bridge of glaſs over the ſea, the ſound of which was like thunder. At length, Elficleos ruled the Fairy-land with much wiſdom, and highly advanced its power and honour: he left two ſons, the eldeſt of which, fair Elferon, died a premature death, his place being ſupplied by the mighty Oberon; a prince, whoſe 'wide memorial' ſtill remains; who dying left Tanaquil to ſucceed him by will, ſhe being alſo called Glorian or Gloriana." I tranſcribe this pedigree, merely to prove that in Shakſpeare's time the notion of Fairies dying was generally known. REED.

No night is now with hymn or carol bleſt:[6]—
Therefore the moon, the governeſs of floods,
Pale in her anger, waſhes all the air,
That rheumatick diſeaſes do abound:[7]

Mr. Reed might here have added the names of many divines and philoſophers, whoſe ſentiments coincide with his own poſition on this ſubject: "—poſt prolixum tempus *moriuntur omnes:*" i. e. aerial and familiar ſpirits, &c. were *all mortal.* See Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 42.

STEEVENS.

[5] ——*their* winter here;] *Here*, in this country.—I once inclined to receive the emendation propoſed by Mr. Theobald, and adopted by Sir T. Hanmer,—their winter *cheer*; but perhaps alteration is unneceſſary. "Their *winter*" may mean thoſe ſports with which country people are wont to beguile a winter's evening, at the ſeaſon of Chriſtmas, which, it appears from the next line, was particularly in our author's contemplation:

"The wery *winter* nights reſtore the *Chriſtmas games*,
"And now the ſeſon doth invite to banquet towniſh dames." *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562. MALONE.

I have already expreſſed my opinion, that winter-*cheer* is the true reading; and am confirmed in it by the following paſſage in Fletcher's *Propheteſs*, where the ſhepherd ſays:

"Our evening dances on the green, our ſongs,
"Our *holiday good cheer*; our bagpipes now, boys,
"Shall make the wanton laſſes ſkip again!"

M. MASON.

[6] *No night is now with* hymn or carol bleſt:] Since the coming of Chriſtianity, this ſeaſon, [winter,] in commemoration of the birth of Chriſt, has been particularly devoted to feſtivity. And to this cuſtom, notwithſtanding the impropriety, *hymn or carol bleſt* certainly alludes. WARBURTON.

Hymns and carols, in the time of Shakſpeare, during the ſeaſon of Chriſtmas, were ſung every night about the ſtreets, as a pretext for collecting money from houſe to houſe. STEEVENS.

[7] *That* rheumatick diſeaſes *do abound:*] *Rheumatick diſeaſes* ſignified in Shakſpeare's time, not what we now call *rheumatiſm*, but diſtillations from the head, catarrhs, &c. So, in a paper entitled "The State of Sir H. Sydney's bodie, &c. Feb. 1567;" *Sydney's Memorials*, Vol. I. p. 94: "—he hath verie much diſtempered diverſe parts of his bodie, as namely, his hedde, his

And thorough this diſtemperature,[8] we ſee

ſtomach, &c. and thereby is always ſubject to coughes, diſtillations, and other *rumatic diſeaſes.*" MALONE.

Therefore *the moon, the governeſs of floods,* &c.] The repeated adverb *therefore,* throughout this ſpeech, I ſuppoſe to have conſtant reference to the firſt time when it is uſed. All theſe irregularities of ſeaſon happened in conſequence of the diſagreement between the king and queen of the fairies, and not in conſequence of each other. Ideas crouded faſt on Shakſpeare; and as he committed them to paper, he did not attend to the diſtance of the leading object from which they took their riſe. Mr. Malone concurs with me on this occaſion.

That the feſtivity and hoſpitality attending Chriſtmas, decreaſed, was the ſubject of complaint to many of our ludicrous writers. Among the reſt to Naſh, whoſe comedy called *Summer's Laſt Will and Teſtament,* made its firſt appearance in the ſame year with this play, viz. 1600. There *Chriſtmas* is introduced, and Summer ſays to him:

" *Chriſtmas,* how chance thou com'ſt not as the reſt,
" Accompanied with ſome muſic or ſome ſong?
" A merry carrol would have grac'd thee well,
" Thy anceſtors have us'd it heretofore."

" *Chriſtmas.* Ay, antiquity was the mother of ignorance," &c. and then proceeds to give reaſons for ſuch a decay in mirth and houſe-keeping.

The confuſion of ſeaſons here deſcribed, is no more than a poetical account of the weather, which happened in England about the time when the *Midſummer-Night's Dream* was written. For this information I am indebted to chance, which furniſhed me with a few leaves of an old meteorological hiſtory.

The date of the piece, however, may be better determined by a deſcription of the ſame weather in Churchyard's *Charitie,* 1595, when, ſays he, "a colder ſeaſon, in all ſorts, was never ſeene." He then proceeds to ſay the ſame over again in rhyme:

" A colder time in world was neuer ſeene:
" The ſkies do lowre, the ſun and moone waxe dim;
" Sommer ſcarce knowne but that the leaues are greene.
" The winter's waſte driues water ore the brim;
" Upon the land great flotes of wood may ſwim.
" Nature thinks ſcorne to do hir dutie right,
" Becauſe we have diſpleaſde the Lord of Light."

Let the reader compare theſe lines with Shakſpeare's, and he

The ſeaſons alter: hoary-headed froſts

will find that they are both deſcriptive of the ſame weather and its conſequences.

Churchyard is not enumerating, on this occaſion, fictitious but real misfortunes. He wrote the preſent poem to excite Charity on his own behalf; and among his other ſufferings very naturally dwelt on the coldneſs of the ſeaſon, which his poverty had rendered the leſs ſupportable.

L'Allegro, and il Penſeroſo, will naturally impute one incident to different cauſes. Shakſpeare, in prime of life and ſucceſs, fancifully aſcribes this diſtemperature of ſeaſons to a quarrel between the playful rulers of the fairy world; while Churchyard, broken down by age and misfortunes, is ſeriouſly diſpoſed to repreſent the ſame inclemency of weather, as a judgement from the Almighty on the offences of mankind. STEEVENS.

Therefore *the moon, the governeſs of floods,* &c.] This line has no immediate connection with that preceding it (as Dr. Johnſon ſeems to have thought). It does not refer to the omiſſion of hymns or carols, but of the fairy rites, which were diſturbed in conſequence of Oberon's quarrel with Titania. The moon is with peculiar propriety repreſented as incenſed at the ceſſation—not of the carols, (as Dr. Warburton thinks,) nor of the heathen rites of adoration, (as Dr. Johnſon ſuppoſes,) but of thoſe ſports, which have been always reputed to be celebrated by her light.

As the whole paſſage has been much miſunderſtood, it may be proper to obſerve, that Titania begins with ſaying:

" And never, ſince the middle ſummer's ſpring,
" Met we on hill, in dale, foreſt, or mead,—
" But with thy brawls thou haſt diſturb'd our ſport."

She then particularly enumerates the ſeveral conſequences that have flowed from their contention. The whole is divided into four clauſes:

1. " *Therefore* the winds, &c.
" That they have overborne their continents:
2. " The ox hath *therefore* ſtretch'd his yoke in vain;
" The ploughman loſt his ſweat;——
" No night is now with hymn or carol bleſt;
3. " *Therefore* the moon—waſhes all the air,
" That rheumatick diſeaſes do abound:
4. " And, *thorough* this diſtemperature, we ſee,
" The ſeaſons alter;——
" ——and the 'mazed world,

Fall in the freſh lap of the crimſon roſe;[9]
And on old Hyems' chin,[1] and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of ſweet ſummer buds

" By their increaſe, now knows not which is which:
" And this ſame progeny of evils comes
" From *our* debate, from *our* diſſention."

In all this there is no difficulty. All theſe calamities are the conſequences of the diſſention between Oberon and Titania; as ſeems to be ſufficiently pointed out by the word *therefore*, ſo often repeated. Thoſe lines which have it not, are evidently put in appoſition with the preceding line in which that word is found. MALONE.

[8] ——*this* diſtemperature,] Is, this *perturbation* of the elements. STEEVENS.

By *diſtemperature*, I imagine is meant, in this place, the perturbed ſtate in which the king and queen had lived for ſome time paſt. MALONE.

Perhaps Mr. Malone has truly explained the force of the word in queſtion. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" Thou art up-rous'd by ſome *diſtemperature*."

STEEVENS.

[9] *Fall in the freſh* lap *of the crimſon roſe*;] To have " ſnow in the *lap* of June," is an expreſſion uſed in *Northward Hoe*, 1607, and Shakſpeare himſelf in *Coriolanus*, talks of the " conſecrated ſnow that lies on Dian's *lap*:" and Spenſer in his *Fairy Queen*, B. II. c. ii. has:

" And fills with flow'rs fair Flora's painted *lap*."

STEEVENS.

This thought is elegantly expreſſed by Goldſmith in his *Traveller*:

" And winter lingering chills the *lap* of May."

M. MASON.

[1] ——*Hyems'* chin,] Dr. Grey, not inelegantly, conjectures, that the poet wrote:

——*on old Hyems'* chill *and icy crown.*

It is not indeed eaſy to diſcover how a chaplet can be placed on *the chin*. STEEVENS.

I believe this peculiar image of Hyem's *chin* muſt have come from Virgil, (*Æneid* iv. 253,) through the medium of the tranſlation of the day:

" —— tum flumina *mento*
" Precipitant ſenis, et glacie riget horrida barba." S. W.

Thus tranſlated by Phaer, 1561:

Is, as in mockery, ſet: The ſpring, the ſummer,
The childing autumn,[2] angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world,

" —— and from his hoary beard adowne,
" The ſtreames of waters fall; with yce and froſt his face doth frowne."

This ſingular image was, I believe, ſuggeſted to our poet by Golding's tranſlation of Ovid, Book II:

" And laſtly, quaking for the colde, ſtood *Winter* all forlorne,
" With rugged head as white as dove, and garments all to torne,
" Forladen with the iſycles, that dangled up and downe
" Upon his gray and *hoarie beard*, and ſnowie *frozen crown*." MALONE.

I ſhould rather be for *thin*, i. e. thin-hair'd. TYRWHITT.

So, Cordelia, ſpeaking of *Lear*:

" —— to watch, poor perdu!
" With this *thin* helm."

Again, in *King Richard II*:

" White-beards have arm'd their *thin* and hairleſs ſcalps
" Againſt thy majeſty;—" STEEVENS.

Thinne is nearer to *chinne* (the ſpelling of the old copies) than *chill*, and therefore, I think, more likely to have been the author's word. MALONE.

[2] *The* childing *autumn*,] Is the *pregnant* autumn, *frugifer autumnus*. So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

" Fifty in number *childed* all one night."

Again, in his *Golden Age*, 1611:

" I *childed* in a cave remote and ſilent."

Again, in his *Silver Age*, 1613:

" And at one inſtant he ſhall *child* two iſſues."

There is a *roſe* called the *childing roſe*. STEEVENS.

Again, in Taſſo's *Godfrey of Bulloigne*, by Fairfax, B. XVIII. ſt. 26:

" An hundreth plants beſide (even in his ſight)
" *Childed* an hundreth nymphes ſo great, ſo dight."

Childing is an old term in botany, when a ſmall flower grows out of a large one; " the *childing* autumn," therefore means the autumn which unſeaſonably produces flowers on thoſe of ſummer. Floriſts have alſo a *childing* daiſy, and a *childing* ſcabious. HOLT WHITE.

By their increaſe,[3] now knows not which is which:
And this ſame progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our diſſention;
We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it then; it lies in you:
Why ſhould Titania croſs her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.[4]

[3] *By their* increaſe,] That is, *By their produce.* Johnson.

So, in our author's 97th Sonnet:

" The *teeming autumn*, big with rich *increaſe*,
" Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime."

The latter expreſſion is ſcriptural: " Then ſhall the earth bring forth her *increaſe*, and God, even our God, ſhall give us his bleſſing." Psalm lxvii. Malone.

[4] —— *henchman.*] Page of honour. This office was aboliſhed by Queen Elizabeth. Grey.

This office might be aboliſhed at court, but probably remained in the city. Glapthorne, in his comedy called *Wit in a Conſtable*, 1640, has this paſſage:

" —— I will teach his *hench-boys*,
" Serjeants, and trumpeters to act, and ſave
" The city all that charges."

So, again:

" When ſhe was lady may'reſs, and you humble
" As her trim *hench-boys*."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Chriſtmas Maſque*: " —he ſaid grace as well as any of the ſheriff's *hench-boys*."

Skinner derives the word from Hine A. S. quaſi domeſticus famulus. Spelman from Hengſtman, equi curator, ἱπποκομος. Steevens.

In a letter to the Earl of Shrewſbury dated 11th of December, 1565, it is ſaid: " Her Highneſs (i. e. Queen Elizabeth) hathe of late, whereat ſome doo moche marvell, diſſolved the auncient office of *Henchemen*." (Lodge's *Illuſtrations*, Vol. I. p. 358.) On this paſſage Mr. Lodge obſerves that *Henchmen* were " a certain number of youths, the ſons of gentlemen, who ſtood or walked near the perſon of the monarch on all public occaſions. They are mentioned in the ſumptuary ſtatutes of the 4th of Edward the Fourth, and 24th of Henry VIII, and a patent is preſerved in the *Fœdera*, Vol. XV. 242, whereby Edward VI.

Tita. Set your heart at reſt,
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a vot'reſs of my order:
And, in the ſpiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath ſhe goſſip'd by my ſide;
And ſat with me on Neptune's yellow ſands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood;
When we have laugh'd to ſee the ſails conceive,
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind:[5]

gives to William Bukley, M. A. *propter gravitatem morum et doctrinæ abundantiam, officium docendi, erudiendi, atque inſtituendi adoleſcentulos vocatos* HENCHMEN; with a ſalary of 40l. per annum. *Henchman,* or *Heinſmen,* is a German word, as Blount informs us in his *Gloſſographia,* ſignifying a domeſtic, whence our ancient term *Hind,* a ſervant in the houſe of a farmer. Dr. Percy, in a note on the Earl of Northumberland's houſehold-book, with leſs probability, derives the appellation from their cuſtom of ſtanding by the ſide, or *Haunch,* of their Lord. REED.

Upon the eſtabliſhment of the houſhold of Edward IV. were "*henxmen* ſix *enfants, or more, as it pleyſeth the king, eatinge in the halle,* &c. There was alſo *a maiſter of the henxmen, to ſhewe them the ſchoole of nurture, and learne them to ride, to wear their harneſſe; to have all curteſie—to teach them all languages, and other virtues, as harping, pipynge, ſinging, dauncing, with honeſt behavioure of temperaunce and patyence.*" MS. Harl. 293.

At the funeral of Henry VIII. nine *henchmen* attended with Sir Francis Bryan, *maſter of the henchmen.*
Strype's Eccl. Mem. v. 2. App. n. 1. TYRWHITT.

—— *Henchman.* Quaſi haunch-man. One that goes behind another. *Pediſequus.* BLACKSTONE.

The learned commentator might have given his etymology ſome ſupport from the following paſſage in *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act IV. ſc. iv:

"O Weſtmoreland, thou art a ſummer bird,
"Which ever in the *haunch* of winter ſings
"The lifting up of day." STEEVENS.

[5] *And grow* big-bellied *with the wanton wind.*] Dryden, in his tranſlation of the 1ſt Book of Homer's *Iliad* (and Pope after him) were perhaps indebted to the foregoing paſſage:

Which ſhe, with pretty and with ſwimming gait,
(Following her womb, then rich with my young
'ſquire,[6])
Would imitate; and ſail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But ſhe, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And, for her ſake, I do rear up her boy:
And, for her ſake, I will not part with him.

" ——————winds ſuffic'd the ſail
" The *bellying* canvas ſtrutted with the gale." *Dryden.*
" ——————indulgent gales
" Supply'd by Phœbus, fill the ſwelling ſails,
" The milk-white canvas *bellying* as they blow."

STEEVENS.

[6] *Which ſhe, with pretty and with ſwimming gait,*
Following (*her womb, then rich with my young 'ſquire,*)
Would imitate—] Perhaps the parentheſis ſhould begin ſooner; as I think Mr. Kenrick obſerves:

(Following her womb, *then rich with my young 'ſquire.*)

So, in Trulla's combat with Hudibras:

" —— She preſs'd ſo home,
" That he retired, and *follow'd's bum.*"

And Dryden ſays of his *Spaniſh Friar*, " his great belly walks in ſtate *before him*, and his gouty legs come limping *after it.*"

FARMER.

I have followed this regulation, (which is likewiſe adopted by Mr. Steevens,) though I do not think that of the old copy at all liable to the objection made to it by Dr. Warburton. " She did not, (he ſays,) follow the ſhip whoſe motion ſhe imitated; for that ſailed on the water, ſhe on land." But might ſhe not on land move in the ſame direction with the ſhip at ſea, which certainly would outſtrip her? and what is this but *following?*

Which, according to the preſent regulation, muſt mean—*which motion of the ſhip with ſwelling ſails,* &c: according to the old regulation it muſt refer to " embarked traders."

MALONE.

This paſſage, as it is printed, appears to me ridiculous. Every woman who walks forward muſt *follow her womb.* The abſurdity is avoided by leaving the word—*following* out of the parentheſis. Warburton's grammatical objection has no foundation. M. MASON.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you ſtay?

Tita. Perchance, till after Theſeus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And ſee our moon-light revels, go with us;
If not, ſhun me, and I will ſpare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy kingdom.—Fairies, away:[7]
We ſhall chide down-right, if I longer ſtay.

[*Exeunt* Titania, *and her train.*

Obe. Well, go thy way: thou ſhalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.—
My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'ſt
Since once I ſat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude ſea grew civil at her ſong;
And certain ſtars ſhot madly from their ſpheres,
To hear the ſea-maid's muſick.[8]

[7] *Not for thy kingdom.—Fairies, away:*] The ancient copies read:

Not for thy fairy *kingdom.—Fairies, away.*

By the advice of Dr. Farmer I have omitted the uſeleſs adjective *fairy*, as it ſpoils the metre; *Fairies*, the following ſubſtantive, being apparently uſed, in an earlier inſtance, as a triſyllable. Steevens.

[8] ——*Thou remember'ſt*
Since once I ſat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude ſea grew civil at her ſong;
And certain ſtars ſhot madly from their ſpheres,
To hear the ſea-maid's muſick.] The firſt thing obſervable on theſe words is, that this action of the *mermaid* is laid in the ſame time and place with Cupid's attack upon the *veſtal*. By the *veſtal* every one knows is meant Queen Elizabeth. It is very natural and reaſonable then to think that the *mermaid* ſtands for

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I ſaw, (but thou could'ſt not,)

ſome eminent perſonage of her time. And if ſo, the allegorical covering, in which there is a mixture of ſatire and panegyric, will lead us to conclude that this perſon was one of whom it had been inconvenient for the author to ſpeak openly, either in praiſe or diſpraiſe. All this agrees with Mary Queen of Scots, and with no other. Queen Elizabeth could not bear to hear her commended; and her ſucceſſor would not forgive her ſatiriſt. But the poet has ſo well marked out every diſtinguiſhed circumſtance of her life and character in this beautiful allegory, as will leave no room to doubt about his ſecret meaning. She is called a *mermaid*, 1. to denote her reign over a kingdom ſituate in the ſea, and 2. her beauty, and intemperate luſt:

" ——— Ut turpiter atrum
" Deſinat in piſcem mulier formoſa ſupernè."

for as Elizabeth for her chaſtity is called a *veſtal*, this unfortunate lady on a contrary account is called a *mermaid*. 3. An ancient ſtory may be ſuppoſed to be here alluded to. The emperor Julian tells us, Epiſtle 41, that the Sirens (which, with all the modern poets, are *mermaids*,) contended for precedency with the Muſes, who, overcoming them, took away their wings. The quarrels between Mary and Elizabeth had the ſame cauſe, and the ſame iſſue.

——*on a dolphin's back,*] This evidently marks out that diſtinguiſhing circumſtance of Mary's fortune, her marriage with the dauphin of France, ſon of Henry II.

Uttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious breath,] This alludes to her great abilities of genius and learning, which rendered her the moſt accompliſhed princeſs of her age. The French writers tell us, that, while ſhe was in that court, ſhe pronounced a Latin oration in the great hall of the Louvre, with ſo much grace and eloquence, as filled the whole court with admiration.

That the rude ſea grew civil at her ſong;] By the *rude ſea* is meant Scotland encircled with the ocean; which roſe up in arms againſt the regent, while ſhe was in France. But her return home preſently quieted thoſe diſorders: and had not her ſtrange ill conduct afterwards more violently inflamed them, ſhe might have paſſed her whole life in peace. There is the greater juſtneſs and beauty in this image, as the vulgar opinion is, that the mermaid always ſings in ſtorms:

And certain ſtars ſhot madly from their ſpheres,
To hear the ſea-maid's muſick.] This concludes the deſcription,

Flying between the cold moon and the earth,

with that remarkable circumſtance of this unhappy lady's fate, the deſtruction ſhe brought upon ſeveral of the Engliſh nobility, whom ſhe drew in to ſupport her cauſe. This, in the boldeſt expreſſion of the ſublime, the poet images by *certain ſtars ſhooting madly from their ſpheres:* By which he meant the Earls of Northumberland and Weſtmoreland, who fell in her quarrel; and principally the great Duke of Norfolk, whoſe projected marriage with her was attended with ſuch fatal conſequences. Here again the reader may obſerve a peculiar juſtneſs in the imagery. The vulgar opinion being that the mermaid allured men to deſtruction with her ſongs. To which opinion Shakſpeare alludes in his *Comedy of Errors:*

" O train me not, ſweet *mermaid, with thy note,*
" To *drown me* in thy ſiſters flood of tears."

On the whole, it is the nobleſt and juſteſt allegory that was ever written. The laying it in *fairy land,* and out of nature, is in the character of the ſpeaker. And on theſe occaſions Shakſpeare always excels himſelf. He is borne away by the magic of his enthuſiaſm, and hurries his reader along with him into theſe ancient regions of poetry, by that power of verſe which we may well fancy to be like what,

" —— Olim fauni vateſque canebant." WARBURTON.

And certain *ſtars ſhot* madly *from their ſpheres,*] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*

" *And little* ſtars ſhot from their fixed places."

MALONE.

Every reader may be induced to wiſh that the foregoing alluſion, pointed out by ſo acute a critic as Dr. Warburton, ſhould remain uncontroverted; and yet I cannot diſſemble my doubts concerning it.—Why is the *thrice-married* Queen of Scotland ſtiled a *Sea*-MAID? and is it probable that Shakſpeare (who underſtood his own political as well as poetical intereſt) ſhould have ventured ſuch a panegyric on this ill-fated Princeſs, during the reign of her rival Elizabeth? If it it was unintelligible to his audience, it was thrown away; if obvious, there was danger of offence to her Majeſty.

" A ſtar diſ-orb'd," however, (See *Troilus and Creſſida,*) is one of our author's favourite images; and he has no where elſe ſo happily expreſſed it as in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" —— the good *ſtars,* that were my former guides,
" *Have empty left their orbs,* and *ſhot* their fires
" Into th' abyſm of hell."

Cupid all arm'd :[9] a certain aim he took

To theſe remarks may be added others of a like tendency, which I met with in *The Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786.—"That a compliment to Queen Elizabeth was intended in the expreſſion of the *fair Veſtal throned in the Weſt*, ſeems to be generally allowed; but how far Shakſpeare deſigned, under the image of the Mermaid, to figure Mary Queen of Scots, is more doubtful. If by the *rude ſea grew civil at her ſong*, is meant, as Dr. Warburton ſuppoſes, that the tumults of Scotland were appeaſed by her addreſs, the obſervation is not true; for that *ſea* was in a ſtorm during the whole of Mary's reign. Neither is the figure juſt, if by the *ſtars ſhooting madly from their ſpheres to hear the ſea-maid's muſick*, the poet alluded to the fate of the Earls of Northumberland and Weſtmoreland, and particularly of the Duke of Norfolk, whoſe projected marriage with Mary, was the occaſion of his ruin. It would have been abſurd and irreconcileable to the good ſenſe of the poet, to have repreſented a nobleman *aſpiring* to marry a Queen, by the image of a ſtar *ſhooting* or *deſcending* from its ſphere."

See alſo Mr. Ritſon's obſervations on the ſame ſubject. On account of their length, they are given at the end of the play.

STEEVENS.

[9] *Cupid* all arm'd :] *All arm'd* does not ſignify *dreſſed in panoply*, but only enforces the word *armed*, as we might ſay, *all booted*. JOHNSON.

So, in Greene's *Never too late*, 1616:

"Or where proud Cupid ſat *all arm'd* with fire."

Again, in Lord Surrey's tranſlation of the 4th Book of the *Æneid*:

"*All* utterly I could not ſeem forſaken."

Again, in *King Richard III*:

"His horſe is ſlain, and *all* on foot he fights."

Shakſpeare's compliment to Queen Elizabeth has no ſmall degree of propriety and elegance to boaſt of. The ſame can hardly be ſaid of the following, with which the tragedy of *Soliman and Perſeda*, 1599, concludes. *Death* is the ſpeaker, and vows he will ſpare—

"——none but ſacred *Cynthia's* friend,
"Whom *Death* did fear before her life began;
"For holy fates have grav'n it in their tables,
"That *Death* ſhall die, if he attempt her end
"Whoſe life is heaven's delight, and *Cynthia's* friend."

At a fair veſtal, throned by the weſt;[1]
And loos'd his love-ſhaft ſmartly from his bow,
As it ſhould pierce a hundred thouſand hearts:
But I might ſee young Cupid's fiery ſhaft
Quench'd in the chaſte beams of the wat'ry moon;
And the imperial vot'reſs paſſed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.[2]
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little weſtern flower,—
Before, milk-white; now purple with love's wound,—
And maidens call it, love-in-idleneſs.[3]

If incenſe was thrown in cart-loads on the altar, this propitious deity was not diſguſted by the ſmoke of it. STEEVENS.

[1] *At a fair veſtal, throned by the weſt;*] A compliment to Queen Elizabeth. POPE.

It was no uncommon thing to introduce a compliment to this *reſolute*, this *determined virgin*, in the body of a play. So again, in *Tancred and Giſmund*, 1592:

" There lives a virgin, one without compare,
" Who of all graces hath her heavenly ſhare;
" In whoſe renowne, and for whoſe happie days,
" Let us record this Pæan of her praiſe." *Cantant.*

STEEVENS.

[2] ——*fancy-free.*] i. e. exempt from the power of love. Thus, in *Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment in Suffolke and Norfolke*, written by Churchyard, *Chaſtity* deprives Cupid of his bow, and preſents it to her Majeſty: " —and bycauſe that the Queene had choſen the beſt life, ſhe gave the Queene Cupid's bow, to learne to ſhoote at whome ſhe pleaſed: *ſince none could wound her highneſſe hart*, it was meete (ſaid Chaſtitie) that ſhe ſhould do with Cupid's bowe and arrowes what ſhe pleaſed."

STEEVENS.

[3] *And maidens call it*, love-in-idleneſs.] This is as fine a metamorphoſis as any in Ovid: with a much better moral, intimating, that irregular love has only power when people are idle, or not well employed. WARBURTON.

I believe the ſingular beauty of this metamorphoſis to have been quite accidental, as the poet is of another opinion, in *The Taming of a Shrew*, Act I. ſc. iv:

Fetch me that flower; the herb I ſhow'd thee once;
The juice of it on ſleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it ſees.
Fetch me this herb: and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can ſwim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth [4]
In forty minutes. [*Exit* Puck.

Obe. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when ſhe is aſleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing then ſhe waking looks upon,

" But ſee, while *idly* I ſtood looking on,
" I found th' effect of *love in idleneſs*;
" And now in plainneſs I confeſs to thee,
" Tranio, I burn, I pine, I periſh, Tranio,
" If I achieve not this young *modeſt* girl."

And Lucentio's was ſurely a regular and honeſt paſſion. It is ſcarce neceſſary to mention, that *love-in-idleneſs* is a flower. Taylor, the water-poet, quibbling on the names of plants, mentions it as follows:

" When paſſions are let looſe without a bridle,
" Then precious *time* is turn'd to *love-in-idle*."

Steevens.

The flower or violet, commonly called panſies, or heart's eaſe, is named *love-in-idleneſs* in Warwickſhire, and in Lyte's *Herbal*. There is a reaſon why Shakſpeare ſays it is " now *purple* with love's wound," becauſe one or two of its petals are of a purple colour. Tollet.

It is called in other counties the *Three coloured violet*, the *Herb of Trinity*, *Three faces in a hood*, *Cuddle me to you*, &c. Steevens.

[4] *I'll put a* girdle round about the earth—] This expreſſion alſo occurs in *The Bird in a Cage*, 1633:

" And when I have put *a girdle 'bout the world*,
" This purchaſe will reward me."

Perhaps it is proverbial.

Again, in *Buſſy d'Ambois*, by Chapman, 1613:

" *To put a girdle round about the world.*"

And in other plays. Steevens.

(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on buſy ape,)
She ſhall purſue it with the ſoul of love.
And ere I take this charm off from her ſight,
(As I can take it, with another herb,)
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am inviſible;[5]
And I will over-hear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA *following him.*

DEM. I love thee not, therefore purſue me not.
Where is Lyſander, and fair Hermia?
The one I'll ſlay, the other ſlayeth me.[6]
Thou told'ſt me, they were ſtol'n into this wood,
And here am I, and wood within this wood,[7]

[5] —— *I am* inviſible;] I thought proper here to obſerve, that, as Oberon, and Puck his attendant, may be frequently obſerved to ſpeak, when there is no mention of their entering, they are deſigned by the poet to be ſuppoſed on the ſtage during the greateſt part of the remainder of the play; and to mix, as they pleaſe, as ſpirits, with the other actors; and embroil the plot, by their interpoſition, without being ſeen, or heard, but when to their own purpoſe. THEOBALD.

See *Tempeſt*, page 43, note 4. STEEVENS.

[6] *The one I'll* ſlay, *the other* ſlayeth *me.*] The old copies read—

"The one I'll *ſtay*, the other *ſtayeth* me." STEEVENS.

Dr. Thirlby ingeniouſly ſaw it muſt be, as I have corrected in the text. THEOBALD.

[7] —— *and* wood *within this wood,*] Wood, *or* mad, wild, raving. POPE.

In the third part of the Counteſs of Pembroke's *Ivy-Church*, 1591, is the ſame quibble on the word:

"Daphne goes to the *woods*, and vowes herſelf to Diana;
"Phœbus grows ſtark *wood* for love and fancie to Daphne."

We alſo find the ſame word in Chaucer, in the character of the *Monke*, Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 184:

"What ſhulde he ſtudie, and make himſelven *wood*?"

Becauſe I cannot meet with Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron,[8] for my heart
Is true as ſteel: Leave you your power to draw,
And I ſhall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I ſpeak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plaineſt truth
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your ſpaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Uſe me but as your ſpaniel, ſpurn me, ſtrike me,
Neglect me, loſe me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worſer place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high reſpect with me,)
Than to be uſed as you uſe your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my ſpirit;
For I am ſick, when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am ſick, when I look not on you.

Spenſer alſo uſes it, *Æglogue III. March*:

"The elf was ſo wanton, and ſo *wode*."

"The name *Woden*," ſays Verſtegan in his *Reſtitution of Decayed Intelligence*, &c. 1605: "ſignifies fierce or furious; and in like ſenſe we ſtill retain it, ſaying when one is in a great rage, that he is *wood*, or taketh on as if he were *wood*." Steevens.

See *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act II. ſc. iii. Harris.

[8] *You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;*
But yet you draw not iron,] I learn from Edward Fenton's *Certaine Secrete Wonders of Nature*, bl. l. 1569, that—"there is now a dayes a kind of *adamant* which draweth unto it fleſhe, and the ſame ſo ſtrongly, that it hath power to knit and tie together, two mouthes of contrary perſons, and drawe the heart of a man out of his bodie without offendyng any parte of him." Steevens.

Dem. You do impeach your modeſty [9] too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourſelf
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To truſt the opportunity of night,
And the ill counſel of a deſert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that.[1]
It is not night, when I do ſee your face,[2]
Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;[3]
For you, in my reſpect, are all the world:
Then how can it be ſaid, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beaſts.

Hel. The wildeſt hath not ſuch a heart as you.[4]

[9] —— impeach *your modeſty*—] i. e. bring it into queſtion. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act III. ſc. ii:

" And doth *impeach* the freedom of the ſtate,
" If they deny him juſtice." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*for that.*] i. e. For *leaving the city*, &c. TYRWHITT.

[2] *It is not night, when I do ſee your face*, &c.] This paſſage is paraphraſed from two lines of an ancient poet [Tibullus]:

" —— Tu nocte vel atra
" Lumen, et in ſolis tu mihi turba locis." JOHNSON.

As the works of King David might be more familiar to Shakſpeare than Roman poetry, perhaps, on the preſent occaſion, the eleventh verſe of the 139th Pſalm, was in his thoughts: " Yea, the darkneſs is no darkneſs with thee, but the night is as clear as the day." STEEVENS.

[3] *Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company*;] The ſame thought occurs in *King Henry VI.* P. II:

" A wilderneſs is populous enough,
" So Suffolk had thy heavenly company." MALONE.

[4] *The wildeſt hath not ſuch a heart as you.*]

" Mitius inveni quam te genus omne ferarum." *Ovid.*

Run when you will, the ſtory ſhall be chang'd;
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chaſe;
The dove purſues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes ſpeed to catch the tiger: Bootleſs ſpeed!
When cowardice purſues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not ſtay thy queſtions;[5] let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I ſhall do thee miſchief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me miſchief. Fye, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do ſet a ſcandal on my ſex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We ſhould be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love ſo well.[6]

[*Exeunt* Dem. *and* Hel.

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou ſhalt fly him, and he ſhall ſeek thy love.—

Re-enter Puck.

Haſt thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

See *Timon of Athens*, Act IV. ſc. 1:

" —— where he ſhall find
" The unkindeſt beaſts more kinder than mankind." S. W.

[5] *I will not ſtay thy* queſtions;] Though Helena certainly puts a few inſignificant *queſtions* to Demetrius, I cannot but think our author wrote—*queſtion*, i. e. diſcourſe, converſation. So, in *As you like it*: "I met the duke yeſterday, and had much *queſtion* with him." Steevens.

[6] *To* die upon *the hand*, &c.] To *die upon*, &c. in our author's language, I believe, means—"to *die by* the hand." So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

" I'll die *on him* that ſays ſo, but yourſelf." Steevens.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank whereon[7] the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips[8] and the nodding violet[9] grows;
Quite over-canopied with luſh woodbine,[1]
With ſweet muſk-roſes, and with eglantine:
There ſleeps Titania, ſome time of the night,
Lull'd in theſe flowers with dances and delight;
And there the ſnake throws her enamell'd ſkin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll ſtreak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantaſies.

[7] —— *where*on—] The old copy reads—*where*. Mr. Malone ſuppoſes *where* to be uſed as a diſſyllable; but offers no example of ſuch a pronunciation. Steevens.

[8] *Where* ox-lips —] The *oxlip* is the greater *cowſlip*. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song XV:

"To ſort theſe flowers of ſhowe, with other that were ſweet,
"The cowſlip then they couch, and th' *oxlip* for her meet."

Steevens.

[9] —— *the* nodding *violet*—] i. e. that declines its head, like a drowſy perſon. Steevens.

[1] *Quite over-canopied with* luſh *woodbine*,] All the old editions read—*luſcious* woodbine.

On the margin of one of my folios an unknown hand has written *luſh* woodbine, which, I think, is right. This hand I have ſince diſcovered to be Theobald's. Johnson.

Luſh is clearly preferable in point of ſenſe, and abſolutely neceſſary in point of metre. Oberon is ſpeaking in rhyme; but *woodbine*, as hitherto accented upon the firſt ſyllable, cannot poſſibly correſpond with *eglantine*. The ſubſtitution of *luſh* will reſtore the paſſage to its original harmony, and the author's idea. Ritson.

I have inſerted *luſh* in the text, as it is a word already uſed by Shakſpeare in *The Tempeſt*, Act II:

"How *luſh* and lufty the graſs looks? how green?"

Both *luſh* and *luſcious* (ſays Mr. Henley) are words of the ſame origin.

Dr. Farmer, however, would omit the word *quite*, as a uſeleſs expletive, and read:

"O'er-canopied with luſcious woodbine." Steevens.

Take thou ſome of it, and ſeek through this grove:
A ſweet Athenian lady is in love
With a diſdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he eſpies
May be the lady: Thou ſhalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.[2]
Effect it with ſome care; that he may prove
More fond on her, than ſhe upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the firſt cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your ſervant ſhall do ſo.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another part of the Wood.

Enter Titania, *with her train.*

Tita. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy ſong;[3]

[2] —— *the* man——*hath* on.] I deſire no ſurer evidence to prove that the broad Scotch pronunciation once prevailed in England, than ſuch a rhyme as the firſt of theſe words affords to the ſecond. Steevens.

[3] —— *a* roundel, *and a fairy ſong*;] *Rounds*, or *roundels*, were like the preſent country dances, and are thus deſcribed by Sir John Davies, in his *Orcheſtra*, 1622:

" Then firſt of all he doth demonſtrate plain
" The motions ſeven that are in nature found,
" *Upward and downward, forth, and back again,*
" *To this ſide, and to that, and turning round*;
" Whereof a thouſand brawls he doth compound,
" Which he doth teach unto the multitude,
" And ever with a turn they muſt conclude.
* * * * * * * * * * * *
" Thus when at firſt love had them marſhalled,
" As erſt he did the ſhapeleſs maſs of things,
" He taught them *rounds* and *winding hays* to tread.

Then, for the third part of a minute, hence ;[4]
Some, to kill cankers in the muſk-roſe buds ;[5]
Some, war with rear-mice[6] for their leathern wings,

" And about trees to caſt themſelves in rings :
" As the two Bears whom the firſt mover flings
" With a ſhort turn about heaven's axle-tree,
" In a round dance for ever wheeling be." REED.

A *roundell, rondill,* or *roundelay,* is ſometimes uſed to ſignify a ſong begining or ending with the ſame ſentence ; *redit in orbem.*

Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry,* 1589, has a chapter *On the roundel, or ſphere,* and produces what he calls *A general reſemblance of the roundel to God, and the queen.* STEEVENS.

A *roundel* is, as I ſuppoſe, *a circular dance.* Ben Jonſon ſeems to call *the rings* which ſuch dances are ſuppoſed to make in the graſs, *rondels.* Vol. V. *Tale of a Tub,* p. 23 :

" I'll have no *rondels,* I, in the queen's paths."
TYRWHITT.

So, in *The Boke of the Governour,* by Sir Thomas Elyot, 1537 : " In ſtede of theſe we have now baſe daunces, bargenettes, pavyons, turgions, and *roundes.*" STEEVENS.

[4] *Then,* for *the third part of a minute, hence :*] Dr. Warburton reads :

——*for the third part of the* midnight—.

But the perſons employed are *fairies,* to whom the third part of a *minute* might not be a very ſhort time to do ſuch work in. The critick might as well have objected to the epithet *tall,* which the fairy beſtows on the *cowſlip.* But Shakſpeare, throughout the play, has preſerved the proportion of other things in reſpect of theſe tiny beings, compared with whoſe ſize, a cowſlip might be tall, and to whoſe powers of execution, a minute might be equivalent to an age. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*in the* muſk-roſe *buds* ;] What is at preſent called the *Muſk Roſe,* was a flower unknown to Engliſh botaniſts in the time of Shakſpeare. About fifty years ago it was brought into this country from Spain. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*with* rear-mice—] A *rere-mouſe* is a bat, a *mouſe* that *rears* itſelf from the ground by the aid of wings. So, in *Albertus Wallenſtein,* 1640 :

" Half-ſpirited ſouls, who ſtrive on *rere-mice* wings."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *New Inn :*

" ——I keep no ſhades
" Nor ſhelters, I, for either owls or *rere-mice.*"

To make my ſmall elves coats; and ſome, keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint ſpirits:[7] Sing me now aſleep;
Then to your offices, and let me reſt.

SONG.

1 FAI. *You ſpotted ſnakes, with double tongue,*[8]
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not ſeen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;[9]
Come not near our fairy queen:

Again, in Golding's tranſlation of *Ovid's Metamorphoſis*, B. IV. edit. 1587, p. 58, b:

"And we in Engliſh language bats or *reremice* call the ſame."

Gawin Douglas, in his Prologue to Maphæus's 13th Book of the *Æneid*, alſo applies the epithet *leathern* to the wings of the Bat:

"Up gois the *bak* with her pelit *leddren* flicht."

STEEVENS.

[7] ——quaint *ſpirits*:] For this Dr. Warburton reads againſt all authority: "—*quaint* ſports."

But Proſpero, in *The Tempeſt*, applies *quaint* to Ariel.

JOHNSON.

"Our quaint *ſpirits*." Dr. Johnſon is right in the word, and Dr. Warburton in the interpretation. A *ſpirit* was ſometimes uſed for a *ſport*. In Decker's play, *If it be not good, the Devil is in it*, the king of Naples ſays to the devil Ruffman, diſguiſed in the character of Shalcan: "Now Shalcan, ſome new *ſpirit*? *Ruff*. A thouſand wenches ſtark-naked to play at *leap-frog*. *Omnes*. O rare fight!" FARMER.

[8] ——*with* double *tongue*,] The ſame epithet occurs in a future ſcene of this play:

"——with *doubler* tongue
"Than rhine, thou *ſerpent*," &c.

Again, in *The Tempeſt*:

"——*adders*, who, with *cloven* tongues,
"Do hiſs me into madneſs."

By both theſe terms, I ſuppoſe, our author means—*forked*;

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our ſweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor ſpell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

II.

2 FAI. *Weaving ſpiders, come not here;*
Hence, you long-legg'd ſpinners, hence:
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor ſnail, do no offence.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

1 *FAI.* Hence, away; now all is well:
One, aloof, ſtand ſentinel.[1]
[*Exeunt* Fairies. TITANIA *ſleeps.*

as the tongues of ſnakes are ſometimes repreſented in ancient tapeſtry and paintings, and, it may be added, are ſo in nature. STEEVENS.

[9] Newts, *and* blind-worms,] The *newt* is the *eft*, the *blind-worm* is the *Cæcilia* or *ſlow-worm*. They are both ingredients in the cauldron of *Macbeth*. See *Macbeth*, Act IV. ſc. i. STEEVENS.

[1] *Hence, away*; &c.] This, according to all the editions, is made part of the ſong; but, I think, without ſufficient reaſon, as it appears to be ſpoken after the ſong is over. In the quarto 1600, it is given to the ſecond Fairy; but the other diviſion is better. STEEVENS.

Enter OBERON.

OBE. What thou ſeeſt, when thou doſt wake,
[*Squeezes the flower on* TITANIA'S *eye-lids.*
Do it for thy true love take;
Love, and languiſh for his ſake:
Be it ounce,[2] or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with briſtled hair,
In thy eye that ſhall appear
When thou wak'ſt, it is thy dear;
Wake, when ſome vile thing is near. [*Exit.*

Enter LYSANDER *and* HERMIA.

LYS. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And to ſpeak troth, I have forgot our way;
We'll reſt us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

HER. Be it ſo, Lyſander: find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will reſt my head.

LYS. One turf ſhall ſerve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two boſoms, and one troth.

HER. Nay, good Lyſander; for my ſake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie ſo near.

LYS. O, take the ſenſe, ſweet, of my innocence;[3]
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.[4]

[2] *Be it ounce,*] The ounce is a ſmall tiger, or tiger-cat. JOHNSON.

[3] *O, take the ſenſe, ſweet, of my* innocence;] Lyſander, in the language of love, profeſſes, that as they have one heart, they ſhall have one bed; this Hermia thinks rather too much, and intreats him to *lie further off.* Lyſander anſwers:

I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;
So that but one heart we can make of it:
Two boſoms interchained [5] with an oath;
So then, two boſoms, and a ſingle troth.
Then, by your ſide no bed-room me deny;
For, lying ſo, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lyſander riddles very prettily:—
Now much beſhrew [8] my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to ſay, Lyſander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courteſy
Lie further off; in human modeſty

" *O, take the ſenſe, ſweet, of my* innocence;"
Underſtand *the meaning of my innocence*, or *my innocent meaning*. Let no ſuſpicion of ill enter thy mind. JOHNSON.

[4] *Love takes the meaning, in love's* conference.] In the converſation of thoſe who are aſſured of each other's kindneſs, not *ſuſpicion* but *love takes the meaning*. No malevolent interpretation is to be made, but all is to be received in the ſenſe which *love* can find, and which *love* can dictate. JOHNSON.

The latter line is certainly intelligible as Dr. Johnſon has explained it; but, I think, it requires a ſlight alteration to make it connect well with the former. I would read:

Love take *the meaning in love's conference.*

That is, Let *love take the meaning*. TYRWHITT.

There is no occaſion for alteration. The idea is exactly ſimilar to that of St. Paul: "Love thinketh no evil." HENLEY.

[5] —— *interchained*—] Thus the quartos; the folio *interchanged*. STEEVENS.

[6] *Now much* beſhrew *&c.*] This word, of which the etymology is not exactly known, implies a ſiniſter wiſh, and means the ſame as if ſhe had ſaid "now *ill befall* my manners," &c. It is uſed by Heywood in his *Iron Age*, 1632:

"*Beſhrew* your amorous rhetorick."

Again:

"Well, Paris, I *beſhrew* you, with my heart."

STEEVENS.

See Minſheu's etymology of it, which ſeems to be an imprecation or wiſh of ſuch evil to one, as the venomous biting of the *ſhrew-mouſe*. TOLLET.

Such ſeparation, as, may well be ſaid,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:
So far be diſtant; and good night, ſweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy ſweet life end!

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, ſay I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all his reſt!

Her. With half that wiſh the wiſher's eyes be preſs'd! [*They ſleep.*

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Through the foreſt have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,[7]
On whoſe eyes I might approve
This flower's force in ſtirring love.
Night and ſilence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my maſter ſaid,
Deſpiſed the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, ſleeping ſound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty ſoul! ſhe durſt not lie
Near this lack-love, kill-courteſy.[8]

[7] *But Athenian* found *I none,*] Thus the quarto, 1600, printed by Fiſher. That by Roberts, and the folio, 1623, read: "—*find* I none." STEEVENS.

[8] *Near this lack-love, kill-courteſy.*] The old copies read:
" Near this lack-love, *this* kill-courteſy."
Mr. Theobald and Sir T. Hanmer, for the ſake of the meaſure, leave out *this lack-love.* I have only omitted—*this.*
STEEVENS.

Might we not adhere to the old copy, and at the ſame time preſerve the meaſure, by printing the line thus:
" Near this lack-love, this kill-court'ſy."

Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe:[9]
When thou wak'ſt, let love forbid
Sleep his ſeat on thy eye-lid.[1]
So awake, when I am gone;
For I muſt now to Oberon. [*Exit.*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HELENA, *running.*

HEL. Stay, though thou kill me, ſweet Demetrius.

DEM. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

HEL. O, wilt thou darkling leave me?[2] do not ſo.

DEM. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go.
[*Exit* DEMETRIUS.

We meet with the ſame abbreviation in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*

" They all ſtrain *court'ſy,* who ſhall cope him firſt."
MALONE.

Court'ſy can never be admitted at the end of a verſe, the penult being always ſhort. STEEVENS.

[9] *All the power this charm doth* owe:] i. e. all the power it *poſſeſſes.* So, in *Othello:*

" Shall never medicine thee to that ſweet ſleep
" Which thou *ow'dſt* yeſterday." STEEVENS.

[1] —— *let love forbid*
Sleep his ſeat on thy eye-lid.] So, in *Macbeth:*

" Sleep ſhall neither night nor day
" Hang upon his pent-houſe lid." STEEVENS.

[2] —— *wilt thou* darkling *leave me?*] i. e. in the dark. So, in *The Two angry Women of Abington,* 1599: " —we'll run away with the torch, and leave them to fight *darkling.*" The word is likewiſe uſed by Milton. STEEVENS.

Again, in *King Lear:* " And ſo the candle went out, and we were left *darkling.*" RITSON.

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chaſe!
The more my prayer, the leſſer is my grace.[3]
Happy is Hermia, whereſoe'er ſhe lies;
For ſhe hath bleſſed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes ſo bright? Not with ſalt tears:
If ſo, my eyes are oftener waſh'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beaſts that meet me, run away for fear:
Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius
Do, as a monſter, fly my preſence thus.
What wicked and diſſembling glaſs of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's ſphery eyne?—
But who is here?—Lyſander! on the ground!
Dead? or aſleep? I ſee no blood, no wound:—
Lyſander, if you live, good ſir, awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy ſweet ſake. [*Waking.*
Tranſparent Helena! Nature here ſhows art,[4]
That through thy boſom makes me ſee thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name, to periſh on my ſword!

Hel. Do not ſay ſo, Lyſander; ſay not ſo:
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?

[3] ——*my grace.*] My acceptableneſs, the favour that I can gain. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*Nature* [here] *ſhews art,*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—Nature *her* ſhews art,—perhaps the error of the preſs for—Nature ſhews her art. The editor of the ſecond folio changed *her* to *here*. MALONE.

I admit the word—*here*, as a judicious correction of the ſecond folio. *Here*, means—*in the preſent inſtance*. On *this occaſion*, ſays Lyſander, the work of nature reſembles that of art, viz. (as our author expreſſes it in his *Lover's Complaint*,) an object "glaz'd with cryſtal." STEEVENS.

Yet Hermia ſtill loves you: then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have ſpent.
Not Hermia, but Helena I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reaſon ſway'd;
And reaſon ſays you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their ſeaſon:
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reaſon;[5]
And touching now the point of human ſkill,[6]
Reaſon becomes the marſhall to my will,[7]

[5] ——*till now* ripe *not to reaſon;*] i. e. do not *ripen* to it. *Ripe,* in the preſent inſtance, is a verb. So, in *As you like it:*

"And ſo, from hour to hour, we *ripe,* and *ripe*—."

STEEVENS.

[6] ——touching *now the* point *of human ſkill,*] i. e. my ſenſes being now at the utmoſt height of perfection. So, in *King Henry VIII:*

"I have *touch'd* the higheſt *point* of all my greatneſs."

STEEVENS.

[7] *Reaſon becomes the* marſhal *to my will,*] That is, My will now follows reaſon. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth:*

"Thou *marſhal'ſt* me the way that I was going."

STEEVENS.

A modern writer [*Letters of Literature,* 8vo. 1785,] contends that Dr. Johnſon's explanation is inaccurate. The meaning, ſays he, is, "my will now obeys the command of my reaſon, not my will follows my reaſon. *Marſhal* is a director of an army, of a turney, of a feaſt. Sydney has uſed *marſhal* for *herald* or pourſuivant, but improperly."

Of ſuch flimzy materials are many of the *hyper-criticiſms* compoſed, to which the labours of the editors and commentators on Shakſpeare have given riſe. Who does not at once perceive, that Dr. Johnſon, when he ſpeaks of the will *following* reaſon, uſes the word not literally, but metaphorically? "My will *follows* or obeys *the dictates* of reaſon." Or that, if this were not the caſe, he would yet be juſtified by the context, (And *leads* me—) and by the paſſage quoted from *Macbeth*?—The heralds,

And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's ſtories, written in love's richeſt book.[8]

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When, at your hands, did I deſerve this ſcorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deſerve a ſweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you muſt flout my inſufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good ſooth, you do,
In ſuch diſdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I muſt confeſs,
I thought you lord of more true gentleneſs.[9]
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should, of another, therefore be abus'd! [*Exit.*

Lys. She ſees not Hermia:—Hermia, ſleep thou there;
And never may'ſt thou come Lyſander near!
For, as a ſurfeit of the ſweeteſt things
The deepeſt loathing to the ſtomach brings;
Or, as the hereſies, that men do leave,
Are hated moſt of thoſe they did deceive;
So thou, my ſurfeit, and my hereſy,
Of all be hated; but the moſt of me!

diſtinguiſhed by the names of "*pourſuivants* at arms," were likewiſe called *marſhals*. See Minſheu's Dict. 1617, in v.
Malone.

[8] —— *leads me to* your eyes; *where I o'erlook*
Love's ſtories, written in love's richeſt book.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" —— what obſcur'd in this fair volume lies,
" Find *written* in the margin of *his eyes*,
" This *precious book of love*—." Steevens.

[9] —— *true* gentleneſs.] *Gentleneſs* is equivalent to what, in modern language, we ſhould call the *ſpirit of a gentleman*.
Percy.

And all my powers, addreſs your love and might,
To honour Helen, and to be her knight! [*Exit.*

Her. [*ſtarting.*] Help me, Lyſander, help me! do thy beſt,
To pluck this crawling ſerpent from my breaſt!
Ah me, for pity!—what a dream was here?
Lyſander, look, how I do quake with fear:
Methought a ſerpent eat my heart away,
And you[1] ſat ſmiling at his cruel prey:—
Lyſander! what, remov'd? Lyſander! lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no ſound, no word?
Alack, where are you? ſpeak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves;[2] I ſwoon almoſt with fear.
No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death, or you, I'll find immediately.[3] [*Exit.*

[1] *And* you—] Inſtead of *you*, the firſt folio reads—*yet*. Mr. Pope firſt gave the right word from the quarto 1600. Steevens.

[2] *Speak*, of all loves;] *Of all loves* is an adjuration more than once uſed by our author. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act II. ſc. viii:

"——to ſend her your little page, *of all loves*."

Steevens.

[3] Either *death, or you, I'll find immediately.*] Thus the ancient copies, and ſuch was Shakſpeare's uſage. He frequently employs *either*, and other ſimilar words, as monoſyllables. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

"*Either* from the king, or in the preſent time."

Again, in *King Henry V*:

"*Either* paſt, or not arriv'd to pith and puiſſance."

Again, in *Julius Cæſar*:

"*Either* led or driven, as we point the way."

Again, in *King Richard III*:

"*Either* thou wilt die by God's juſt ordinance—."

Again, in *Othello*:

"*Either* in diſcourſe of thought, or actual deed."

So alſo, Marlowe in his *Edward II.* 1598:

"*Either* baniſh him that was the cauſe thereof—."

The modern editors read—*Or* death or you, &c. Malone.

ACT III. SCENE I.[4]

The ſame. The Queen of Fairies lying aſleep.

Enter QUINCE,[5] SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

BOT. Are we all met?

QUIN. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearſal: This green plot ſhall be our ſtage, this hawthorn brake our tyring-houſe; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

BOT. Peter Quince,—

QUIN. What ſay'ſt thou, bully Bottom?

BOT. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thiſby*, that will never pleaſe. Firſt, Pyramus muſt draw a ſword to kill himſelf; which the ladies cannot abide. How anſwer you that?

SNOUT. By'rlakin, a parlous fear.[6]

[4] In the time of Shakſpeare there were many companies of players, ſometimes five at the ſame time, contending for the favour of the publick. Of theſe ſome were undoubtedly very unſkilful and very poor, and it is probable that the deſign of this ſcene was to ridicule their ignorance, and the odd expedients to which they might be driven by the want of proper decorations. Bottom was perhaps the head of a rival houſe, and is therefore honoured with an aſs's head. JOHNSON.

[5] *Enter* Quince, &c.] The two quartos 1600, and the folio, read only, *Enter the Clowns.* STEEVENS.

[6] By'rlakin, *a* parlous *fear.*] By our *ladykin*, or *little lady*, as *ifakins* is a corruption of *by my faith.* The former is uſed in Preſton's *Cambyſes*:

" The clock hath ſtricken vive, ich think, *by laken*,"

Star. I believe, we muſt leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue ſeem to ſay, we will do no harm with our ſwords; and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and, for the more better aſſurance, tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have ſuch a prologue; and it ſhall be written in eight and ſix.[7]

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promiſe you.

Bot. Maſters, you ought to conſider with yourſelves: to bring in, God ſhield us! a lion among ladies, is a moſt dreadful thing: for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue muſt tell, he is not a lion.

Again, in *Magnificence*, an interlude, written by Skelton, and printed by Raſtell:

"*By our lakin*, ſyr, not by my will."

Parlous is a word corrupted from *perilous*, i. e. dangerous. So, Phaer and Twyne tranſlate the following paſſage in the *Æneid*, Lib. VII. 302:

"Quid Syrtes, aut Scylla mihi? quid vaſta Charybdis
"Profuit?——"
"What good did Scylla me? What could prevail
Charybdis wood?
"Or Sirtes *parlous* ſands?" STEEVENS.

[7] ——*in eight and ſix.*] i. e. in alternate verſes of eight and ſix ſyllables. MALONE.

Bot. Nay, you muſt name his name, and half his face muſt be ſeen through the lion's neck; and he himſelf muſt ſpeak through, ſaying thus, or to the ſame defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wiſh you, or, I would requeſt you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: No, I am no ſuch thing; I am a man as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.[8]

Quin. Well, it ſhall be ſo. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thiſby meet by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon ſhine, that night we play our play?

[8] *No, I am no ſuch thing; I am a man as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.*] There are probably many temporary alluſions to particular incidents and characters ſcattered through our author's plays, which give a poignancy to certain paſſages, while the events were recent, and the perſons pointed at yet living.—In the ſpeech now before us, I think it not improbable that he meant to allude to a fact which happened in his time, at an entertainment exhibited before Queen Elizabeth. It is recorded in a manuſcript collection of anecdotes, ſtories, &c. entitled, *Merry Paſſages and Jeaſts*, MS. *Harl.* 6395:

"There was a ſpectacle preſented to Queen Elizabeth upon the water, and among others *Harry Goldingham* was to repreſent *Arion* upon the dolphin's backe; but finding his voice to be verye hoarſe and unpleaſant, when he came to perform it, he tears off his diſguiſe, and *ſwears he was none of Arion, not he, but even honeſt Harry Goldingham*; which blunt diſcoverie pleaſed the queene better than if it had gone through in the right way:—yet he could order his voice to an inſtrument exceeding well."

The collector of theſe *Merry Paſſages* appears to have been nephew to Sir Roger L'Eſtrange. Malone.

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-ſhine, find out moon-ſhine.

Quin. Yes, it doth ſhine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a caſement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may ſhine in at the caſement.

Quin. Ay; or elſe one muſt come in with a buſh of thorns and a lanthorn, and ſay, he comes to diſfigure, or to preſent, the perſon of moon-ſhine. Then, there is another thing: we muſt have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thiſby, ſays the ſtory, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You never can bring in a wall.—What ſay you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other muſt preſent wall: and let him have ſome plaſter, or ſome lome, or ſome rough-caſt about him, to ſignify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny ſhall Pyramus and Thiſby whiſper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, ſit down, every mother's ſon, and rehearſe your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have ſpoken your ſpeech, enter into that brake;[9] and ſo every one according to his cue.

[9] —— *that* brake;] *Brake,* in the preſent inſtance, ſignifies a *thicket* or *furze-buſh.* So, in the ancient copy of the *Not-browne Mayde,* 1521:

" ——for, dry or wete
" Ye muſt lodge on the playne;
" And us abofe none other rofe
" But a *brake buſh,* or twayne."

Again, in *Milton's Maſque at Ludlow Caſtle:*

" Run to your ſhrowds within theſe *brakes* and trees."

STEEVENS.

Enter PUCK *behind.*

PUCK. What hempen home-ſpuns have we ſwaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I ſee cauſe.

QUIN. Speak, Pyramus:—Thiſby, ſtand forth.

PYR. *Thiſby, the flowers of odious ſavours ſweet,—*

QUIN. Odours, odours.

PYR. ——*odours ſavours ſweet:*
So doth thy breath,[1] *my deareſt Thiſby dear.—*
But, hark, a voice! ſtay thou but here a while,[2]
And by and by I will to thee appear. [*Exit.*

PUCK. A ſtranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here![3]
[*Aſide.—Exit.*

Brake in the weſt of England is uſed to expreſs a large extent of ground overgrown with furze, and appears both here and in the next ſcene to convey the ſame idea. HENLEY.

[1] *So* doth *thy breath,*] The old copies concur in reading:
" So *hath* thy breath,"——
Mr. Pope made the alteration, which ſeems to be neceſſary. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*ſtay thou but here a* while,] The verſes ſhould be alternately in rhyme: but *ſweet* in the cloſe of the firſt line, and *while* in the third, will not do for this purpoſe. The author, doubtleſs, gave it:
" ——ſtay thou but here a *whit,*"
i. e. a little while: for ſo it ſignifies, as alſo any thing of no price or conſideration; a trifle: in which ſenſe it is very frequent with our author. THEOBALD.

Nothing, I think, is got by the change. I ſuſpect two lines to have been loſt; the firſt of which rhymed with "ſavours ſweet," and the other with "here a while." The line before appears to me to refer to ſomething that has been loſt. MALONE.

[3] ——*than e'er play'd* here![] I ſuppoſe he means in that theatre where the piece was acting. STEEVENS.

This. Muſt I ſpeak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, muſt you: for you muſt underſtand, he goes but to ſee a noiſe that he heard, and is to come again.

This. *Moſt radiant Pyramus, moſt lilly-white of hue,*
Of colour like the red roſe on triumphant brier,
Moſt briſky juvenal,[4] *and eke moſt lovely Jew,*
As true as trueſt horſe, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man: Why you muſt not ſpeak that yet; that you anſwer to Pyramus: you ſpeak all your part at once, cues and all.[5]—Pyramus enter; your cue is paſt; it is, *never tire.*

Re-enter Puck, *and* Bottom *with an aſs's head.*

This. O,—*As true as trueſt horſe, that yet would never tire.*

Pyr. *If I were fair,*[6] *Thiſby, I were only thine:*—

Quin. O monſtrous! O ſtrange! we are haunted. Pray, maſters! fly, maſters! help!

[*Exeunt* Clowns.

[4] ——*juvenal,*] i. e. young man. So, Falſtaff: "—the *juvenal* thy maſter." Steevens.

[5] —— cues *and all.*] A *cue,* in ſtage cant, is the laſt words of the preceding ſpeech, and ſerves as a hint to him who is to ſpeak next. So, *Othello:*

"Were it my *cue* to fight, I ſhould have known it
"Without a prompter."

Again, in *The Return from Parnaſſus:*

"Indeed, maſter *Kempe,* you are very famous: but that is as well for works in print, as your part in *cue.*" *Kempe* was one of Shakſpeare's fellow comedians. Steevens.

[6] *If I were fair,* &c.] Perhaps we ought to point thus: If I were, [i. e. as true, &c.] fair Thiſby, I were only thine.

Malone.

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through buſh, through brake, through brier;[7]
Sometime a horſe I'll be, ſometime a hound,
A hog, a headleſs bear, ſometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horſe, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.
[*Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afeard.[8]

Re-enter Snout.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I ſee on thee?[9]

Bot. What do you ſee? you ſee an aſs's head of your own; Do you?

[7] *Through bog, through buſh, through brake, through brier;*] Here are two ſyllables wanting. Perhaps, it was written:

"*Through bog,* through mire,"——. Johnson.

So, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. VI. c. viii:

"Through hills, through dales, *through buſhes and through briars,*
"Long thus ſhe bled," &c. Malone.

The alliteration evidently requires ſome word beginning with a *b*. We may therefore read:

"Through bog, *through burn,* through buſh, through brake, through brier." Ritson.

[8] —— *to make me* afeard.] *Afear* is from *to fear*, by the old form of the language, as *an hungered*, from *to hunger*. So *adry*, for *thirſty*. Johnson.

[9] *O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I ſee on thee?*] It is plain by Bottom's anſwer, that Snout mentioned an *aſs's head*. Therefore we ſhould read:

Snout. *O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I ſee on thee?* An aſs's head? Johnson.

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bleſs thee, Bottom! bleſs thee! thou art tranſlated. [*Exit.*

Bot. I ſee their knavery: this is to make an aſs of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not ſtir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will ſing, that they ſhall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*

The ouſel-cock,[1] *ſo black of hue,*
With orange-tawney bill,
The throſtle[2] *with his note ſo true,*
The wren with little quill;

[1] *The* ouſel-cock,] The *ouzel cock* is generally underſtood to be the cock blackbird. Ben Jonſon uſes the word in *The Devil is an Aſs:*

" ——ſtay till cold weather come,
" I'll help thee to an *ouzel* and a field-fare."

P. Holland, however, in his tranſlation of Pliny's *Nat. Hiſt.* B. X. c. xxiv. repreſents the *ouzle* and the *blackbird* as different birds.

In *The Arbor of Amorous Deviſes,* 4to. bl. l. are the following lines:

" The chattering pie, the jay, and eke the quaile,
" *The thruſtle-cock that was ſo black of hewe.*"

The former leaf and the title-page being torn out of the copy I conſulted, I am unable either to give the two preceding lines of the ſtanza, or to aſcertain the date of the book. STEEVENS.

From the following paſſage in Gwazzo's *Civile Converſation,* 1586, p. 139, it appears that *ouſels* and *blackbirds* were the ſame birds: " She would needs have it that they were two *ouſels or blackbirds.*" REED.

The *Ouſel* differs from the *Black-bird* by having a white creſcent upon the breaſt, and is beſides rather larger. See Lewin's *Engliſh Birds.* DOUCE.

[2] *The* throſtle—] So, in the old metrical romance of *The Squhr of low Degree,* bl. l. no date:

" The pee and the popinjaye,
" The *thruſtele,* ſayinge both nyght and daye."

Tita. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?[3] [*Waking.*

Bot. *The finch, the ſparrow, and the lark,*
The plain-ſong cuckoo gray,[4]
Whoſe note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not anſwer, nay;—

for, indeed, who would ſet his wit to ſo fooliſh a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry, *cuckoo*, never ſo?

Again, in the firſt book of Gower *De Confeſſione Amantis*, 1554:

"The *throſtel* with the nightingale."

It appears from the following paſſage in Thomas Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587, that the *throſtle* is a diſtinct bird from the *thruſh*: "—There is alſo another ſort of myrte or myrtle which is wild, whoſe berries the maviſes, *throſſels*, owſells, and *thruſhes* delite much to eate." Steevens.

[3] *What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?*] Perhaps a parody on a line in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*, often ridiculed by the poets of our author's time:

"What outcry calls me from my naked bed?"

The *Spaniſh Tragedy* was entered on the Stationers' books in 1592. Malone.

[4] ——plain-ſong *cuckoo* &c.] That is, the cuckoo, who, having no variety of ſtrains, ſings in *plain ſong*, or in *plano cantu*; by which expreſſion the uniform modulation or ſimplicity of the *chaunt* was anciently diſtinguiſhed, in oppoſition to *prick-ſong*, or variegated muſick ſung by note. Skelton introduces the birds ſinging the different parts of the ſervice of the funeral of his favourite ſparrow: among the reſt is the cuckoo. P. 227, edit. Lond. 1736:

"But with a large and a long
"To kepe juſt *playne ſonge*
"Our chanters ſhall be your *cuckoue*," &c. T. Warton.

Again, in *The Return from Parnaſſus*:

"Our life is a *plain ſong* with cunning penn'd."

Again, in *Hans Beer-pot's Inviſible Comedy*, &c.

"The cuckoo ſings not worth a groat,
"Becauſe ſhe *never changeth note*." Steevens.

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, ſing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy ſhape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the firſt view, to ſay, to ſwear, I love thee.[5]

Bot. Methinks, miſtreſs, you ſhould have little reaſon for that: And yet, to ſay the truth, reaſon and love keep little company together now-a-days: The more the pity, that ſome honeſt neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek[6] upon occaſion.

[5] *Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,*
So is mine eye enthralled to thy ſhape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the firſt view, to ſay, to ſwear, I love thee.] Theſe lines are in one quarto of 1600, the firſt folio of 1623, the ſecond of 1632, and the third of 1664, &c. ranged in the following order:

Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
On the firſt view to ſay, to ſwear, I love thee;
So is mine eye enthralled to thy ſhape,
And thy fair virtue's force (perforce) doth move me.

This reading I have inſerted, not that it can ſuggeſt any thing better than the order to which the lines have been reſtored by Mr. Theobald from another quarto, [Fiſher's,] but to ſhow that ſome liberty of conjecture muſt be allowed in the reviſal of works ſo inaccurately printed, and ſo long neglected.
JOHNSON.

[6] ——*gleek,*] Joke or ſcoff. POPE.

Gleek was originally a game at cards. The word is often uſed by other ancient comic writers, in the ſame ſenſe as by our author. So, in *Mother Bombie,* 1594:

"There's *gleek* for you, let me have my gird."

Again, in *Tom Tyler and his Wife:*

"The more that I get her, the more ſhe doth *gleek* me."

Again, in Greene's *Farewell to Follie,* 1617:

"Meſſieur Benedetto galled Peratio with this *gleek.*"

Mr. Lambe obſerves in his notes on the ancient metrical hiſtory of *The Battle of Flodden,* that, in the North, to *gleek* is to

Tita. Thou art as wiſe as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not ſo, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to ſerve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not deſire to go;
Thou ſhalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a ſpirit, of no common rate;
The ſummer ſtill doth tend upon my ſtate,
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they ſhall fetch thee jewels from the deep,[7]
And ſing, while thou on preſſed flowers doſt ſleep:
And I will purge thy mortal groſſneſs ſo,
That thou ſhalt like an airy ſpirit go.—
Peas-bloſſom! Cobweb! Moth! and Muſtard-ſeed!

Enter four Fairies.

1 *Fai.* Ready.
2 *Fai.* And I.
3 *Fai.* And I.
4 *Fai.* Where ſhall we go?[8]

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries,[9]

deceive, or *beguile*; and that the reply made by the queen of the fairies, proves this to be the meaning of it. Steevens.

[7] ——jewels *from the* deep,] So, in *King Richard III*:
" ——reflecting *gems*
" That woo'd the ſlimy bottom of the *deep*." Steevens.

[8] 4 Fai. *Where ſhall we go?*] In the ancient copies, this, and the three preceding ſpeeches, are given to the Fairies collectively.

By the advice of Dr. Farmer I have omitted a uſeleſs repetition of—" *and I,*" which overloaded the meaſure. Steevens.

With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey bags ſteal from the humble-bees,
And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,[1]
To have my love to bed, and to ariſe;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his ſleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courteſies.

1 *Fai.* Hail, mortal![2]

[9] ——*dewberries,*] *Dewberries* ſtrictly and properly are the fruit of one of the ſpecies of wild bramble called the creeping or the leſſer bramble: but as they ſtand here among the more delicate fruits, they muſt be underſtood to mean raſpberries, which are alſo of the bramble kind. T. Hawkins.

Dewberries are *gooſeberries*, which are ſtill ſo called in ſeveral parts of the kingdom. Henley.

[1] ——*the fiery glow-worm's eyes,*] I know not how Shakſpeare, who commonly derived his knowledge of nature from his own obſervation, happened to place the glow-worm's light in his eyes, which is only in his tail. Johnson.

The blunder is not in Shakſpeare, but in thoſe who have conſtrued too literally a poetical expreſſion. It appears from every line of his writings that he had ſtudied with attention the book of nature, and was an accurate obſerver of any object that fell within his notice. He muſt have known that the light of the glow-worm was ſeated in the tail; but ſurely a poet is juſtified in calling the luminous part of a glow-worm the *eye*. It is a liberty we take in plain proſe; for the point of greateſt brightneſs in a furnace is commonly called the *eye* of it.

Dr. Johnſon might have arraigned him with equal propriety for ſending his fairies to *light* their tapers at the fire of the glow-worm, which in *Hamlet* he terms *uneffectual:*

" The glow-worm ſhews the matin to be near,
" And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire." M. Mason.

[2] Hail, *mortal!*] The old copies read—hail, mortal, *hail!* The ſecond *hail* was clearly intended for another of the fairies, ſo as that each of them ſhould addreſs Bottom. The regulation now adopted was propoſed by Mr. Steevens. Malone.

2 *Fai.* Hail!

3 *Fai.* Hail!

4 *Fai.* Hail!

Bot. I cry your worſhips mercy, heartily.—I beſeech, your worſhip's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I ſhall deſire you of more acquaintance,[3] good maſter Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I ſhall make bold with you.—Your name, honeſt gentleman?[4]

[3] *I ſhall deſire* you of *more acquaintance,*] This line has been very unneceſſarily altered. The ſame mode of expreſſion occurs in *Luſty Juventus,* a morality:

"I ſhall deſire *you of* better acquaintance."

Such phraſeology was very common to many of our ancient writers.

So, in *An Humorous Day's Mirth,* 1599:

"I do deſire you *of* more acquaintance."

Again, in Golding's verſion of the 14th Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoſis:*

"——— he praid
"Him earneſtly, with careful voice, *of* furthrance and
of aid."

Again, in Greene's *Groatſworth of Wit,* 1621:

"—— craving you *of* more acquaintance." STEEVENS.

The alteration in the modern editions was made on the authority of the firſt folio, which reads in the next ſpeech but one—"I ſhall deſire *of you* more acquaintance." But the old reading is undoubtedly the true one.

So, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen,* B. II. c. ix:

"If it be I, *of pardon I you pray.*" MALONE.

[4] —— *good maſter Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I ſhall make bold with you.—Your name, honeſt gentleman?*] In *The Mayde's Metamorphoſis,* a comedy by Lyly, there is a dialogue between ſome foreſters and a troop of fairies, very ſimilar to the preſent:

"*Mopſo.* I pray, ſir, what might I call you?

"1 *Fai.* My name is Penny.

Peas. Peas-bloſſom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to miſtreſs Squaſh, your mother,[5] and to maſter Peaſcod, your father. Good maſter Peas-bloſſom, I ſhall deſire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beſeech you, ſir?

Mus. Muſtard-ſeed.

Bot. Good maſter Muſtard-ſeed, I know your patience[6] well: that ſame cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your houſe: I promiſe you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I deſire you more acquaintance, good maſter Muſtard-ſeed.

" *Mop.* I am ſorry I cannot purſe you.
" *Friſco.* I pray you, ſir, what might I call you?
" 2 *Fai.* My name is Cricket.
" *Friſ.* I would I were a chimney for your ſake."

The Maid's Metamorphoſis was not printed till 1600, but was probably written ſome years before. Mr. Warton ſays, (*Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry*, Vol. II. p. 393,) that Lyly's laſt play appeared in 1597. MALONE.

[5] ——*miſtreſs* Squaſh, *your mother,*] A *ſquaſh* is an immature peaſcod. So, in *Twelfth-Night*, Act I. ſc. v:

" ——as a *ſquaſh* is, before 'tis a peaſcod." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*patience*—] The Oxford edition reads—*I know your* parentage *well.* I believe the correction is right. JOHNSON.

Parentage was not eaſily corrupted to *patience*, I fancy, the true word is, *paſſions*, ſufferings.

There is an ancient ſatirical Poem entitled—" The Poor Man's *Paſſions*, [i. e. ſufferings,] or Poverty's *patience*." *Patience* and *Paſſions* are ſo alike in ſound, that a careleſs tranſcriber or compoſitor might eaſily have ſubſtituted the former word for the latter. FARMER.

No change is neceſſary. Theſe words are ſpoken ironically. According to the opinion prevailing in our author's time, muſtard was ſuppoſed to excite to choler. See note on *Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV. ſc. iii. REED.

Perhaps we ſhould read—" I know you *paſſing* well." M. MASON.

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;
And when ſhe weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting ſome enforced chaſtity.
Tie up my love's tongue,[7] bring him ſilently.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the Wood.

Enter OBERON.

Obe. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which ſhe muſt dote on in extremity.

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my meſſenger.—How now, mad ſpirit?
What night-rule[8] now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My miſtreſs with a monſter is in love.

[7] ——*my* love's *tongue,*] The old copies read—" my *lover's* tongue." STEEVENS.

Our poet has again uſed *lover* as a monoſyllable in *Twelfth-Night:*

" Sad true *lover* never find my grave." MALONE.

In the paſſage quoted from *Twelfth-Night,* " *true lover*" is evidently a miſtake for—" *true-love,*" a phraſe which occurs in the very ſcene before us:

" And laid the love-juice on ſome *true love's* ſight."

Lover, in both the foregoing inſtances, I muſt therefore ſuppoſe to have been a printer's blunder for *love*; and have therefore continued Mr. Pope's emendation in the text. How is *lover* to be pronounced as a monoſyllable? STEEVENS.

[8] ——*what* night-rule—] *Night-rule* in this place ſhould

Near to her cloſe and conſecrated bower,
While ſhe was in her dull and ſleeping hour,
A crew of patches,[9] rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian ſtalls,
Were met together to rehearſe a play,
Intended for great Theſeus' nuptial day.
The ſhalloweſt thick-ſkin [1] of that barren ſort,[2]
Who Pyramus preſented, in their ſport

ſeem to mean, what frolick of the night, what revelry is going forward? So, in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1661:

" Marry, here is good *rule!*"

Again:

" —— why how now ſtrife! here is pretty *rule!*"

It appears, from the old ſong of *Robin Goodfellow*, in the third volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry*, that it was the office of this waggiſh ſpirit " to viewe [or ſuperintend] the night-ſports." STEEVENS.

[9] —— *patches,*] *Patch* was in old language uſed as a term of opprobry; perhaps with much the ſame import as we uſe *raggamuffin*, or *tatterdemalion*. JOHNSON.

Puck calls the players, " a crew of *patches*." A common opprobrious term, which probably took its riſe from *Patch*, Cardinal Wolſey's fool. In the weſtern counties, *croſs-patch* is ſtill uſed for *perverſe, ill-natur'd fool*. T. WARTON.

The name was rather taken from the *patch'd* or *pied* coats worn by the fools or jeſters of thoſe times.

So, in *The Tempeſt*:

" —— what a *pied* ninny's this?"

Again, in *Preſton's Cambyſes*:

" Hob and Lob, ah ye country *patches!*"

Again, in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

" It is ſimplicitie, that *patch*." STEEVENS.

I ſhould ſuppoſe *patch* to be merely a corruption of the Italian *pazzo*, which ſignifies properly *a fool*. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act II. ſc. v. Shylock ſays of Launcelot: *The* patch *is kind enough*;—after having juſt called him, *that fool of Hagar's off-ſpring*. TYRWHITT.

[1] —— *thick-ſkin*—] See *Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act IV. ſc. v. STEEVENS.

Forſook his ſcene, and enter'd in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An aſs's nowl I fixed on his head;[3]
Anon, his Thiſbe muſt be anſwered,
And forth my mimick[4] comes: When they him ſpy,
As wild geeſe that the creeping fowler eye,

[2] —— barren *ſort,*] *Barren* is *dull, unpregnant.* So, in *Hamlet:*

" ——ſome quantity of *barren* ſpectators," &c.

Sort is company. STEEVENS.

[3] *An aſs's* nowl *I fixed on his head;*] A head. Saxon. JOHNSON.

So, Chaucer, in *The Hiſtory of Beryn,* 1524:

" No ſothly, quoth the ſteward, it lieth all in thy *noll,*
" Both wit and wyſdom," &c.

Again, in *The Three Ladies of London,* 1584:

" One thumps me on the neck, and another ſtrikes me on the *nole.*" STEEVENS.

The following receipt for the proceſs tried on Bottom, occurs in *Albertus Magnus de Secretis:* " Si vis quod caput hominis aſſimiletur *capiti aſini,* ſume de ſegimine aſelli, & unge hominem in capite, & ſic apparebit." There was a tranſlation of this book in Shakſpeare's time. DOUCE.

The metamorphoſis of Bottom's head, might have been ſuggeſted by a ſimilar trick played by Dr. Fauſtus. See his Hiſtory, chap. xliii. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *mimick*—] *Minnock* is the reading of the old quarto, and I believe right. *Minnekin,* now *minx,* is a nice trifling girl. *Minnock* is apparently a word of contempt. JOHNSON.

The folio reads—*mimmick:* perhaps for *mimick,* a word more familiar than that exhibited by one of the quartos, for the other reads—*minnick.* STEEVENS.

Mimmick is the reading of the folio. The quarto printed by Fiſher has—*minnick;* that by Roberts, *minnock:* both evidently corruptions. The line has been explained as if it related to *Thiſbe;* but it does not relate to her, but to *Pyramus.* Bottom had juſt been playing that part, and had retired into a brake; (according to Quince's direction: " When you have ſpoken your ſpeech, enter into that brake.") " Anon his *Thiſbe* muſt be anſwered, *And forth my* mimick (i. e. my actor) *comes.*" In this there ſeems no difficulty.

Or ruſſet-pated choughs,[5] many in ſort,[6]
Riſing and cawing at the gun's report
Sever themſelves, and madly ſweep the ſky;
So, at his ſight, away his fellows fly:
And, at our ſtamp,[7] here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.

Mimick is uſed as ſynonymous to *actor*, by Decker, in his *Guls Hornebooke*, 1609: "Draw what troop you can from the ſtage after you; the *mimicks* are beholden to you for allowing them elbow room." Again, in his *Satiromaſtix*, 1602: "Thou [B. Jonſon] haſt forgot how thou ambled'ſt in a leather pilch by a play-waggon in the highway, and took'ſt mad *Jeronymo's* part, to get ſervice amongſt the *mimicks*." MALONE.

[5] ——choughs,] The *chough* is a bird of the daw kind. It is mentioned alſo in *Macbeth*:

"By magot-pies, and *choughs*, and rooks," &c.
STEEVENS.

[6] ——*ſort*,] Company. So above:

"——————*that barren* ſort;"

and in Waller:

"*A* ſort *of luſty ſhepherds ſtrive*." JOHNSON.

So, in Chapman's *May-day* 1611:

"——though we neuer lead any other company than a *ſort* of quart-pots." STEEVENS.

[7] *And, at* our ſtamp,] This ſeems to be a vicious reading. Fairies are never repreſented ſtamping, or of a ſize that ſhould give force to a ſtamp, nor could they have diſtinguiſhed the ſtamps of Puck from thoſe of their own companions. I read:

And at a ſtump *here o'er and o'er one falls.*

So Drayton:

"A pain he in his head-piece feels,
"Againſt a *ſtubbed tree* he reels,
"And up went poor Hobgoblin's heels;
"Alas, his brain was dizzy.——
"At length upon his feet he gets,
"Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets,
"And as again he forward ſets,
"And through the buſhes ſcrambles,
"A *ſtump* doth *trip him* in his pace,
"Down fell poor Hob upon his face,
"And lamentably tore his caſe,
"Among the briers and brambles." JOHNSON.

Their ſenſe, thus weak, loſt with their fears, thus ſtrong,
Made ſenſeleſs things begin to do them wrong:
For briers and thorns at their apparel ſnatch;
Some, ſleeves; ſome, hats:[8] from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this diſtracted fear,
And left ſweet Pyramus tranſlated there:
When in that moment (ſo it came to paſs,)
Titania wak'd, and ſtraightway lov'd an aſs.

I adhere to the old reading. The *ſtamp* of a fairy might be efficacious though not loud; neither is it neceſſary to ſuppoſe, when ſupernatural beings are ſpoken of, that the ſize of the agent determines the force of the action. That fairies did *ſtamp* to ſome purpoſe, may be known from the following paſſage in *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus*:—"Vero ſaltum *adeo profundè in terram impreſſerant*, ut locus inſigni adore orbiculariter pereſus, non parit arenti redivivum ceſpite gramen." Shakſpeare's own authority, however, is moſt deciſive. See the concluſion of the firſt ſcene of the fourth Act:

"Come, my queen, take hand with me,
"And *rock* the ground whereon theſe ſleepers be."

STEEVENS.

Honeſt Reginald Scott, ſays: "Our grandams maides were wont to ſet a boll of milke before Incubus, and his couſin Robin Good-fellow, for grinding of malt or muſtard, and ſweeping the houſe at midnight: and—that he would chafe exceedingly, if the maid or good wife of the houſe, having compaſſion of his nakednes, laid anie clothes for him beeſides his meſſe of white bread and milke, which was his ſtanding fee. For in that caſe he ſaith, What have we here? Hemton, hamten, here will I never more tread nor *ſtampen*." *Diſcoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 85.

RITSON.

[8] *Some, ſleeves; ſome, hats:*] There is the like image in Drayton, of queen Mab and her fairies flying from Hobgoblin:

"Some tore a ruff, and ſome a gown,
"'Gainſt one another juſtling;
"They flew about like chaff i' th' wind,
"For haſte ſome left their maſks behind,
"Some could not ſtay their gloves to find,
"There never was ſuch buſtling." JOHNSON.

Obe. This falls out better than I could deviſe.
But haſt thou yet latch'd[9] the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him ſleeping,—that is finiſh'd too,—
And the Athenian woman by his ſide;
That, when he wak'd, of force ſhe muſt be ey'd.

Enter Demetrius *and* Hermia.

Obe. Stand cloſe; this is the ſame Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you ſo?
Lay breath ſo bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I ſhould uſe thee worſe;
For thou, I fear, haſt given me cauſe to curſe.
If thou haſt ſlain Lyſander in his ſleep,
Being o'er ſhoes in blood,[1] plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The ſun was not ſo true unto the day,
As he to me: Would he have ſtol'n away
From ſleeping Hermia? I'll believe as ſoon,
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon
May through the center creep, and ſo diſpleaſe
Her brother's noon-tide with the Antipodes.[2]

[9] —— *latch'd*—] Or letch'd, lick'd over, *lecher*, to lick, Fr. Hanmer.

In the North, it ſignifies to *infect*. Steevens.

[1] *Being o'er ſhoes in blood,*] An alluſion to the proverb, *Over ſhoes, over boots*. Johnson.

So, in *Macbeth*:

" ——— I am in blood,
" Stept in ſo far," &c. Steevens.

[2] —— noon-tide *with the Antipodes.*] Dr. Warburton would read—*i' th' antipodes*, which Mr. Edwards ridicules without

It cannot be, but thou haſt murder'd him;
So ſhould a murderer look; ſo dead,[3] ſo grim.

Dem. So ſhould the murder'd look; and ſo
ſhould I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your ſtern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering ſphere.

Her. What's this to my Lyſander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcaſe to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'ſt me paſt the
bounds
Of maiden's patience. Haſt thou ſlain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O! once tell true, tell true, even for my ſake;
Durſt thou have look'd upon him, being awake,

mercy. The alteration is certainly not neceſſary; but it is not ſo unlucky as he imagined. Shirley has the ſame expreſſion in his *Andromana*:

" To be a whore, is more unknown to her,
" Then what is done *in the antipodes*."

In for *among* is frequent in old language. FARMER.

The familiarity of the general idea, is ſhown by the following paſſage in *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

" And dwell one month *with the* Antipodes."

Again, in *King Richard II*:

" While we were wandring *with the* Antipodes."

STEEVENS.

[3] ——*ſo* dead,] All the old copies read—*ſo dead*; in my copy of it, ſome reader has altered *dead* to *dread*. JOHNSON.

Dead ſeems to be the right word, and our author again uſes it in *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act I. ſc. iii:

" Even ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſs,
" So dull, ſo *dead* in look, ſo woe-begone." STEEVENS.

So alſo, in Greene's *Doraſtus and Fawnia*: " —if thou marry in age, thy wife's freſh colours will breed in thee *dead* thoughts and ſuſpicion." MALONE.

And haſt thou kill'd him ſleeping?[4] O brave touch![5]
Could not a worm, an adder, do ſo much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou ſerpent, never adder ſtung.

Dem. You ſpend your paſſion on a miſpris'd mood:[6]
I am not guilty of Lyſander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem. An if I could,[7] what ſhould I get therefore?

Her. A privilege, never to ſee me more.—

[4] *Durſt thou have look'd upon him, being awake,*
And haſt thou kill'd him ſleeping?] She means, Haſt thou kill'd him ſleeping, whom, when awake, thou didſt not dare to look upon? MALONE.

[5] —— *O brave* touch!] *Touch* in Shakſpeare's time was the ſame with our *exploit*, or rather *ſtroke*. A brave touch, a noble ſtroke, *un grand coup*. "Maſon was very merry, pleaſantly playing both with the ſhrewd *touches* of many curſt boys, and the ſmall diſcretion of many lewd ſchoolmaſters." *Aſcham.* JOHNSON.

A *touch* anciently ſignified a *trick*. In the old black letter ſtory of *Howleglas*, it is always uſed in that ſenſe: "—for at all times he did ſome mad *touch*." STEEVENS.

[6] —— *miſpris'd* mood:] Miſtaken; ſo below *miſpriſion* is miſtake. JOHNSON.

Mood is *anger*, or perhaps rather in this place, *capricious fancy*. MALONE.

I rather conceive that—"*on* a miſpris'd *mood*" is put for—"*in* a miſpris'd *mood*;" i. e. "*in* a miſtaken *manner*." The prepoſition—*on*, is licentiouſly uſed by ancient authors. When Mark Antony ſays that Auguſtus Cæſar "dealt *on* lieutenantry," he does not mean that he "dealt his blows *on* lieutenants," but that he dealt *in* them;" i. e. achieved his victories by their conduct. STEEVENS.

[7] An if *I could*, &c.] This phraſeology was common in Shakſpeare's time. Thus, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act V. ſc. i:
"*An if* a man did need a poiſon now."

And from thy hated preſence part I ſo:[8]
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [*Exit.*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
So ſorrow's heavineſs doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt ſleep doth ſorrow owe;
Which now, in ſome ſlight meaſure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make ſome ſtay.
[*Lies down.*

Obe. What haſt thou done? thou haſt miſtaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on ſome true-love's ſight:
Of thy miſpriſion muſt perforce enſue
Some true-love turn'd, and not a falſe turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go ſwifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-ſick ſhe is, and pale of cheer[9]
With ſighs of love, that coſt the freſh blood dear:[1]

Again, in Lodge's *Illuſtrations*, Vol. I. p. 85: "—meanys was made unto me to ſee *an yff* I wold appoynt," &c. Reed.

[8] ——*part I* ſo:] *So*, which is not in the old copy, was inſerted, for the ſake of both metre and rhyme, by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[9] ——*pale of* cheer—] *Cheer*, from the Italian *cara*, is frequently uſed by the old Engliſh writers for countenance. Even Dryden ſays—

"Pale at the ſudden ſight, ſhe chang'd her *cheer*."
Edinburgh Magazine, Nov. 1786. Steevens.

[1] ——ſighs *of love, that* coſt the freſh blood dear:] So, in *King Henry VI.* we have "blood-conſuming,"—"blood-drinking," and "blood-ſucking ſighs." All alluding to the ancient ſuppoſition that every ſigh was indulged at the expence of a drop of blood. Steevens.

By ſome illuſion ſee thou bring her here;
I'll charm his eyes, againſt ſhe do appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look, how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.[2] [*Exit.*

Obe. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with Cupid's archery,[3]
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth eſpy,
Let her ſhine as glorioufly
As the Venus of the ſky.—
When thou wak'ſt, if ſhe be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, miſtook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee;
Shall we their fond pageant ſee?
Lord, what fools theſe mortals be!

Obe. Stand aſide: the noiſe they make,
Will cauſe Demetrius to awake.

[2] *Swifter than arrow from the* Tartar's bow.] So, in the 10th Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoſis:* tranſlated by Golding, 1567:

" ——— and though that ſhe
" Did fly as *ſwift* as arrow from a *Turkye bowe.*"

Douce.

" A *Tartar's* painted *bow* of lath" is mentioned in *Romeo and Juliet.* Steevens.

[3] *Hit with Cupid's archery,*] This alludes to what was ſaid before:

" —— the bolt of Cupid fell:
" It fell upon a little weſtern flower,
" Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound."

Steevens.

Puck. Then will two at once, woo one;
That muſt needs be ſport alone;
And thoſe things do beſt pleaſe me,
That befal prepoſterouſly.

Enter Lysander *and* Helena.

Lys. Why ſhould you think, that I ſhould woo in ſcorn?
Scorn and deriſion never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows ſo born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can theſe things in me ſeem ſcorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?[4]

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O deviliſh-holy fray!
Theſe vows are Hermia's; Will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows, to her and me, put in two ſcales,
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgment, when to her I ſwore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [*awaking.*] O Helen, goddeſs, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, ſhall I compare thine eyne?

[4] *Bearing the* badge *of faith, to prove them* true?] This is ſaid in alluſion to the *badges* (i. e. family creſts) anciently worn on the ſleeves of ſervants and retainers. So, in *The Tempeſt*:
"Mark the *badges* of theſe men, and then ſay if they be *true*." Steevens.

Cryſtal is muddy. O, how ripe in ſhow
Thy lips, thoſe kiſſing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' ſnow,[5]
Fann'd with the eaſtern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'ſt up thy hand: O let me kiſs
This princeſs of pure white,[6] this ſeal of bliſs![7]

Hel. O ſpite! O hell! I ſee you all are bent
To ſet againſt me, for your merriment.
If you were civil, and knew courteſy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you muſt join, in ſouls,[8] to mock me too?

[5] ——*Taurus' ſnow,*] Taurus is the name of a range of mountains in Aſia. JOHNSON.

[6] *This* princeſs *of pure white,*] Thus all the editions as low as Sir Thomas Hanmer's. He reads:

This pureneſs *of pure white*;

and Dr. Warburton follows him. The old reading may be juſtified from a paſſage in Sir Walter Raleigh's *Diſcovery of Guiana*, where the pine-apple is called *The princeſs of fruits*. Again, in *Wyat's Poems*: "Of beauty *princeſſe* chief." STEEVENS.

In *The Winter's Tale* we meet with a ſimilar expreſſion:

"——good ſooth, ſhe is
"The *queen of curds and cream*." MALONE.

[7] ——*ſeal of bliſs!*] He has in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, the ſame image:

"But my kiſſes bring again,
"*Seals of love*, but ſeal'd in vain." JOHNSON.

More appoſitely, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"My play-fellow, your *hand*; this kingly *ſeal*,
"And plighter of high hearts." STEEVENS.

[8] ——*join*, in ſouls,] i. e. join heartily, unite in the ſame mind. Shakſpeare, in *K. Henry V.* uſes an expreſſion not unlike this:

"For we will hear, note, and believe *in heart*;"

i. e. heartily believe: and in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, he talks of electing with *ſpecial ſoul*. In *Troilus and Creſſida*, Ulyſſes, relating the character of Hector as given him by Æneas, ſays:

If you were men, as men you are in ſhow,
You would not uſe a gentle lady ſo;
To vow, and ſwear, and ſuperpraiſe my parts,
When, I am ſure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:

" ——— with *private ſoul*
" Did in great Ilion thus tranſlate him to me."

And, in *All Fools*, by Chapman, 1605, is the ſame expreſſion as that for which I contend:

" Happy, *in ſoul*, only by winning her."

Again, in a maſque called *Luminalia*, or *The Feſtival of Light*, 1637:

" You that are chief *in ſouls*, as in your blood."

Again, in *Pierce Pennileſs his Supplication to the Devil*, 1595:

" ——whoſe ſubverſion *in ſoul* they have vow'd."

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. XII. ch. lxxv:

" Could all, *in ſoul*, of very God ſay as an Ethnick ſaid
" To one that preached Hercules?"——

Again, in our author's *Twelfth-Night*:

" And all thoſe ſwearings *keep* as true *in ſoul*."

Sir. T. Hanmer would read—*in flouts*; Dr. Warburton, *inſolents*. STEEVENS.

I rather believe the line ſhould be read thus:

" But you muſt join, *ill* ſouls, to mock me too?"

Ill is often uſed for *bad, wicked*. So, in *The Sea Voyage* of Beaumont and Fletcher, Act IV. ſc. i:

" They did begin to quarrel like *ill* men;"

which I cite the rather, becauſe *ill* had there alſo been changed into *in*, by an error of the preſs, which Mr. Sympſon has corrected from the edition 1647. TYRWHITT.

This is a very reaſonable conjecture, though I think it hardly right. JOHNSON.

We meet with this phraſe in an old poem by Robert Dabourne:

" —— Men ſhift their faſhions—
" They are *in ſouls* the ſame." FARMER.

A ſimilar phraſeology is found in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" Is't not enough thou haſt ſuborn'd theſe women
" To accuſe this worthy man, but *in* foul mouth
" To call him villain!" MALONE.

A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,[9]
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,
With your derifion! none, of noble fort,[1]
Would fo offend a virgin; and extort
A poor foul's patience,[2] all to make you fport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not fo;
For you love Hermia; this, you know, I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers wafte more idle breath.

Dem. Lyfander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart with her but, as gueft-wife, fojourn'd;
And now to Helen is it home return'd,[3]

[9] *A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,* &c.] This is written much in the manner and fpirit of Juno's reproach to Venus in the fourth Book of the *Æneid*:

" Egregiam vero laudem et fpolia ampla refertis,
" Tuque puerque tuus; magnum et memorabile nomen,
" Una dolo divûm fi fœmina victa duorum eft."

STEEVENS.

[1] ——*none, of noble* fort,] *Sort* is here ufed for *degree* or *quality*. So, in the old ballad of *Jane Shore*:

" Long time I lived in the court,
" With lords and ladies of great *fort*." MALONE.

[2] ——— extort
A poor foul's patience,] Harrafs, torment. JOHNSON.

[3] *My heart* with *her but, as gueft-wife, fojourn'd;*
And now to Helen it is home return'd,] The ancient copies read—" *to* her." Dr. Johnfon made the correction, and exemplified the fentiment by the following paffage from Prior:

" No matter what beauties I faw in my way,
" They were but my vifits; but thou art my *home*."

STEEVENS.

So, in our author's 109th Sonnet:

" This is my *home* of love; if I have rang'd,
" Like him that travels, I *return* again." MALONE.

There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not ſo.

Dem. Diſparage not the faith thou doſt not know,
Leſt, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.—
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehenſion makes;
Wherein it doth impair the ſeeing ſenſe,
It pays the hearing double recompenſe:—
Thou art not by mine eye, Lyſander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy ſound.
But why unkindly didſt thou leave me ſo?

Lys. Why ſhould he ſtay, whom love doth preſs to go?

Her. What love could preſs Lyſander from my ſide?

Lys. Lyſander's love, that would not let him bide,
Fair Helena; who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes[4] and eyes of light.

[4] ——*all yon fiery* oes—] Shakſpeare uſes O for a circle. So, in the prologue to *King Henry V:*

" ——— can we crowd
" Within this little *O*, the very caſques
" That did affright the air at Agincourt?"

Again, in *The Partheneia Sacra*, 1633:

" —the purple canopy of the earth, powder'd over and beſet with ſilver *oes*, or rather an azure vault," &c.

Again, in John Davies of Hereford's *Microcoſmos*, 1605, p. 233:

" Which ſilver *oes* and ſpangles over-ran." Steevens.

D'Ewes's *Journal of Queen Elizabeth's Parliaments*, p. 650, mentions a patent to make ſpangles and *oes* of gold; and I think haberdaſhers call ſmall curtain rings, O's, as being circular.

Tollet.

Why ſeek'ſt thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee made me leave thee ſo?

Her. You ſpeak not as you think; it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, ſhe is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
To faſhion this falſe ſport in ſpite of me.
Injurious Hermia! moſt ungrateful maid!
Have you conſpir'd, have you with theſe contriv'd
To bait me with this foul deriſion?
Is all the counſel that we two have ſhar'd,
The ſiſters' vows,[5] the hours that we have ſpent,
When we have chid the haſty-footed time
For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?[6]
All ſchool-days' friendſhip, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,[7]

[5] *The ſiſters' vows,*] We might read more elegantly—*The* ſiſter *vows,* and a few lines lower,—All *ſchool-day* friendſhip. The latter emendation was made by Mr. Pope; but changes merely for the ſake of elegance ought to be admitted with great caution. MALONE.

[6] *For parting us,—O,* and *is all forgot?*] The firſt folio omits the word—*and.* I have received it from the folio 1632. Mr. Malone reads—*now.* STEEVENS.

The editor of the ſecond folio, to complete the metre, introduced the word *and*;—" O, *and* is all forgot?" It ſtands ſo aukwardly, that I am perſuaded it was not our author's word. MALONE.

—— *O, and is all forgot?*] Mr. Gibbon obſerves, that in a poem of Gregory Nazianzen on his own life, are ſome beautiful lines which burſt from the heart, and ſpeak the pangs of injured and loſt friendſhip, reſembling theſe. He adds " Shakſpeare had never read the poems of Gregory Nazianzen: he was ignorant of the Greek language; but his mother tongue, the language of nature, is the ſame in Cappadocia and in Britain."
Gibbon's *Hiſt.* Vol. III. p. 15. REED.

[7] —— artificial *gods,*] *Artificial* is ingenious, artful. STEEVENS.

Have with our neelds[8] created both one flower,
Both on one ſampler, ſitting on one cuſhion,
Both warbling of one ſong, both in one key;
As if our hands, our ſides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,

[8] *Have with our* neelds *&c.*] Moſt of our modern editors, with the old copies, have—*needles*; but the word was probably written by Shakſpeare *neelds*, (a common contraction in the inland counties at this day,) otherwiſe the verſe would be inharmonious. See *Gammer Gurton's Needle.*

Again, in Sir Arthur Gorges' tranſlation of *Lucan*, 1614:

" Thus Cato ſpake, whoſe feeling words
" Like pricking *neelds*, or points of ſwords," &c.

Again, in Stanyhurſt's *Virgil*, 1582:

" —— on *neeld*-wrought carpets."

The ſame ideas occur in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

" ——— ſhe
" Would ever with Marina be:
" Be't when they weav'd the ſleded ſilk,
" With fingers long, ſmall, white as milk,
" Or when ſhe would with ſharp *neeld* wound
" The cambrick," &c.

Again, *ibid:*

" Deep clerks ſhe dumbs, and with her *neele* compoſes
" Nature's own ſhape."

In the age of Shakſpeare many contractions were uſed. Ben Jonſon has *wher* for *whether*, in the prologue to his *Sad Shepherd*; and in the Earl of Sterline's *Darius*, is *ſport* for *ſupport*, and *twards* for *towards*.

Of the eviſceration and extenſion of words, however, T. Churchyard affords the moſt numerous and glaring inſtances; for he has not ſcrupled even to give us *rune* inſtead of *ruin*, and *mieſt* inſtead of *miſt*, when he wants rhymes to *ſoon*, and *crieſt*.

STEEVENS.

In the old editions of theſe plays many words of two ſyllables are printed at length, though intended to be pronounced as one. Thus *ſpirit* is almoſt always ſo written, though often uſed as a monoſyllable; and *whether*, though intended often to be contracted, is always (I think, improperly,) written at length.

MALONE.

Two lovely berries moulded on one ſtem:
So, with two ſeeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the firſt, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one creſt.[9]
And will you rent our ancient love aſunder,
To join with men in ſcorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our ſex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your paſſionate words:
I ſcorn you not; it ſeems that you ſcorn me.

Hel. Have you not ſet Lyſander, as in ſcorn,
To follow me, and praiſe my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,

[9] *Two of the firſt,* like *coats in heraldry,*
Due but to one, and crowned with one creſt.] The old copies read—*life* coats, &c. STEEVENS.

The true correction of the paſſage I owe to the friendſhip and communication of the ingenious Martin Folkes, Eſq.—Two of the *firſt, ſecond,* &c. are terms peculiar in heraldry, to diſtinguiſh the different *quarterings* of *coats.* THEOBALD.

Theſe are, as Theobald obſerves, terms peculiar to heraldry; but that obſervation does not help to explain them.—Every branch of a family is called a *houſe*; and none but the *firſt* of the *firſt houſe* can bear the arms of the family, without ſome diſtinction. *Two of the firſt,* therefore, means *two coats of the firſt houſe,* which are properly *due but to one.* M. MASON.

According to the rules of heraldry, the *firſt* houſe only, (e. g. a father who has a ſon living, or an elder brother as diſtinguiſhed from a younger,) has a right to bear the family coat. The ſon's coat is diſtinguiſhed from the father's by a label; the younger brother's from the elder's by a mullet. The ſame creſt is common to both. Helena therefore means to ſay, that ſhe and her friend were as cloſely united, as much *one* perſon, as if they were *both of the firſt* houſe; as if they both had the privilege *due but to one* perſon, (viz. to him of the firſt houſe,) the right of bearing the family coat without any diſtinguiſhing mark.
MALONE.

(Who even but now did ſpurn me with his foot,)
To call me goddeſs, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celeſtial? Wherefore ſpeaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lyſander
Deny your love, ſo rich within his ſoul,
And tender me, forſooth, affection;
But by your ſetting on, by your conſent?
What though I be not ſo in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, ſo fortunate;
But miſerable moſt, to love unlov'd?
This you ſhould pity, rather than deſpiſe.

Her. I underſtand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, perſéver,[1] counterfeit ſad looks,
Make mows upon me when I turn my back;
Wink at each other; hold the ſweet jeſt up:
This ſport, well carried, ſhall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me ſuch an argument.[2]
But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault;
Which death, or abſence, ſoon ſhall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuſe;
My love, my life, my ſoul, fair Helena!

[1] *Ay, do,* perſéver,] *Perſever* is the reading of all the old copies. The word was formerly ſo pronounced. Thus our author, in *All's well that ends well,* Act IV. ſc. ii:

" ——ſay thou art mine, and ever
" My love, as it begins, ſo ſhall *perſever.*"

Again, in Glapthorne's *Argalus and Parthenia,* 1639:

" ——— for ever
" May they in love and union ſtill *perſever.*"

STEEVENS.

[2] ——*ſuch an* argument.] Such a *ſubject* of light merriment.

JOHNSON.

So, in the firſt part of *King Henry IV.* Act II. ſc. ii:

" ——it would be *argument* for a week," &c.

STEEVENS.

Hel. O excellent!
Her. Sweet, do not ſcorn her ſo.
Dem. If ſhe cannot entreat, I can compel.
Lys. Thou canſt compel no more than ſhe entreat;
Thy threats have no more ſtrength, than her weak prayers.[3]—
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do;
I ſwear by that which I will loſe for thee,
To prove him falſe, that ſays I love thee not.
Dem. I ſay, I love thee more than he can do.
Lys. If thou ſay ſo, withdraw, and prove it too.
Dem. Quick, come,—
Her. Lyſander, whereto tends all this?
Lys. Away, you Ethiop!
Dem. No, no, ſir:—he will[4]

[3] —— *than her weak* prayers.] The old copies read:
"—— *than her weak* praiſe." Steevens.

Mr. Theobald propoſed to read—*prays*. A noun thus formed from the verb, to *pray*, is much in our author's manner; and the tranſcriber's ear might have been eaſily deceived by the ſimilarity of ſounds. Malone.

[4] *No, no, ſir:—he will* &c.] This paſſage, like almoſt all thoſe in theſe plays in which there is a ſudden tranſition, or the ſenſe is haſtily broken off, is much corrupted in the old copies. My text [*No, no; he'll—ſir,*] is formed from the quarto printed by Fiſher and the firſt folio. The words "*he'll*" are not in the folio, and *Sir* is not in the quarto. Demetrius, I ſuppoſe, would ſay, No, no; he'll *not have the reſolution to diſengage himſelf from Hermia*. But turning abruptly to Lyſander, he addreſſes him ironically:—"Sir, ſeem to break looſe;" &c. Malone.

No critical remedy is nearer at hand, than a ſuppoſition that obſcure paſſages are ſentences deſignedly abrupt and imperfect.—Lyſander calls Hermia an "Æthiop."—"No, no, ſir:" replies Demetrius; i. e. ſhe is none; and then ironically ſpeaks to her of Lyſander, as of one whoſe ſtruggle to break looſe is merely a pretended effort. He next addreſſes his provocation perſonally

Seem to break looſe; take on, as you would follow;
But yet come not: You are a tame man, go!

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr: vile thing let looſe;
Or I will ſhake thee from me, like a ſerpent.

Her. Why are you grown ſo rude? what change is this,
Sweet love?

Lys. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!

Her. Do you not jeſt?

Hel. Yes, 'ſooth; and ſo do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would, I had your bond; for, I perceive,
A weak bond holds you; I'll not truſt your word.

Lys. What ſhould I hurt her, ſtrike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her ſo.

Her. What, can you do me greater harm, than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lyſander?
I am as fair now, as I was erewhile.
Since night, you lov'd me; yet, ſince night you left me:
Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—

to Lyſander.—I have left the text as I found it; only reading (for the ſake of metre) *he will*, inſtead of *he'll*. STEEVENS.

The only difficulty in this paſſage ariſes from the words—*he will, ſir*, which are omitted in the ſecond folio. In that edition it runs thus:

" No, no, ſir, ſeeme to breake looſe;
" Take on as you would follow,
" But yet come not: you are a tame man, go."

This appears to me the true reading. M. MASON.

In earneſt, ſhall I ſay?

Lys. Ay, by my life;
And never did deſire to ſee thee more.
Therefore, be out of hope, of queſtion, doubt,
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jeſt,
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

Her. O me! you juggler! you canker-bloſſom![5]
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And ſtol'n my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, i'faith!
Have you no modeſty, no maiden ſhame,
No touch of baſhfulneſs? What, will you tear
Impatient anſwers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet you!

Her. Puppet! why ſo? Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that ſhe hath made compare
Between our ſtatures, ſhe hath urg'd her height;
And with her perſonage, her tall perſonage,
Her height, forſooth, ſhe hath prevail'd with him.—
And are you grown ſo high in his eſteem,
Becauſe I am ſo dwarfiſh, and ſo low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole?[6] ſpeak;

[5] *O me! you* juggler! *you canker-bloſſom!*] *Juggler* in this line is uſed as a triſyllable. So again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. I:

"She and the dauphin have been *juggling.*"

So alſo *tickling*, *wreſtler*, and many more. MALONE.

——*you* canker-bloſſom!] The *canker-bloſſom* is not in this place the bloſſom of the *canker* or *wild roſe*, which our author alludes to in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act I. ſc. iii:

"I had rather be a *canker* in a hedge, than a roſe in his grace:" but a worm that preys on the leaves or buds of flowers, always beginning in the middle. So, in this play Act II. ſc. iii:

"Some to kill *cankers* in the muſk-roſe buds."

STEEVENS.

[6] ——*thou painted may pole?*] So, in Stubbes's *Anatomie*

How low am I? I am not yet ſo low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curſt;[7]
I have no gift at all in ſhrewiſhneſs;
I am a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not ſtrike me: You, perhaps, may think,
Becauſe ſhe's ſomething lower than myſelf,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be ſo bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counſels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your ſtealth unto this wood:
He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him.
But he hath chid me hence; and threaten'd me
To ſtrike me, ſpurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, ſo you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further: Let me go:
You ſee how ſimple and how fond I am.[8]

of Abuſes, 8vo. 1583: "But their cheefeſt iewell thei bryng from thence is their *Maie pole*, whiche thei bryng home with great veneration, as thus: Thei have twentie or fourtie yoke of oxen, every oxe hauyng a ſweete noſegaie of flowers placed on the tippe of his hornes, and theſe oxen drawe home this *Maie pole*, (this ſtinckyng idoll rather) whiche is couered all ouer with flowers and hearbes bounde rounde aboute with ſtrynges from the top to the bottome, and ſome tyme *painted with variable colours*," &c. Steevens.

[7] ——*curſt*;] i. e. ſhrewiſh or miſchievous.
Thus in the old proverbial ſaying: "*Curſt* cows have ſhort horns." Steevens.

[8] ——*how* fond *I am.*] *Fond*, i. e. fooliſh. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

Her. Why, get you gone: Who is't that hinders you?

Hel. A fooliſh heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lyſander?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lys. Be not afraid: ſhe ſhall not harm thee, Helena.

Dem. No, ſir; ſhe ſhall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when ſhe's angry, ſhe is keen and ſhrewd:
She was a vixen, when ſhe went to ſchool;[9]
And, though ſhe be but little, ſhe is fierce.

Her. Little again? nothing but low and little?—
Why will you ſuffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hind'ring knot-graſs made;[1]

"——I do wonder,
"Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art ſo *fond*
"To come abroad with him." STEEVENS.

[9] *She was a* vixen, *when ſhe went to ſchool*;] *Vixen* or *fixen* primitively ſignifies a *female fox*. So, in *The Boke of Hunting, that is cleped Mayſter of Game*; an ancient MS. in the collection of Francis Douce, Eſq. Gray's Inn: "The *fixen* of the Foxe is aſſaute onys in the yer. She hath venomous biting as a wolfe." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*of hind'ring* knot-graſs *made*;] It appears that *knot-graſs* was anciently ſuppoſed to prevent the growth of any animal or child.

Beaumont and Fletcher mention this property of it in *The Knight of the Burning Peſtle:*

"Should they put him into a ſtraight pair of gaſkins, 'twere worſe than *knot-graſs*, he would never grow after it."

Again, in the *Coxcomb:*

"We want a boy extremely for this function, kept under, for a year, with milk and *knot-graſs*." Daiſy-roots were ſuppoſed to have the ſame effect.

You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalf that ſcorns your ſervices.
Let her alone; ſpeak not of Helena;
Take not her part: for if thou doſt intend[2]
Never ſo little ſhow of love to her,
Thou ſhalt aby it.[3]

Lys. Now ſhe holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'ſt, to try whoſe right,
Or thine or mine, is moſt in Helena.[4]

Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jole. [*Exeunt* Lys. *and* Dem.

Her. You, miſtreſs, all this coil is 'long of you:
Nay, go not back.

That prince of verboſe and pedantic coxcombs, Richard Tomlinſon, apothecary, in his tranſlation of *Renodæus his Diſpenſatory*, 1657, informs us that *knot-graſs* "is a low reptant hearb, with exile, copious, nodoſe, and geniculated branches." Perhaps no hypochondriack is to be found, who might not derive his cure from the peruſal of any ſingle chapter in this work. Steevens.

[2] ——*intend*—] i. e. pretend. So, in *Much Ado:*

"*Intend* a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio."

Steevens.

[3] *Thou ſhalt* aby *it.*] To *aby* is to pay dear for, to ſuffer. So, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

"——Had I ſword and buckler here,
"You ſhould *aby* theſe queſtions."

The word has occurred before in this play. See p. 420, line 4.

Again, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

"——but thou ſhalt dear *aby* this blow." Steevens.

Thou ſhalt aby *it.*] *Aby* it, is *abide* by it; i. e. ſtand to it, anſwer to it. So, in *Pſalm* cxxx. v. 3, in Common Prayer: "If thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiſs: O Lord, who may *abide* it?" Harris.

[4] Or *thine or mine*, &c.] The old copies read—*Of* thine. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. I am not ſure that the old reading is corrupt. If the line had run—"Of mine or thine," I ſhould have ſuſpected that the phraſe was borrowed from the Latin:—Now follow, to try whoſe right of *property*,—of *meum* or *tuum*,—is the greateſt in Helena. Malone.

Hel. I will not truſt you, I;
Nor longer ſtay in your curſt company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit.*

Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to ſay.
[*Exit, purſuing* Helena.

Obe. This is thy negligence: ſtill thou miſtak'ſt,
Or elſe commit'ſt thy knaveries wilfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of ſhadows, I miſtook.
Did not you tell me, I ſhould know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And ſo far blameleſs proves my enterprize,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes:
And ſo far am I glad it ſo did ſort,[5]
As this their jangling I eſteem a ſport.

Obe. Thou ſeeſt, theſe lovers ſeek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcaſt the night;
The ſtarry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;
And lead theſe teſty rivals ſo aſtray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lyſander ſometime frame thy tongue,
Then ſtir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And ſometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting ſleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
Then cruſh this herb into Lyſander's eye;
Whoſe liquor hath this virtuous property,[6]

[5] ——*ſo did* ſort,] So happen in the iſſue. Johnson.
So, in *Monſieur D'Olive*, 1606:
"—— never look to have any action *ſort* to your honour."
Steevens.

[6] ——virtuous *property*,] Salutiferous. So he calls, in *The Tempeſt*, *poiſonous dew*, wicked *dew*. Johnson.

To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted ſight.
When they next wake, all this deriſion
Shall ſeem a dream, and fruitleſs viſion;
And back to Athens ſhall the lovers wend,[7]
With league, whoſe date till death ſhall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye releaſe
From monſter's view, and all things ſhall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this muſt be done with haſte;
For night's ſwift dragons[8] cut the clouds full faſt,
And yonder ſhines Aurora's harbinger;
At whoſe approach, ghoſts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to church-yards: damned ſpirits all,
That in croſs-ways and floods have burial,[9]

[7] ——*wend.*] i. e. go. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:
" Hopeleſs and helpleſs doth Ægeon *wend*." STEEVENS.

[8] *For* night's ſwift dragons *&c.*] So, in *Cymbeline*, Act II. ſc. ii:
" Swift, *ſwift*, ye *dragons* of the *night*!"
See my note on this paſſage, concerning the vigilance imputed to the ſerpent tribe. STEEVENS.

This circumſtance Shakſpeare might have learned from a paſſage in Golding's tranſlation of Ovid, which he has imitated in *The Tempeſt*:
" Among the earth-bred brothers you a mortal war did ſet,
" And brought aſleep the *dragon* fell, *whoſe eyes were never ſhet*." MALONE.

[9] ——*damned ſpirits all,*
That in croſs-ways *and* floods *have burial,*] The ghoſts of ſelf-murderers, who are buried in croſs-roads; and of thoſe who being drowned, were condemned (according to the opinion of the ancients) to wander for a hundred years, as the rites of ſepulture had never been regularly beſtowed on their bodies. That the waters were ſometimes the place of reſidence for *damned ſpirits*,

Already to their wormy beds[1] are gone;
For fear leſt day ſhould look their ſhames upon,
They wilfully themſelves exíle from light,
And muſt for aye conſort with black-brow'd night.[2]

Obe. But we are ſpirits of another ſort:
I with the morning's love have oft made ſport;[3]

we learn from the ancient bl. l. romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys*, no date:

" Let ſome preeſt a goſpel ſaye,
" For doute of *fendes in the flode*." Steevens.

[1] ——*to their* wormy beds—] This periphraſis for the *grave* has been borrowed by Milton, in his *Ode on the Death of a fair Infant*:

" Or that thy beauties lie in *wormy bed*." Steevens.

[2] —— black-brow'd night.] So, in *King John*:

" Why, here walk I, in the *black-brow* of *night*."

Steevens.

[3] *I with the* morning's love *have oft made ſport*;] Thus all the old copies, and I think, rightly. Tithonus was the huſband of Aurora, and Tithonus was no *young* deity.

Thus, in *Aurora*, a collection of ſonnets, by Lord Sterline, 1604:

" And why ſhould *Tithon* thus, whoſe day grows late,
" Enjoy *the morning's love?*"

Again, in *The Paraſitaſter*, by J. Marſton, 1606:

" *Aurora* yet keeps chaſte *old Tithon's* bed;
" Yet bluſhes at it when ſhe riſes."

Again, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. III. c. iii:

" As faire *Aurora* riſing haſtily,
" Doth by her bluſhing tell that ſhe did lye
" All night in *old Tithonus' frozen* bed."

Again, in *The Faithful Shepherdeſs* of Fletcher:

" ——O, lend me all thy red,
" Thou ſhame-fac'd morning, when from *Tithon's* bed
" Thou riſeſt *ever-maiden!*"

How ſuch a waggiſh ſpirit as the King of the Fairies might make ſport with an antiquated lover, or his miſtreſs in his abſence, may be eaſily underſtood. Dr. Johnſon reads with all the modern editors: " I with the *morning light*," &c. Steevens.

Will not this paſſage bear a different explanation? By the *morning's love* I apprehend Cephalus, the mighty hunter and

And, like a foreſter, the groves may tread,
Even till the eaſtern gate,[4] all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair bleſſed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his ſalt-green ſtreams.
But, notwithſtanding, haſte; make no delay:
We may effect this buſineſs yet ere day.

[*Exit* OBERON.

PUCK. Up and down, up and down;
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Enter LYSANDER.

LYS. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? ſpeak thou now.

PUCK. Here villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?

LYS. I will be with thee ſtraight.

paramour of *Aurora,* is intended. The context, "And, like a foreſter," &c. ſeems to ſhow that the chace was the *ſport* which *Oberon* boaſts he partook with the *morning's love.*

HOLT WHITE.

The connection between *Aurora* and *Cephalus* is alſo pointed out in one of the Poems that form a collection intitled *The Phœnix Neſt,* &c. 4to. 1593, p. 95:

" *Aurora* now began to riſe againe
" From watrie couch and from old *Tithon's* ſide,
" In hope to kiſs upon Acteian plaine
" Yong *Cephalus,*" &c. STEEVENS.

[4] *Even till the eaſtern gate,* &c.] What the fairy monarch means to inform Puck of, is this. That he was not compelled, like meaner ſpirits, to vaniſh at the firſt appearance of the dawn.

STEEVENS.

Puck. Follow me then
To plainer ground.

[*Exit* Lys. *as following the voice.*

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lyſander! ſpeak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak. In ſome buſh? Where doſt thou hide thy head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the ſtars,
Telling the buſhes that thou look'ſt for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod: He is defil'd,
That draws a ſword on thee.

Dem. Yea; art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood here.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Lysander.

Lys. He goes before me, and ſtill dares me on;
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter heel'd than I:
I follow'd faſt, but faſter he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will reſt me. Come, thou gentle day!

[*Lies down.*

For if but once thou ſhow me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this ſpite. [*Sleeps.*

Re-enter PUCK *and* DEMETRIUS.

PUCK. Ho, ho! ho, ho! Coward, why com'ſt thou not ?[5]

DEM. Abide me, if thou dar'ſt; for well I wot,

[5] *Puck.* Ho, ho! ho, ho! *Coward, why com'ſt thou not ?*] This exclamation would have been uttered by Puck with greater propriety, if he were not now playing an aſſumed character, which he, in the preſent inſtance, ſeems to forget. In the old ſong printed by Peck and Percy, in which all his gambols are related, he concludes every ſtanza with *Ho, ho, ho!* So, in *Grim the Collier of Croydon:*

" *Ho, ho, ho,* my maſters! No good fellowſhip!
" Is Robin Goodfellow a bug-bear grown,
" That he is not worthy to be bid ſit down ?"

Again, in Drayton's *Nymphidia:*

" *Hoh, hoh,* quoth Hob, God ſave thy grace."

It was not, however, as has been aſſerted, the appropriate exclamation, in our author's time, of this eccentric character; the devil himſelf having, if not a better, at leaſt an older, title to it. So, in *Hiſtriomaſtix* (as quoted by Mr. Steevens in a note on *King Richard III.*) a *roaring devil* enters, with the *Vice* on his back, *Iniquity* in one hand, and *Juventus* in the other, crying:

" *Ho, ho, ho!* theſe babes mine are all."

Again, in *Gammer Gurton's Needle:*

" But Diccon, Diccon, did not the devil cry *ho, ho, ho ?*"

And, in the ſame play:

" By the maſſe, ich ſaw him of late cal up a great blacke devill.
" O, the knave cryed *ho, ho,* he roared and he thundered."

So, in the *Epitaph* attributed to Shakſpeare:

" *Hoh!* quoth the devil, 'tis my John o'Coombe."

Again, in Goulart's *Hiſtories,* 1607:

" The fellow . . . coming to the ſtove . . . ſawe the *Diuills* in horrible formes, ſome ſitting, ſome ſtanding, others walking, ſome ramping againſt the walles, but al of them aſſoone as they beheld him ran unto him, crying *Hoh, Hoh,* what makeſt thou here ?"

Again, in the ſame book:

" The *black gueſts* returned no anſwere, but roared and

Thou runn'ſt before me, ſhifting every place;
And dar'ſt not ſtand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou?[6]

Puck. Come hither; I am here.

Dem. Nay, then thou mock'ſt me. Thou ſhalt buy this dear,[7]
If ever I thy face by day-light ſee:
Now, go thy way. Faintneſs conſtraineth me
To meaſure out my length on this cold bed.—
By day's approach look to be viſited.

[*Lies down and ſleeps.*

cryed out, *Hoh* ſirra let alone the child, or we will teare thee all to pieces."

Indeed, from a paſſage in *Wily Beguiled*, 1606, (as quoted in the new edition of Dodſley's Old Plays,) I ſuſpect that this ſame "knaviſh ſprite" was ſometimes introduced on the ſtage as a demi-devil: "I'll rather," it is one Robin Goodfellow who ſpeaks, "put on my *flaſhing red noſe*, and my *flaming* face, and come wrap'd in a calf's ſkin, and cry *ho, ho*." See alſo, *Grim the Collier of Croydon*. RITSON.

The ſong above alluded to may be found in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 203. MALONE.

[6] *Where art thou?*] For the ſake of the meaſure, which is otherwiſe imperfect, I ſuppoſe we ought to read:

"Where art thou *now?*"

Demetrius, conceiving Lyſander to have ſtill been ſhifting his ground, very naturally aſks him where he is *at that inſtant*. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*buy this dear,*] i e. *thou ſhalt dearly pay for this*. Though this is ſenſe, and may well enough ſtand, yet the poet perhaps wrote—*thou ſhalt 'by it dear*. So, in another place, *thou ſhalt* aby it. So, Milton, "*How* dearly I abide *that boaſt ſo vain*." JOHNSON.

Enter HELENA.

HEL. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours: ſhine, comforts, from the eaſt;
That I may back to Athens, by day-light,
From theſe that my poor company deteſt:—
And, ſleep, that ſometime ſhuts up ſorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company.[8]
[*Sleeps.*

PUCK. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here ſhe comes, curſt and ſad:—
Cupid is a knaviſh lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

HER. Never ſo weary, never ſo in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my deſires.
Here will I reſt me, till the break of day.
Heavens ſhield Lyſander, if they mean a fray!
[*Lies down.*

PUCK. On the ground
Sleep ſound:
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the juice on* LYSANDER'S *eye.*

[8] *Steal me a while from mine own company.*] Thus alſo in an addreſs to ſleep, in Daniel's tragedy of *Cleopatra*: 1599:
"That from ourſelves ſo ſteal'ſt ourſelves away."
STEEVENS.

When thou wak'ſt,
Thou tak'ſt [9]
True delight
In the ſight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man ſhould take his own,
In your waking ſhall be ſhown:
Jack ſhall have Jill;[1]
Nought ſhall go ill;
The man ſhall have his mare again, and all ſhall be well.[2]

[*Exit* PUCK.—DEM. HEL. &c. *ſleep*.

[9] *When thou wak'ſt,*
Thou tak'ſt &c.] The ſecond line would be improved, I think, both in its meaſure and conſtruction, if it were written thus:

When thou wak'ſt,
See *thou tak'ſt,*
True delight, &c. TYRWHITT.

[1] *Jack ſhall have Jill;* &c.] Theſe three laſt lines are to be found among Heywood's *Epigrams on Three Hundred Proverbs*. STEEVENS.

[2] —— *all ſhall be* well.] *Well* is ſo bad a rhyme to *ill*, that I cannot help ſuppoſing our author wrote—*ſtill*; i. e. all this diſcord ſhall ſubſide in a calm, become huſhed and quiet. So, in *Othello*:

" —— Ha! no more moving?
" *Still* as the grave." STEEVENS.

ACT IV. SCENE I.[3]

The ſame.

Enter TITANIA *and* BOTTOM, Fairies *attending*; OBERON *behind unſeen.*

TITA. Come, ſit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,[4]
And ſtick muſk-roſes in thy ſleek ſmooth head,
And kiſs thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

BOT. Where's Peas-bloſſom?

PEAS. Ready.

[3] I ſee no reaſon why the fourth Act ſhould begin here, when there ſeems no interruption of the action. In the old quartos of 1600, there is no diviſion of acts, which ſeems to have been afterwards arbitrarily made in the firſt folio, and may therefore be altered at pleaſure. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*do* coy,] To *coy*, is to ſooth, to ſtroke. So, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

"Plays with Amyntas' luſty boy, and *coys* him in the dales."

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, Book VI. ch. xxx:

"And whilſt ſhe *coys* his ſooty cheeks, or curls his ſweaty top."

Again, in Sir A. Gorges' tranſlation of Lucan, B. IX:

"————his ſports to prove,
"*Coying* that powerful queen of love."

Again, in Golding's tranſlation of the 7th Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoſis*:

"Their dangling dewclaps with his hand he *coid* unfearfully."

Again, *ibid*:

"——— and with her hand had *coid*
"The dragons' reined neckes—."

The behaviour of Titania, on this occaſion, ſeems copied from that of the lady in *Apuleius*, Lib. VIII. STEEVENS.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peas-bloſſom.—Where's monſieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monſieur Cobweb; good monſieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thiſtle; and, good monſieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourſelf too much in the action, monſieur; and, good monſieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loath to have you over-flown[5] with a honey-bag, ſignior.—Where's monſieur Muſtard-ſeed?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif,[6] monſieur Muſtard-ſeed. Pray you, leave your courteſy, good monſieur.

Must. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monſieur, but to help cavalero Cobweb[7] to ſcratch. I muſt to the barber's, monſieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face: and I am ſuch a tender aſs, if my hair do but tickle me, I muſt ſcratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear ſome muſick, my ſweet love?

[5] —— *over-flown*—] It ſhould be *overflow'd*; but it appears from a rhyme in another play that the miſtake was our author's. MALONE.

I perceive no miſtake. *Overflown* is the participle paſſive. See Dr. Johnſon's *Dict.* STEEVENS.

[6] —— *neif*,] i. e. fiſt. So, in *King Henry IV.* Act II. ſc. x: "Sweet knight, I kiſs thy *neif*." GREY.

[7] —— *cavalero Cobweb*—] Without doubt it ſhould be *cavalero Peas-bloſſom*; as for *cavalero Cobweb*, he had juſt been diſpatched upon a perilous adventure. GREY.

Bot. I have a reaſonable good ear in muſick: let us have the tongs[8] and the bones.

Tita. Or, ſay, ſweet love, what thou deſir'ſt to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great deſire to a bottle of hay: good hay, ſweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that ſhall ſeek
The ſquirrel's hoard,[9] and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people ſtir me; I have an expoſition of ſleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.[1]

[8] —— *the* tongs—] The old ruſtick muſick of the *tongs and key*. The folio has this ſtage direction: "*Muſicke Tongs, Rurall Muſicke.*"

This rough muſick is likewiſe mentioned by Marſton, in an addreſs *ad rithmum* prefixed to the ſecond Book of his Satires, 1598:

" Yee wel-match'd twins (whoſe like-tun'd *tongs* affords
" Such muſical delight)" &c. STEEVENS.

[9] *The ſquirrel's* hoard,] *Hoard* is here employed as a diſſyllable. STEEVENS.

[1] —— *and be* all ways *away*.] i. e. diſperſe yourſelves, and ſcout out ſeverally, in your *watch*, that danger approach us from no quarter. THEOBALD.

The old copies read—" be *always*." Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Mr. Upton reads:
And be away—away. JOHNSON.

Mr. Heath would read—" and be *always i' the way*."
STEEVENS.

So doth the woodbine, the ſweet honeyſuckle,[2]

[2] *So doth the woodbine, the ſweet honeyſuckle,*
Gently entwiſt,—the female *ivy ſo*
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.] What does the *woodbine* entwiſt? The *honey-ſuckle.* But the *woodbine* and *honeyſuckle* were, till now, but two names for one and the ſame plant. Florio, in his Italian Dictionary, interprets *Madre Selva* by *woodbine* or *honie-ſuckle.* We muſt therefore find a ſupport for the *woodbine* as well as for the *ivy.* Which is done by reading the lines thus:

So doth the woodbine, the ſweet honey-ſuckle,
Gently entwiſt the maple; *ivy ſo*
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.

The corruption might happen by the firſt blunderer dropping the *p* in writing the word *maple,* which word thence became *male.* A following tranſcriber, for the ſake of a little ſenſe and meaſure, thought fit to change this *male* into *female*; and then tacked it as an epithet to *ivy.* WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton reads:

So doth the woodrine *the ſweet honey ſuckle,*

for bark of the wood. Shakſpeare perhaps only meant, ſo the leaves involve the flower, uſing *woodbine* for the plant, and *honeyſuckle* for the flower; or perhaps Shakſpeare made a blunder. JOHNSON.

The thought is Chaucer's. See his *Troilus and Creſſeide,* v. 1236, Lib. III:

" And as about a tre with many a twiſt
" Bitrent and writhin is the ſwete *woodbinde,*
" Gan eche of hem in armis other winde."

What Shakſpeare ſeems to mean, is this—*So the woodbine,* i. e. *the ſweet honey-ſuckle, doth gently entwiſt the barky fingers of the elm, and ſo does the female ivy enring the ſame fingers.* It is not unfrequent in the poets, as well as other writers, to explain one word by another which is better known. The reaſon why Shakſpeare thought *woodbine* wanted illuſtration, perhaps is this. In ſome counties, by *woodbine* or *woodbind* would have been generally underſtood the ivy, which he had occaſion to mention in the very next line. In the following inſtance from *Old Fortunatus,* 1600, *woodbind* is uſed for *ivy*:

" And, as the running *wood-bind,* ſpread her arms
" To choak thy with'ring boughs in her embrace."

And Barrett in his *Alvearie,* or *Quadruple Dictionary,* 1580,

Gently entwiſt,—the female ivy [3] ſo

enforces the ſame diſtinction that Shakſpeare thought it neceſſary to make:

" *Woodbin* that beareth the *honey-ſuckle*." STEEVENS.

This paſſage has given riſe to various conjectures. It is certain, that the *wood-bine* and the *honey-ſuckle* were ſometimes conſidered as different plants. In one of Taylor's *Poems*, we have—

" The *woodbine*, primroſe, and the cowſlip fine,
" The *honiſuckle*, and the daffadill."

But I think Mr. Steevens's interpretation the true one. The old writers did not always carry the auxiliary verb forward, as Mr. Capell ſeems to ſuppoſe by his alteration of *enrings*, to *enring*. So, Biſhop Lowth, in his excellent *Introduction to Grammar*, p. 126, has without reaſon corrected a ſimilar paſſage in our tranſlation of *St. Matthew*. FARMER.

Were any change neceſſary, I ſhould not ſcruple to read the *weedbind*, i. e. ſimilax: a plant that twiſts round every other that grows in its way.

In a very ancient tranſlation of " Macer's *Herball, practyſed by Docter Linacre*," is the following paſſage: " Caprifolium is an herbe called *woodbynde* or *withwynde*, this groweth in hedges or in woodes, and it wyll beclyp a tre in her growynge, as doth yvye, and hath white flowers." STEEVENS.

In Lord Bacon's *Nat. Hiſt.* Experiment 496, it is obſerved, that there are two kinds of " *honey-ſuckles*, both the *woodbine* and *trefoil*," i. e. the firſt is a *plant* that winds about trees, and the other is a three-leaved *graſs*. Perhaps theſe are meant in Dr. Farmer's quotation. The diſtinction, however, may ſerve to ſhew why Shakſpeare and other authors frequently added *woodbine* to *honey-ſuckle*, when they mean the *plant* and not the *graſs*. TOLLET.

The interpretation of either Dr. Johnſon or Mr. Steevens removes all difficulty. The following paſſage in *Sicily and Naples*, or *The Fatal Union*, 1640, in which the honeyſuckle is ſpoken of as the flower, and the woodbine as the plant, adds ſome ſupport to Dr. Johnſon's expoſition:

" —— as fit a gift
" As this were for a lord,—a *honey-ſuckle*,
" The amorous *woodbine's offſpring*."

But Minſhieu in v. *Woodbinde*, ſuppoſes them the ſame: " Alio nomine nobis Anglis *Honyſuckle* dictus." If Dr. John-

Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

[*They ſleep.*

OBERON *advances.* *Enter* PUCK.

OBE. Welcome, good Robin. See'ſt thou this ſweet ſight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
For meeting her of late, behind the wood,
Seeking ſweet ſavours[4] for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:
For ſhe his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of freſh and fragrant flowers;

ſon's explanation be right, there ſhould be no point after *woodbine, honeyſuckle,* or *enrings.* MALONE.

[3] —— *the* female *ivy*—] Shakſpeare calls it *female* ivy, becauſe it always requires ſome ſupport, which is poetically called its huſband. So Milton:

" ——led the vine
" To wed *her* elm: ſhe ſpous'd, about him twines
" Her marriageable arms—."
" Ulmo conjuncta marito." *Catull.*
" Platanuſque *cælebs*
" Evincet ulmos." *Hor.* STEEVENS.

Though the *ivy* here repreſents the *female,* there is, notwithſtanding, an evident reference in the words *enrings* and *fingers,* to the *ring* of the *marriage rite.* HENLEY.

In our ancient marriage ceremony, (or rather, perhaps, contract,) the woman gave the man a ring, as well as received one from him. To this cuſtom the conduct of Olivia (See *Twelfth-Night,* ſc. ult.) bears ſufficient teſtimony:

" A contract of eternal bond of love, &c.
" Strengthened by *interchangement of your rings.*"

STEEVENS.

[4] ——*ſweet* ſavours—] Thus Roberts's quarto and the firſt folio. Fiſher's quarto reads—*favours*; which, taken in the ſenſe of ornaments, ſuch as are worn at weddings, may be right. STEEVENS.

And that ſame dew, which ſometime on the buds
Was wont to ſwell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flourets' eyes,[5]
Like tears, that did their own diſgrace bewail.
When I had, at my pleaſure, taunted her,
And ſhe, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,
I then did aſk of her her changeling child;
Which ſtraight ſhe gave me, and her fairy ſent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed ſcalp
From off the head of this Athenian ſwain;
That he awaking when the other do,[6]
May all to Athens back again repair;
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But firſt I will releaſe the fairy queen.
Be, as thou waſt wont to be;
[*Touching her eyes with an herb.*
See, as thou waſt wont to ſee:

[5] ——*flourets'* eyes,] The *eye* of a flower is the technical term for its center. Thus Milton, in his *Lycidas*, v. 139:

"Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd *eyes*."

STEEVENS.

[6] *That he awaking when the* other *do*,] Such is the reading of the old copies, and ſuch was the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's age; though the modern editors have departed from it.—So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I: "—and unbound the reſt, and then came in the *other*."

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. II: "For the *other*, Sir John, let me ſee," &c.

So, in the epiſtle prefixed to *Pierce Pennileſſe his Supplication to the Devil*, by Thomas Naſhe, 4to. 1592: "I hope they will give me leave to think there be fooles of that art, as well as of all *other*." MALONE.

Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower [7]
Hath ſuch force and bleſſed power.
Now, my Titania; wake you, my ſweet queen.

Tita. My Oberon! what viſions have I ſeen!
Methought, I was enamour'd of an aſs.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came theſe things to paſs?
O, how mine eyes do loath his viſage now!

Obe. Silence, a while.—Robin, take off this head.—
Titania, muſick call; and ſtrike more dead
Than common ſleep, of all theſe five the ſenſe.[8]

Tita. Muſick, ho! muſick; ſuch as charmeth ſleep.

Puck. Now, when thou wak'ſt, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

Obe. Sound, muſick. [*Still muſick.*] Come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon theſe ſleepers be.

[7] *Dian's bud* o'er *Cupid's flower*—] The old copies read—*or* Cupid's. Corrected by Dr. Thirlby. The herb now employed is ſtyled *Diana's bud*, becauſe it is applied as an antidote to that charm which had conſtrained Titania to dote on Bottom with "the ſoul of *love*." MALONE.

Dian's bud, is the bud of the *Agnus Caſtus*, or *Chaſte Tree*. Thus, in "*Macer's Herball, practyſyd by Doctor Lynacre, tranſlated out of Laten into Englyſshe*," &c. bl. l. no date: "The vertue of this herbe is, that he wyll kepe man and woman *chaſte*," &c. *Cupid's flower*, is the *Viola tricolor*, or *Love in Idleneſs*. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*of all theſe* five *the ſenſe*.] The old copies read—theſe *fine*; but this moſt certainly is corrupt. My emendation needs no juſtification. The *five*, that lay aſleep on the ſtage were Demetrius, Lyſander, Hermia, Helena, and Bottom.—Dr. Thirlby likewiſe communicated this very correction. THEOBALD.

Now thou and I are new in amity;
And will, to-morrow midnight, ſolemnly,
Dance in duke Theſeus' houſe triumphantly,
And bleſs it to all fair poſterity:[9]
There ſhall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theſeus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen, in ſilence ſad,
Trip we after the night's ſhade[1]

[9] *Dance in duke Theſeus' houſe triumphantly,*
And bleſs it to all fair *poſterity:*] We ſhould read:
——*to all* far *poſterity.*
i. e. to the remoteſt poſterity. Warburton.

Fair poſterity is the right reading.

In the concluding ſong, where Oberon bleſſes the nuptial bed, part of his benediction is, that the poſterity of Theſeus ſhall be *fair:*

" And the blots of nature's hand
" Shall not in their iſſue ſtand;
" Never mole, hare-lip, nor ſcar,
" Nor mark prodigious, ſuch as are
" Deſpiſed in nativity,
" Shall upon their children be." M. Mason.

——*to all fair* proſperity:] I have preferred this, which is the reading of the firſt and beſt quarto, printed by Fiſher, to that of the other quarto and the folio, (*poſterity,*) induced by the following lines in a former ſcene:

" —— your warrior love
" To Theſeus muſt be wedded, and you come
" To give their bed joy and *proſperity.*" Malone.

[1] *Then, my queen, in ſilence ſad,*
Trip we after the night's ſhade:] *Sad* ſignifies only grave, ſober; and is oppoſed to their dances and revels, which were now ended at the ſinging of the morning lark. So, in *The Winter's Tale,* Act IV: " *My father and the gentlemen are in* ſad *talk.*" For *grave* or *ſerious.* Warburton.

A ſtatute 3 Henry VII. c. xiv. directs certain offences committed in the king's palace, to he tried by twelve *ſad* men of the king's houſhold. Blackstone.

We the globe can compaſs ſoon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Tita. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I ſleeping here was found,
With theſe mortals, on the ground. [*Exeunt.*

[*Horns ſound within.*

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, *and train.*

The. Go, one of you, find out the foreſter;—
For now our obſervation is perform'd:[2]
And ſince we have the vaward of the day,[3]
My love ſhall hear the muſick of my hounds.—

[2] ——*our obſervation is perform'd:*] The honours due to the morning of *May*. I know not why Shakſpeare calls this play *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*, when he ſo carefully informs us that it happened on the night preceding *May* day. Johnson.

The title of this play ſeems no more intended, to denote the preciſe *time of the action*, than that of *The Winter's Tale*; which we find, was at the ſeaſon of ſheep-ſhearing. Farmer.

The ſame phraſe has been uſed in a former ſcene:

"To do *obſervance* to a morn of May."

I imagine that the title of this play was ſuggeſted by the time it was firſt introduced on the ſtage, which was probably at *Midſummer*. "A Dream for the *entertainment* of a Midſummer-night." *Twelfth-Night* and *The Winter's Tale* had probably their titles from a ſimilar circumſtance. Malone.

In *Twelfth-Night*, Act III. ſc. iv. Olivia obſerves of Malvolio's ſeeming frenzy, that it "is a very *Midſummer* madneſs." That time of the year we may therefore ſuppoſe was anciently thought productive of mental vagaries reſembling the ſcheme of Shakſpeare's play. To this circumſtance it might have owed its title. Steevens.

[3] ——*the* vaward *of the day,*] *Vaward* is compounded of *van* and *ward*, the forepart. In Knolles's *Hiſtory of the Turks*, the word *vayvod* is uſed in the ſame ſenſe. *Edinburgh Magazine*, for Nov. 1786. Steevens.

Uncouple in the weſtern valley; go:—
Deſpatch, I ſay, and find the foreſter.—
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the muſical confuſion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear[4]
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding;[5] for, beſides the groves,

[4] —— *they bay'd the* bear—] Thus all the old copies. And thus in Chaucer's *Knightes Tale*, v. 2020, Tyrwhitt's edit:

" The hunte yſtrangled with the wild *beres*."

Bearbaiting was likewiſe once a diverſion eſteemed proper for royal perſonages, even of the ſofter ſex. While the princeſs Elizabeth remained at Hatfield Houſe, under the cuſtody of Sir Thomas Pope, ſhe was viſited by Queen Mary. The next morning they were entertained with a grand exhibition of *bear-baiting, with which their highneſſes were right well content.* See *Life of Sir Thomas Pope*, cited by Warton in his *Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry*, Vol. II. p. 391. STEEVENS.

In *The Winter's Tale* Antigonus is deſtroyed by a *bear*, who is chaced by hunters. See alſo our poet's *Venus and Adonis*:

" For now ſhe hears it is no gentle chace,
" But the blunt boar, rough *bear*, or lion proud."

MALONE.

Holinſhed, with whoſe hiſtories our poet was well acquainted, ſays, " the *beare* is a beaſt commonlie hunted in the Eaſt countrie." See Vol. I. p. 206; and in p. 226, he ſays, " Alexander at vacant time hunted the tiger, the pard, the bore, and the *beare*." Pliny, Plutarch, &c. mention bear-hunting. Turberville, in his *Book of Hunting*, has two chapters on hunting the *bear*. As the perſons mentioned by the poet are foreigners of the heroic ſtrain, he might perhaps think it nobler ſport for them to hunt the *bear* than the *boar*. Shakſpeare muſt have read the *Knight's Tale* in Chaucer, wherein are mentioned Theſeus's " white alandes [grey-hounds] to huntin at the lyon, or the wild *bere*." TOLLET.

[5] —— *ſuch gallant* chiding;] *Chiding* in this inſtance means only *ſound*. So, in *King Henry VIII*:

" As doth a rock againſt the *chiding* flood."

The ſkies, the fountains,[6] every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry:[7] I never heard
So muſical a diſcord, ſuch ſweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred[8] out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd,[9] ſo ſanded;[1] and their heads are hung

Again, in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy, by John Day, 1608:

" —— I take great pride
" To hear ſoft muſick, and thy ſhrill voice *chide*."

Again, in the 22d chapter of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

" —— drums and trumpets *chide*.—"

This uſe of the word was not obſolete in the age of Milton, who ſays, in his *Smectymnuus*: " I may one day hope to have ye again in a ſtill time, when there ſhall be no *chiding*. Not in theſe noiſes." See edit. 1753, p. 118. Steevens.

[6] *The ſkies, the* fountains,] Inſtead of *fountains*, Mr. Heath would read—*mountains*. The change had been propoſed to Mr. Theobald, who has well ſupported the old reading, by obſerving that Virgil and other poets have made rivers, lakes, &c. reſponſive to ſound:

" Tum vero exoritur clamor, ripæque *lacus*que
" Reſponſant circa, et cœlum tonat omne tumultu."

Malone.

[7] *Seem'd all one mutual cry:*] The old copies concur in reading—*ſeem*; but, as Hippolyta is ſpeaking of time *paſt*, I have adopted Mr. Rowe's correction. Steevens.

[8] *My hounds are bred* &c.] This paſſage has been imitated by Lee, in his *Theodoſius*:

" Then through the woods we chac'd the foaming boar,
" With hounds that opened like Theſſalian bulls;
" Like tigers flew'd, and ſanded as the ſhore,
" With ears and cheſts that daſh'd the morning dew."

Malone.

[9] *So flew'd,*] Sir T. Hanmer juſtly remarks, that *flews* are the large chaps of a deep-mouth'd hound. Arthur Golding uſes this word in his tranſlation of Ovid's *Metamorphoſis*, finiſhed 1567, a book with which Shakſpeare appears to have been well acquainted. The poet is deſcribing Actæon's hounds, B. III. p. 34, b. 1575. Two of them, like our author's, were of Spartan kind; bred from a Spartan bitch and a Cretan dog:

With ears that ſweep away the morning dew;[2]
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd like Theſſalian bulls;
Slow in purſuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Theſſaly:
Judge, when you hear.—But, ſoft; what nymphs are theſe?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here aſleep;
And this, Lyſander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of[3] their being here together.

The. No doubt, they roſe up early, to obſerve

" —— with other twaine, that had a ſyre of Crete,
" And dam of Sparta: tone of them called Jollyboy, a great
" And *large-flew'd* hound."

Shakſpeare mentions Cretan hounds (with Spartan) afterwards in this ſpeech of Theſeus. And Ovid's tranſlator, Golding, in the ſame deſcription, has them both in one verſe, *ibid.* p. 34, a:

" This latter was a hounde of Crete, the other was of Spart." T. Warton.

[1] *So ſanded;*] So marked with ſmall ſpots. Johnson.

Sanded means of a ſandy colour, which is one of the true denotements of a blood-hound. Steevens.

[2] *With ears that ſweep away the morning dew;*] So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

" —— the fierce Theſſalian hounds,
" With their flag ears, ready to ſweep the dew
" From their moiſt breaſts." Steevens.

[3] *I wonder* of—] The modern editors read—I wonder *at* &c. But changes of this kind ought, I conceive, to be made with great caution; for the writings of our author's contemporaries furniſh us with abundant proofs that many modes of ſpeech, which now ſeem harſh to our ears, were juſtified by the phraſeology of former times. In *All's well that ends well*, we have:

" —— thou diſlik'ſt
" *Of* virtue, for the name." Malone.

The rite of May ;[4] and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our ſolemnity.—
But, ſpeak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia ſhould give anſwer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntſmen wake them with their horns.

Horns, and ſhout within. Demetrius, Lysander, Hermia, *and* Helena, *wake and ſtart up.*

The. Good-morrow friends. Saint Valentine is paſt ;[5]
Begin theſe wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord.

[*He and the reſt kneel to* Theseus.

The. I pray you all, ſtand up.
I know, you are two rival enemies;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,

[4] —— *they roſe up early, to obſerve*
The rite *of* May ;] The *rite* of this month was once ſo univerſally obſerved, that even authors thought their works would obtain a more favourable reception, if publiſhed on *May-Day*. The following is a title-page to a metrical performance by a once celebrated poet, Thomas Churchyard :

" Come bring in *Maye* with me,
" My *Maye* is freſh and greene;
" A ſubiectes harte, an humble mind,
" To ſerue a mayden Queene."

" A diſcourſe of Rebellion, drawne forth for to warne the wanton wittes how to kepe their heads on their ſhoulders."

" Imprinted at London, in Fleteſtreat by William Griffith, Anno Domini 1570. The *firſt* of *Maye*." Steevens.

[5] —— *Saint* Valentine *is paſt* ;] Alluding to the old ſaying, that birds begin to couple on St. Valentine's day. Steevens.

That hatred is ſo far from jealouſy,
To ſleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lys. My lord, I ſhall reply amazedly,
Half 'ſleep, half waking: But as yet, I ſwear,
I cannot truly ſay how I came here:
But, as I think, (for truly would I ſpeak,—
And now I do bethink me, ſo it is;)
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was, to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.—
They would have ſtol'n away, they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me:
You, of your wife; and me, of my conſent;
Of my conſent that ſhe ſhould be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their ſtealth,
Of this their purpoſe hither, to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them;
Fair Helena in fancy following me.[6]

[6] *Fair Helena in* fancy *following me.*] *Fancy* is here taken for *love* or *affection*, and is oppoſed to *fury*, as before:

" Sighs and tears, poor *Fancy's* followers."

Some now call that which a man takes particular delight in, his *fancy*. *Flower-fancier*, for a floriſt, and *bird-fancier*, for a lover and feeder of birds, are colloquial words. JOHNSON.

So, in Barnaby Googe's *Cupido Conquered*, 1563:

" The chyefe of them was Iſmenis,
" Whom beſt Diana lov'd,
" And next in place ſat Hyale
" Whom *Fancye* never mov'd."

Again, in *Hymen's Triumph*, a Maſque, by Daniel, 1623:

" With all perſuaſions ſought to win her mind
" To *fancy* him."

But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by ſome power it is,) my love to Hermia,
Melted as doth the ſnow,[7] ſeems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd,[8]
Which in my childhood I did dote upon:
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleaſure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I ſaw Hermia:[9]
But, like in ſickneſs,[1] did I loath this food:
But, as in health, come to my natural taſte,
Now do I wiſh it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this diſcourſe we more will hear anon.—
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
Theſe couples ſhall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is ſomething worn,
Our purpos'd hunting ſhall be ſet aſide.—
Away, with us, to Athens: Three and three,

Again:

"Do not enforce me to accept a man
"I cannot *fancy*." Steevens.

[7] —— *as* doth *the ſnow*,] The word *doth* which ſeems to have been inadvertently omitted, was ſupplied by Mr. Capel. The emendation here made is confirmed by a paſſage in *K. Henry V*:

"—— as *doth* the melted ſnow
"Upon the vallies." Malone.

[8] —— *an idle* gawd,] See note on this word, p. 320. Steevens.

[9] —— *ere I* ſaw *Hermia*:] The old copies read—ere I *ſee*—. Steevens.

[1] —— *like* in *ſickneſs*,] So, in the next line—"as *in* health—." The old copies erroneouſly read—"like *a* ſickneſs." I owe the preſent correction to Dr. Farmer. Steevens.

We'll hold a feaſt in great ſolemnity.—
Come, Hippolyta.[2]

[*Exeunt* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, *and train.*

DEM. Theſe things ſeem ſmall, and undiſtinguiſhable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

HER. Methinks, I ſee theſe things with parted eye,
When every thing ſeems double.

HEL. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.[3]

[2] *Come, Hippolyta.*] I ſuppoſe, for the ſake of meaſure, we ſhould read—"Come *my* Hippolyta." STEEVENS.

[3] *And I have found Demetrius like a* jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.] Hermia had obſerved that things appeared *double* to her. Helena replies, *ſo methinks*; and then ſubjoins, that Demetrius was like a *jewel*, her own and not her own. He is here, then, compared to ſomething which had the property of appearing to be one thing when it was another. Not the property ſure of a jewel; or, if you will, of none but a falſe one. We ſhould read:

And I have found Demetrius like a gemell,
Mine own, and not mine own."

From *Gemellus*, a *twin*. For Demetrius had that night acted two ſuch different parts, that ſhe could hardly think them both played by one and the ſame Demetrius; but that there were twin Demetriuſes like the two Soſias in the farce. From *Gemellus* comes the French, *Gemeau* or *Jumeau*, and in the feminine, *Gemelle* or *Jumelle*: So, in Maçon's tranſlation of *The Decameron of Boccace*: "Il avoit trois filles plus âgées que les maſles, des quelles les deux qui eſtoient *jumelles* avoient quinze ans." *Quatrieme Jour.* Nov. 3. WARBURTON.

This emendation is ingenious enough to deſerve to be true. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton has been accuſed of coining the word, *gemell*: but Drayton has it in the preface to his *Baron's Wars*: "The

Dem. It ſeems to me,[4]

quadrin doth never double; or to uſe a word of heraldrie, never bringeth forth *gemels*." Farmer.

Again:

" —— unleſs they had been all *gemels* or couplets."
Steevens.

Helena, I think, means to ſay, that having *found* Demetrius *unexpectedly*, ſhe conſidered her property in him as inſecure as that which a perſon has in a jewel that he has *found* by *accident*; which he knows not whether he ſhall retain, and which therefore may properly enough be called *his own and not his own*. She does not ſay, as Dr. Warburton has repreſented, that Demetrius *was like a jewel*, but that ſhe had *found him*, like a jewel, &c.

A kindred thought occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ——— by ſtarts
" His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear
" *Of what he has, and has not.*"

The ſame kind of expreſſion is found alſo in *The Merchant of Venice*:

" Where ev'ry ſomething, being blent together,
" Turns to a wild of nothing, ſave of joy,
" *Expreſt, and not expreſt.*" Malone.

See, alſo, Mr. Heath's Revisal, p. 57. Reed.

[4] *It ſeems to me,*] Thus the folio. The quartos begin this ſpeech as follows:

—— *Are you ſure*
That we are awake?

I had once injudiciouſly reſtored theſe words; but they add no weight to the ſenſe of the paſſage, and create ſuch a defect in the meaſure as is beſt remedied by their omiſſion. Steevens.

Are you ſure
That we are awake?] *Sure* is here uſed as a diſſyllable: ſo *fire, fire, hour,* &c. The word *now* [That we are *now* awake?] ſeems to be wanting, to complete the metre of the next line.
Malone.

I cannot accede to a belief that *ſure* was ever employed as a diſſyllable, much leſs at the end of a verſe. *Fire* (anciently ſpelt *fier*) and *hour* (anciently ſpelt *hower*) might be diſſyllabically uſed, becauſe the duplicate vowels in each of them were readily ſeparated in pronunciation.

That yet we ſleep, we dream.—Do not you think,
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake: let's follow him;
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams.

[*Exeunt.*

As they go out, Bottom *awakes.*

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will anſwer:—my next is, *Moſt fair Pyramus.*——Hey, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! ſtolen hence, and left me aſleep! I have had a moſt rare viſion. I have had a dream,—paſt the wit of man to ſay what dream it was: Man is but an aſs, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—But man is but a patched fool,[5] if he will offer to ſay what methought I had. The eye of man[6] hath not heard, the ear

Our author might have written:

" *But* are you ſure
" That we are *now* awake?—"

Having exhibited this paſſage, however, only in my note on the hemiſtich that follows it, I have little ſolicitude for its reformation. Steevens.

[5] ——*patched fool,*] That is, a fool in a particolour'd coat. Johnson.

[6] *The eye of man* &c.] He is here blundering upon the ſcriptural paſſage of " Eye hath not ſeen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things," &c. 1 *Cor.* ii. 9. Douce.

of man hath not ſeen; man's hand is not able to taſte, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it ſhall be called Bottom's Dream, becauſe it hath no bottom; and I will ſing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I ſhall ſing it at her death.[7] [*Exit.*

[6] ——*I ſhall ſing it* at her *death.*] At *whoſe* death? In Bottom's ſpeech there is no mention of any ſhe-creature, to whom this relative can be coupled. I make not the leaſt ſcruple but Bottom, for the ſake of a jeſt, and to render his *voluntary*, as we may call it, the more gracious and extraordinary, ſaid:—*I ſhall ſing it* after *death.* He, as Pyramus, is kill'd upon the ſcene; and ſo might promiſe to riſe again at the concluſion of the interlude, and give the Duke his dream by way of ſong. The ſource of the corruption of the text is very obvious. The *f* in *after* being ſunk by the vulgar pronunciation, the copyiſt might write it from the ſound,—*a'ter*; which the wiſe editors not underſtanding, concluded, two words were erroneouſly got together; ſo, ſplitting them, and clapping in an *h*, produced the preſent reading—*at her.* THEOBALD.

Theobald might have quoted the following paſſage in *The Tempeſt* in ſupport of his emendation. "This is a very ſcurvy tune (ſays Trinculo,) for a man to *ſing at his funeral.*"—Yet I believe the text is right. MALONE.

——*at her death.*] He may mean *the death of Thiſbe*, which his head might be at preſent full of; and yet I cannot but prefer the happy conjecture of Mr. Theobald to my own attempt at explanation. STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

Athens. *A Room in* Quince's *Houſe.*

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

QUIN. Have you ſent to Bottom's houſe? is he come home yet?

STAR. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is tranſported.

FLU. If he come not, then the play is marred; It goes not forward, doth it?

QUIN. It is not poſſible: you have not a man in all Athens, able to diſcharge Pyramus, but he.

FLU. No; he hath ſimply the beſt wit of any handycraft man in Athens.

QUIN. Yea, and the beſt perſon too: and he is a very paramour, for a ſweet voice.

FLU. You muſt ſay, paragon: a paramour is, God bleſs us, a thing of nought.[8]

[8] —— *a* thing *of nought.*] This Mr. Theobald changes with great pomp to *a thing of naught*; i. e. a *good for nothing thing.* JOHNSON.

A thing of nought may be the true reading. So, in *Hamlet:*

" *Ham.* The king is a *thing*——
" *Guil.* A *thing* my lord?
" *Ham. Of nothing.*"

See the note on this paſſage.

Paramour being a word which Flute did not underſtand, he may deſign to ſay that it had *no* meaning, i. e. was *a thing of nought.*

Mr. M. Maſon, however, is of a different opinion. "The ejaculation, (ſays he,) *God bleſs us!* proves that Flute imagined he was ſaying a naughty word." STEEVENS.

Enter SNUG.

SNUG. Maſters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our ſport had gone forward, we had all been made men.[9]

FLU. O ſweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he loſt ſixpence a-day during his life; he could not have 'ſcaped ſixpence a-day: an the duke had not given him ſixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deſerved it: ſixpence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing.[1]

Enter BOTTOM.

BOT. Where are theſe lads? where are theſe hearts?

QUIN. Bottom!—O moſt courageous day! O moſt happy hour!

BOT. Maſters, I am to diſcourſe wonders: but aſk me not what; for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

QUIN. Let us hear, ſweet Bottom.

BOT. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you,

[9] ——*made men.*] In the ſame ſenſe as in *The Tempeſt*, "—any monſter in England *makes* a man." JOHNSON.

[1] ——*ſixpence a day, in Pyramus, or nothing.*] Shakſpeare has already ridiculed the title-page of *Cambyſes*, by Thomas Preſton; and here he ſeems to allude to him, or ſome other perſon who, like him, had been penſioned for his dramatic abilities. Preſton acted a part in John Ritwiſe's play of *Dido* before Queen Elizabeth at Cambridge, in 1564; and the Queen was ſo well pleaſed, that ſhe beſtowed on him a penſion of *twenty* pounds a year, which is little more than *a ſhilling a day*. STEEVENS.

is, that the duke hath dined: Get your apparel together; good ſtrings to your beards,[2] new ribbons to your pumps; meet preſently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for, the ſhort and the long is, our play is preferred.[3] In any caſe, let Thiſby have clean linen; and let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they ſhall hang out for the lion's claws. And, moſt dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlick, for we are to utter ſweet breath; and I do not doubt, but to hear them ſay, it is a ſweet comedy. No more words; away; go, away.

[*Exeunt.*

[2] —— *good ſtrings to your beards,*] i. e. to prevent the falſe beards, which they were to wear, from falling off. MALONE.

As no falſe beard could be worn, without a ligature to faſten it on, (and a ſlender one would ſuffice,) the caution of Bottom, conſidered in ſuch a light, is ſuperfluous. I ſuſpect therefore that the *good ſtrings* recommended by him were ornamental, or employed to give an air of novelty to the countenances of the performers. Thus, in *Meaſure for Meaſure,* (where the *natural beard* is unqueſtionably ſpoken of,) the Duke, intent on diſfiguring the head of *Ragozine,* ſays: "O, death's a great *diſguiſer*; and you may *add to it.* Shave the head, and *tie the beard.*"

STEEVENS.

[3] —— *our play is* preferred.] This word is not to be underſtood in its moſt common acceptation here, as if their play was choſen in *preference* to the others; (for that appears afterwards not to be the fact;) but means, that it was given in among others for the duke's option. So, in *Julius Cæſar,* Decius ſays:

"Where is Metellus Cimber? let him go
"And preſently *prefer his ſuit* to Cæſar." THEOBALD.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The ſame. An Apartment in the Palace of Theſeus.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, *Lords, and Attendants.*

HIP. 'Tis ſtrange, my Theſeus, that theſe lovers ſpeak of.

THE. More ſtrange than true. I never may believe
Theſe antique fables, nor theſe fairy toys.
Lovers, and madmen, have ſuch ſeething brains,[4]
Such ſhaping fantaſies, that apprehend
More than cool reaſon ever comprehends.
The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,[5]
Are of imagination all compact:[6]
One ſees more devils than vaſt hell can hold;
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantick,[7]

[4] ——*ſuch* ſeething *brains,*] So, in *The Tempeſt:*

" ——— thy *brains,*
" Now uſeleſs, *boil'd* within thy ſcull." STEEVENS.

We meet with the ſame expreſſion in *The Winter's Tale:* "Would any but theſe *boil'd brains* of three and twenty hunt this weather?" MALONE.

[5] *The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,*] An ingenious modern writer ſuppoſes that our author had here in contemplation Oreſtes, Mark Antony, and himſelf; but I do not recollect any paſſage in his works that ſhows him to have been acquainted with the ſtory of Agamemnon's ſon,—*ſcelerum furiis agitatus Oreſtes:* and indeed, if even ſuch were found, the ſuppoſed alluſion would ſtill remain very problematical. MALONE.

[6] *Are of imagination all compact:*] i. e. are made of mere imagination. So, in *As you like it:*

" If he, *compact* of jars, grow muſical." STEEVENS.

[7] That is, *the madman: the lover, all as frantick,*] Such is

Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt :[8]
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,[9]
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to ſhapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.
Such tricks hath ſtrong imagination;
That, if it would but apprehend ſome joy,
It comprehends ſome bringer of that joy;
Or, in the night, imagining ſome fear,
How eaſy is a buſh ſuppos'd a bear?

Hip. But all the ſtory of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd ſo together,
More witneſſeth than fancy's images,
And grows to ſomething of great conſtancy;[1]
But, howſoever, ſtrange, and admirable.

the reading of all the old copies; inſtead of which, the modern editors have given us:

"The madman: *while* the lover," &c. STEEVENS.

[8] *Sees Helen's beauty in a* brow of Egypt:] By "a brow of Egypt," Shakſpeare means no more than the *brow of a gipſy*. So much for ſome ingenious modern's ideal *Cleopatra*. See note 5. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*in a fine frenzy rolling,*] This ſeems to have been imitated by Drayton in his *Epiſtle to J. Reynolds on Poets and Poetry*: deſcribing Marlowe he ſays:

"—— that *fine madneſs* ſtill he did retain,
"Which rightly ſhould poſſeſs a *poet's* brain."

MALONE.

[1] ——*conſtancy*;] Conſiſtency, ſtability, certainty. JOHNSON.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, *and* HELENA.

THE. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.—
Joy, gentle friends! joy, and freſh days of love,
Accompany your hearts!

LYS. More than to us
Wait on[2] your royal walks, your board, your bed!

THE. Come now; what maſks, what dances ſhall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-ſupper, and bed-time?
Where is our uſual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To eaſe the anguiſh of a torturing hour?
Call Philoſtrate.[3]

PHILOST. Here, mighty Theſeus.

THE. Say, what abridgment[4] have you for this evening?

[2] *Wait* on—] The old copies have—wait *in*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[3] *Call* Philoſtrate.] In the folio, 1623, it is, Call *Egeus*, and all the ſpeeches afterwards ſpoken by Philoſtrate, except that beginning, "No, my noble lord," &c. are there given to that character. But the modern editions, from the quarto 1600, have rightly given them to Philoſtrate, who appears in the firſt ſcene as maſter of the revels to Theſeus, and is there ſent out on a ſimilar kind of errand.

In *The Knight's Tale* of Chaucer, Arcite, under the name of *Philoſtrate*, is ſquire of the chamber to *Theſeus*. STEEVENS.

[4] *Say, what* abridgment &c.] By *abridgment* our author may mean a dramatick performance, which crowds the events of years into a few hours. So, in *Hamlet*, Act II. ſc. vii. he calls the players "*abridgments, abſtracts*, and *brief chronicles of the time.*"

What maſk? what muſick? How ſhall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with ſome delight?

Philost. There is a brief,[5] how many ſports are ripe;[6]
Make choice of which your highneſs will ſee firſt.

[*Giving a paper.*

The. *reads.*] *The battle with the Centaurs, to be ſung,*
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.[8]

Again, in *K. Henry V:*

" Then brook *abridgment*; and your eyes advance
" After your thoughts——."

It may be worth while, however, to obſerve, that in the North the word *abatement* had the ſame meaning as *diverſion* or *amuſement*. So, in the Prologue to the 5th Book of G. Douglas's verſion of the *Æneid:*

" Ful mony mery *abaitmentis* followis here."

Steevens.

Does not *abridgment* in the preſent inſtance, ſignify *amuſement to beguile the tedioufneſs of the evening?* or, in one word, *paſtime?* Henley.

[5] —— *a* brief,] i. e. a ſhort account or enumeration. So, in Gaſcoigne's *Dulce Bellum Inexpertis:*

" She ſent a *brief* unto me by her mayd."

Again, in *King John:*

" —— the hand of time
" Shall draw this *brief* into as huge a volume."

Steevens.

[6] —— *are* ripe;] One of the quartos has—*ripe*; the other old editions—*rife*. Johnson.

Ripe is the reading of Fiſher's quarto. *Rife*, however, is a word uſed both by Sidney and Spenſer. It means abounding, but is now almoſt obſolete. Thus, in the *Arcadia*, Lib. II:

" A ſhop of ſhame, a booke where blots be *rife*."

Again, in Stephen Goſſon's *School of Abuſe*, 1579: " —you ſhall find the theaters of the one, and the abuſes of the other, to be *rife* among us." Steevens.

[7] The. *reads.*] This is printed as Mr. Theobald gave it from both the old quartos. In the firſt folio, and all the following

We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinſman Hercules.

The riot of the tipſy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian ſinger in their rage.

That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came laſt a conqueror.

The thrice three Muſes mourning for the death
Of learning,[9] *late deceas'd in beggary.*

That is ſome ſatire, keen, and critical,[1]
Not ſorting with a nuptial ceremony.

A tedious brief ſcene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thiſbe; very tragical mirth.
Merry and tragical?[2] Tedious and brief?

editions, Lyſander reads the catalogue, and Theſeus makes the remarks. JOHNSON.

[8] *By an Athenian* eunuch *to the harp.*] This ſeems to imply a more ancient practice of caſtration for the voice, than can be found in opera annals. BURNEY.

[9] *The thrice three Muſes mourning for the death*
Of learning, &c.] I do not know whether it has been before obſerved, that Shakſpeare here, perhaps, alluded to Spenſer's poem, entitled *The Tears of the Muſes,* on the neglect and contempt of learning. This piece firſt appeared in quarto, with others 1591. The oldeſt edition of this play now known is dated 1600. If Spenſer's poem be here intended, may we not preſume that there is ſome earlier edition of this? But, however, if the alluſion be allowed, at leaſt it ſeems to bring the play below 1591. T. WARTON.

[1] ——*keen, and* critical,] *Critical* here means *criticiſing, cenſuring.* So, in *Othello:*

"O, I am nothing if not *critical.*" STEEVENS.

[2] *Merry and tragical?*] Our poet is ſtill harping on *Cambyſes,* of which the firſt edition might have appeared in 1569-70; when "an Enterlude, a lamentable Tragedy full of pleaſant Myrth" was licenſed to John Alde, Regiſt. Stat. fol. 184, b. STEEVENS.

That is, hot ice, and wonderous ſtrange ſnow.[3]
How ſhall we find the concord of this diſcord?

Philost. A play there is, my lord, ſome ten words long;
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himſelf.
Which, when I ſaw rehears'd, I muſt confeſs,

[3] *That is, hot ice,* and *wonderous ſtrange* ſnow.] The nonſenſe of this line ſhould be corrected thus:

"That is, hot ice, *a* wonderous ſtrange *ſhow.*"

WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton reads, and not improbably:

"And wonderous ſtrange *black ſnow.*" JOHNSON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*wondrous ſcorching ſnow.* Mr. Pope omits the line entirely. I think the paſſage needs no change, on account of the verſification; for *wonderous* is as often uſed as *three,* as it is as *two* ſyllables. The meaning of the line is—

"——*hot ice,* and ſnow of *as ſtrange a quality.*"

There is, however, an ancient pamphlet entitled, "*Tarlton's Deviſe upon this unlooked for* grete Snowe." And perhaps the paſſage before us may contain ſome alluſion to it. This work is entered on the books of the Stationers' Company; as alſo, "A ballet of a Northerne Man's Report of the *wonderful great Snowe* in the Southerne parts," &c. STEEVENS.

As there is no antitheſis between *ſtrange* and *ſnow,* as there is between *hot* and *ice,* I believe we ſhould read—"and wonderous *ſtrong* ſnow." M. MASON.

In ſupport of Mr. Maſon's conjecture it may be obſerved that the words *ſtrong* and *ſtrange* are often confounded in our old plays.

Mr. Upton's emendation alſo may derive ſome ſupport from a paſſage in *Macbeth:*

"——when they ſhall be opened, *black* Macbeth
"Shall ſeem as pure as *ſnow.*" MALONE.

Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The paſſion of loud laughter never ſhed.

The. What are they, that do play it?

Philost. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories[4]
With this ſame play, againſt your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Philost. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unleſs you can find ſport in their intents,[5]
Extremely ſtretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you ſervice.

The. I will hear that play:
For never any thing can be amiſs,
When ſimpleneſs and duty tender it.[6]
Go, bring them in;—and take your places, ladies.

[*Exit* Philostrate.

[4] —— *unbreath'd memories*—] That is, unexerciſed, unpractiſed memories. Steevens.

[5] *Unleſs you can find ſport in their* intents,] Thus all the copies. But as I know not what it is to *ſtretch* and *con* an *intent*, I ſuſpect a line to be loſt. Johnson.

To *intend* and to *attend* were anciently ſynonymous. Of this uſe ſeveral inſtances are given in a note on the third ſcene of the firſt Act of *Othello*. *Intents* therefore may be put for the object of their *attention*. We ſtill ſay a perſon is *intent* on his buſineſs. Steevens.

[6] —— *never any thing can be amiſs,*
When ſimpleneſs and duty tender it.] Ben Jonſon in *Cynthia's Revels* has employed this ſentiment of humanity on the ſame occaſion, when Cynthia is preparing to ſee a maſque:

" Nothing which duty and deſire to pleaſe,
" Bears written on the forehead, comes amiſs."

Steevens.

Hip. I love not to ſee wretchedneſs o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his ſervice periſhing.

The. Why, gentle ſweet, you ſhall ſee no ſuch thing.

Hip. He ſays, they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.

Our ſport ſhall be,[7] to take what they miſtake:
And what poor duty cannot do,[8]
Noble reſpect takes it in might, not merit.[9]

[7] *Our ſport ſhall be,* &c.] Voltaire ſays ſomething like this of Louis XIV. who took a pleaſure in ſeeing his courtiers in confuſion when they ſpoke to him.

I am told, however, by a writer in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, for Nov. 1786, that I have aſſigned a malignant inſtead of a humane ſentiment to Theſeus, and that he really means—*We will accept with pleaſure even their blundering attempt.* STEEVENS.

[8] *And what poor duty cannot do,*] The defective metre of this line ſhews that ſome word was inadvertently omitted by the tranſcriber or compoſitor. Mr. Theobald ſupplied the defect by reading "And what poor *willing* duty," &c. MALONE.

[9] *And what poor duty cannot do,*
Noble reſpect takes it in might, not merit.] The ſenſe of this paſſage, as it now ſtands, if it has any ſenſe, is this: *What the inability of duty cannot perform, regardful generoſity receives as an act of ability, though not of merit.* The contrary is rather true: *What dutifulneſs tries to perform without ability, regardful generoſity receives as having the merit, though not the power, of complete performance.*

We ſhould therefore read:

And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble reſpect takes not in might, but merit. JOHNSON.

In *might,* is, perhaps, an elliptical expreſſion for *what might have been.* STEEVENS.

If this paſſage is to ſtand as it is, the meaning appears to be this:—"and what poor duty would do, but cannot accompliſh, noble reſpect conſiders as it *might* have been, not as it is."

M. MASON.

And what dutifulneſs tries to perform without ability, regard-

Where I have come, great clerks have purpoſed[1]
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have ſeen them ſhiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midſt of ſentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in concluſion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome: Truſt me, ſweet,
Out of this ſilence, yet, I pick'd a welcome;
And in the modeſty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of ſawcy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied ſimplicity,
In leaſt, ſpeak moſt, to my capacity.

Enter PHILOSTRATE.

PHILOST. So pleaſe your grace, the prologue is addreſt.[2]

THE. Let him approach. [*Flouriſh of trumpets.*[3]

ful generoſity receives with complacency, eſtimating it not by the actual *merit* of the performance, but by what it *might* have been, were the abilities of the performers equal to their zeal.—Such, I think, is the true interpretation of this paſſage; for which the reader is indebted partly to Dr. Johnſon, and partly to Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

[1] *Where I have come, great* clerks, *have purpoſed* &c.] So, in *Pericles*:

" She ſings like one immortal, and ſhe dances
" As goddeſs like to her admired lays;
" *Deep clerks ſhe dumbs.*"

It ſhould be obſerved, that *periods* in the text is uſed in the ſenſe of *full points*. MALONE.

[2] —— *addreſt.*] That is, ready. So, in *King Henry V*:

" To-morrow for our march we are *addreſt*."

STEEVENS.

[3] *Flouriſh of trumpets.*] It appears from *The Guls Hornbook*, by Decker, 1609, that the prologue was anciently uſhered in by trumpets. " Preſent not yourſelfe on the ſtage (eſpecially at a

Enter Prologue.

PROL. *If we offend, it is with our good will.*
That you ſhould think, we come not to offend,
But with good-will. To ſhew our ſimple ſkill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Conſider then, we come but in deſpite.
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you ſhould here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and, by their ſhow,
You ſhall know all, that you are like to know.

THE. This fellow doth not ſtand upon points.

LYS. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt; he knows not the ſtop. A good moral, my lord: It is not enough to ſpeak, but to ſpeak true.

HIP. Indeed he hath played on this prologue, like a child on a recorder;[4] a ſound, but not in government.[5]

new play) until the quaking prologue hath (by rubbing) got cullor in his cheekes, and is ready to give the *trumpets* their cue that hee's upon point to enter." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*on a* recorder;] Lord Bacon in his *Natural Hiſtory*, cent. iii. ſect. 221, ſpeaks of *recorders* and flutes at the ſame inſtant, and ſays, that the *recorder* hath a leſs bore, and a greater, above and below; and elſewhere, cent ii. ſect. 187, he ſpeaks of it as having ſix holes, in which reſpect it anſwers to the Tibia minor or Flajolet of Merſennus. From all which particulars it ſhould ſeem that the flute and the *recorder* were different inſtruments, and that the latter in propriety of ſpeech was no other than the flagelet. *Hawkins's Hiſtory of Muſick*, Vol. IV. p. 479. REED.

Shakſpeare introduces the ſame inſtrument in *Hamlet*; and Milton ſays:

"To the ſound of ſoft *recorders*."

The *recorder* is mentioned in many of the old plays. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*but not in government.*] That is, not regularly, according to the tune. STEEVENS.

The. His ſpeech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all diſordered. Who is next?

Enter Pyramus *and* Thisbe, Wall, Moonſhine, *and* Lion, *as in dumb ſhow.*[6]

Prol. "Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this ſhow;
"But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
"This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
"This beauteous lady Thiſby is, certáin.[7]

Hamlet, ſpeaking of a *recorder*, ſays:—"*Govern* theſe ventages with your fingers and thumb; give it breath with your mouth; and it will diſcourſe moſt eloquent muſic."—This explains the meaning of *government* in this paſſage. M. Mason.

[6] In this place the folio, 1623, exhibits the following prompter's direction. *Tawyer with a trumpet before them.* Steevens.

[7] *This beauteous lady Thiſby is*, certáin.] A burleſque was here intended on the frequent recurrence of "*certaín*" as a bungling rhyme in poetry more ancient than the age of Shakſpeare.

Thus in a ſhort poem entitled "" A lytell Treatiſe called the Dyſputacyon or the Complaynte of the Herte through perced with the Lokynge of the Eye. Imprynted at Lōdon in Fletеſtrete at the Sygne of the Sonne by Wynkyn de Worde:"

"And houndes ſyxeſcore and mo *certayne*—
"To whome my thought gan to ſtrayne *certayne*—
"Whan I had fyrſt ſyght of her *certayne*—
"In all honoure ſhe hath no pere *certayne*—
"To loke upon a fayre Lady *certayne*—
"As moch as is in me I am contente *certayne*—
"They made there both two theyr promyſſe *certayne*—
"All armed with margaretes *certayne*—
"Towardes Venus when they ſholde go *certayne*," &c.

Again, in the ancient MS. romance of the *Sowdon of Babyloyne*:

"He ſaide the xii peres bene alle dede,
"And ye ſpende your good in vayne,
"And therefore doth nowe by my rede,
"Ye ſhall ſee them no more *certeyn*."

" This man, with lime and rough-caſt, doth preſent
" Wall, that vile wall which did theſe lovers ſunder:
" And through wall's chink, poor ſouls, they are content
" To whiſper; at the which let no man wonder.
" This man, with lantern, dog, and buſh of thorn,
" Preſenteth moon-ſhine: for, if you will know,
" By moon-ſhine did theſe lovers think no ſcorn
" To meet at Ninus' tomb,[8] there, there to woo.
" This griſly beaſt, which by name lion hight,[9]
" The truſty Thiſby, coming firſt by night,
" Did ſcare away, or rather did affright:

Again, *ibid:*

" The kinge turned him ageyn,
" And alle his ooſte him with,
" Towarde Mountribble *certeyne*," &c. STEEVENS.

[8] *To meet at Ninus' tomb,* &c.] So, in Chaucer's *Legend of Thiſbe of Babylon:*

" Thei ſettin markes ther metingis ſhould be,
" There king *Ninus* was graven undir a tre."

Again:

" And as ſhe ran her *wimple* ſhe let fall," &c.

Again, Golding in his verſion of Ovid's *Metamorphoſis,* B. IV. has a ſimilar line:

" And *as ſhe fled* away for haſte, ſhe let her *mantle* fall."
STEEVENS.

[9] ——*which by name lion hight,*] As all the other parts of this ſpeech are in *alternate* rhyme, excepting that it cloſes with a *couplet*; and as no rhyme is left to *name,* we muſt conclude, either a verſe is ſlipt out, which cannot now be retrieved; or, by a tranſpoſition of the words, as I have placed them, the poet intended a *triplet.* THEOBALD.

Hight, in old Engliſh, ſignifies—*is called.*—I think it more probable that a line, following the words—*by night,* has been loſt. MALONE.

" And, as ſhe fled, her mantle ſhe did fall;[1]
" Which lion vile with bloody mouth did ſtain:
" Anon comes Pyramus, ſweet youth, and tall,
" And finds his truſty Thiſby's mantle ſlain:
" Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,[2]
" He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breaſt;
" And, Thiſby tarrying in mulberry ſhade,
" His dagger drew, and died. For all the reſt,
" Let lion, moon-ſhine, wall, and lovers twain,
" At large diſcourſe, while here they do remain."
[*Exeunt* Prol. THISBE, Lion, *and* Moonſhine.

[1] —— *her mantle ſhe* did fall;] Thus all the old copies. The modern editors read—" ſhe *let* fall," unneceſſarily. *To fall* in this inſtance is a verb active.
So, in *The Tempeſt*, Act II. ſc. i:
" And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
" To *fall* it on Gonzalo." STEEVENS.

[2] *Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,*] Mr. Upton rightly obſerves, that Shakſpeare in th s line ridicules the affectation of beginning many words with the ſame letter. He might have remarked the ſame of—
" The raging rocks
" And ſhivering ſhocks."
Gaſcoigne, contemporary with our poet, remarks and blames the ſame affectation. JOHNSON.
It is alſo ridiculed by Sidney in his *Aſtrophel and Stella*, 15:
" You that do Dictionaries' method bring
" Into your *r*imes, *r*unning in *r*attling *r*owes."
But this alliteration ſeems to have reached the height of its faſhion in the reign of Henry VIII. The following ſtanza is quoted from a poem *On the Fall and evil Succeſs of Rebellion*, written in 1537, by Wilfride Holme:
" Loe, leprous lurdeins, lubricke in loquacitie,
" Vah, vaporous villeins, with venim vulnerate,
" Proh, prating parenticides, plexious to pinnoſitie,
" Fie, frantike fabulators, furibund, and fatuate,
" Out, oblatrant, oblict, obſtacle, and obſecate.
" Ah addict algoes, in acerbitie acclamant,
" Magnall in miſchief, malicious to mugilate,
" Repriving your Roy ſo renowned and radiant."
In Tuſſer's *Huſbandry*, p. 104, there is a poem of which every

The. I wonder, if the lion be to ſpeak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many aſſes do.

Wall. "In this ſame interlude, it doth befall,
"That I, one Snout by name, preſent a wall:
"And ſuch a wall, as I would have you think,
"That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,
"Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thiſby,
"Did whiſper often very ſecretly.
"This loam, this rough-caſt, and this ſtone, doth ſhow
"That I am that ſame wall; the truth is ſo:
"And this the cranny is,[3] right and ſiniſter,
"Through which the fearful lovers are to whiſper."

The. Would you deſire lime and hair to ſpeak better?

word begins with a T; and in the old play entitled: *The Hiſtorie of the Two valiant Knights, Syr Clyomon Knight of the Golden Sheeld, Sonne to the King of Denmark; and Clamydes the White Knight, Son to the King of Suavia*, 1599, is another remarkable inſtance of alliteration:

"Bringing my bark to Denmark here, to bide the bitter broyle
"And beating blowes of billows high," &c. Steevens.

[3] *And this the* cranny *is,*] So, in Golding's Ovid, 1567:

"The wall that parted houſe from houſe *had* riuen *therein* a *crany*
"Which ſhronke at making of the wall. This fault not markt of any
"Of many hundred yeares before (what doth not loue eſpie)
"Theſe *louers* firſt of all found out, and made a way thereby
"To talk to gither *ſecretly*, and through the ſame did goe
"Their louing *whiſperings* verie light and ſafely to and fro." Ritson.

Dem. It is the wittieſt partition that ever I heard diſcourſe, my lord.[4]

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: ſilence!

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. "O grim-look'd night! O night with hue
ſo black!
"O night, which ever art, when day is not!
"O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
"I fear my Thiſby's promiſe is forgot!—
"And thou, O wall, O ſweet, O lovely wall,
"That ſtand'ſt between her father's ground and
mine;
"Thou wall, O wall, O ſweet and lovely wall,
"Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine
eyne. [Wall *holds up his fingers.*
"Thanks, courteous wall: Jove ſhield thee well for
this!
"But what ſee I? No Thiſby do I ſee.
"O wicked wall,[5] through whom I ſee no bliſs;
"Curſt be thy ſtones for thus deceiving me!"

The. The wall, methinks, being ſenſible, ſhould curſe again.

Pyr. No, in truth, ſir, he ſhould not. *Deceiving*

[4] *It is the wittieſt* partition *that ever I heard* diſcourſe, *my lord.*] Demetrius is repreſented as a punſter: I believe the paſſage ſhould be read: This is the wittieſt *partition*, that ever I heard *in diſcourſe.* Alluding to the many ſtupid *partitions* in the argumentative writings of the time. Shakſpeare himſelf, as well as his contemporaries, uſes *diſcourſe* for *reaſoning*; and he here avails himſelf of the double ſenſe; as he had done before in the word, *partition.* Farmer.

[5] *O wicked wall,* &c.] So, in Chaucer's *Legend of Thiſbe*:
"Thus would thei faine, alas! thou *wicked wal,*" &c.
Strevens.

me, is Thiſby's cue: ſhe is to enter now, and I am to ſpy her through the wall. You ſhall ſee, it will fall pat as I told you:—Yonder ſhe comes.

Enter THISBE.

This. "O wall, full often haſt thou heard my moans,
"For parting my fair Pyramus and me:
"My cherry lips have often kiſs'd thy ſtones;
"Thy ſtones with lime and hair knit up in thee.[6]"

Pyr. "I ſee a voice: now will I to the chink,
"To ſpy an I can hear my Thiſby's face.
"Thiſby!"

This. "My love! thou art my love, I think."

Pyr. "Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
"And like Limander am I truſty ſtill.[7]"

This. "And I like Helen, till the fates me kill."

Pyr. "Not Shafalus to Procrus was ſo true."

This. "As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you."

Pyr. "O, kiſs me through the hole of this vile wall."

This. "I kiſs the wall's hole, not your lips at all.[8]"

[6] ——*knit up in thee.*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*knit now again.* STEEVENS.

[7] *And like Limander,* &c.] Limander and Helen, are ſpoken by the blundering player, for Leander and Hero. Shafalus and Procrus, for Cephalus and Procris. JOHNSON.

[8] *I kiſs the wall's hole, not your lips at all.*] So, Golding's Ovid:

"When night drew nere, they bade adew, and eche gave kiſſes ſweete
"Unto the parget on their ſide, the which did never mete." RITSON.

Pyr. "Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me ſtraightway?[9]"

This. "Tide life, tide death, I come without delay."

Wall. "Thus have I, wall, my part diſcharged ſo;
"And, being done, thus wall away doth go."

[*Exeunt* Wall, Pyramus, *and* Thisbe.

The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are ſo wilful to hear without warning.[1]

Hip. This is the ſillieſt ſtuff that ever I heard.

The. The beſt in this kind are but ſhadows: and the worſt are no worſe, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It muſt be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worſe of them, than they of themſelves, they may paſs for excellent men. Here come two noble beaſts in, a moon and a lion.[2]

[9] *Wilt thou at* Ninny's tomb meet *me ſtraightway?*] So, Golding's Ovid:

"They did agree at *Ninus tomb* to *meete* without the towne." Ritson.

[1] Dem. *No remedy, my lord, when walls are ſo wilful to* hear *without warning.*] This alludes to the proverb, "*Walls* have *ears.*" A *wall* between almoſt any *two neighbours* would ſoon be *down,* were it to exerciſe this faculty without previous *warning.* Farmer.

The old copies read—*moral,* inſtead of *mural.* Mr. Theobald made the correction. Malone.

[2] *Here come two noble beaſts in, a* moon *and a* lion.] The old copies read—a *man,* &c. Steevens.

I don't think the jeſt here is either complete, or right. It is

Enter Lion *and* Moonſhine.

Lion. "You, ladies, you, whoſe gentle hearts do fear
"The ſmalleſt monſtrous mouſe that creeps on floor,
"May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
"When lion rough in wildeſt rage doth roar.

differently pointed in ſeveral of the old copies, which, I ſuſpect, may lead us to the true reading, viz:

Here come two noble beaſts—in a man *and a lion.*

immediately upon Theſeus ſaying this, Enter Lion and Moonſhine. It ſeems very probable, therefore, that our author wrote:

——*in a* moon *and a lion.*

the one having a creſcent and a lanthorn before him, and repreſenting the *man* in the *moon*; the other in a lion's hide.

THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald reads—a *moon* and a lion, and the emendation was adopted by the ſubſequent editors; but, I think, without neceſſity. The conceit is furniſhed by the perſon who repreſents the lion, and enters covered with the hide of that beaſt; and Theſeus only means to ſay, that the *man* who repreſented the moon, and came in at the ſame time, with a lantern in his hand, and a buſh of thorns at his back, was as much a beaſt as he who performed the part of the lion. MALONE.

Here come two noble beaſts in, a moon, *and a* lion. I cannot help ſuppoſing that we ſhould have it, a *moon-calf*. The old copies read—a *man*; poſſibly *man* was the marginal interpretation of *moon-calf*; and, being more intelligible, got into the text.

The *man in the moon* was no new character on the ſtage, and is here introduced in ridicule of ſuch exhibitions. Ben Jonſon in one of his maſques, call'd *News from the New World in the Moon*, makes his *Factor* doubt of the perſon who brings the intelligence: "I muſt ſee his dog at his girdle, and the buſh of thorns at his back, ere I believe it."—"Thoſe, replies one of the heralds, are *ſtale enſigns o' the ſtage.*" FARMER.

" Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am
" A lion fell, nor elſe no lion's dam :[3]
" For if I ſhould as lion come in ſtrife
" Into this place, 'twere pity on my life."

The. A very gentle beaſt, and of a good conſcience.

Dem. The very beſt at a beaſt, my lord, that e'er I ſaw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a gooſe for his diſcretion.

Dem. Not ſo, my lord: for his valour cannot carry his diſcretion; and the fox carries the gooſe.

The. His diſcretion, I am ſure, cannot carry his valour; for the gooſe carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his diſcretion, and let us liſten to the moon.

Moon. " This lantern doth the horned moon preſent :"

Dem. He ſhould have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no creſcent, and his horns are inviſible within the circumference.

Moon. " This lantern doth the horned moon preſent;
" Myſelf the man i'th'moon do ſeem to be."

[3] *Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am*
A lion fell, nor *elſe no lion's dam :*] That is, that I am Snug the joiner; and neither a lion, nor a lion's dam. Dr. Johnſon has juſtly obſerved in a note on *All's well that ends well,* that *nor* in the phraſeology of our author's time often related to two members of a ſentence, though only expreſſed in the latter. So in the play juſt mentioned:

" —— contempt *nor* bitterneſs
" Were in his pride or ſharpneſs."

The reading of the text is that of the folio. The quartos read —that I *as* Snug the joiner, &c. Malone.

The. This is the greateſt error of all the reſt: the man ſhould be put into the lantern: How is it elſe the man i'the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle: for, you ſee, it is already in ſnuff.[4]

Hip. I am aweary of this moon: Would, he would change!

The. It appears, by his ſmall light of diſcretion, that he is in the wane: but yet, in courteſy, in all reaſon, we muſt ſtay the time.

Lys. Proceed, moon.

Moon. All that I have to ſay, is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-buſh, my thorn-buſh; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all theſe ſhould be in the lantern; for they are in the moon. But, ſilence; here comes Thiſbe.

Enter THISBE.

This. "This is old Ninny's tomb: Where is my love?"

Lion. "Oh—."

[*The* Lion *roars.*—THISBE *runs off.*

[4] —— *in* ſnuff.] An equivocation. *Snuff* ſignifies both the cinder of a candle, and haſty anger. JOHNSON.

So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

"You'll mar the light, by taking it *in ſnuff*."

STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Atheiſt's Tragedy*, 1611:

"Do you take *that in ſnuff*, ſir?"

See alſo, note on *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act V. ſc. ii. and *Firſt Part of King Henry IV.* Act I. ſc. iii: REED.

Dem. Well roared, lion.

The. Well run, Thiſbe.

Hip. Well ſhone, moon.—Truly, the moon ſhines with a good grace.

The. Well mouſed, lion.[5]

[*The* Lion *tears* Thisbe's *mantle, and exit.*

Dem. And ſo comes Pyramus.

Lys. And then the moon vaniſhes.[6]

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. "Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy ſunny beams;
"I thank thee, moon for ſhining now ſo bright:
"For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering ſtreams,[7]
"I truſt to taſte of trueſt Thiſby's ſight.

[5] *Well mouſed, lion.*] So, in an ancient bl. l. ballad on this ſtory, intitled, *The Conſtancy of true Love*: &c.

"And having *muſled* thus the ſame,
"Thither he went whence firſt he came."

Theſeus means that the lion has well tumbled and bloodied the veil of Thiſbe. Steevens.

I believe this ſhould be "Well *mouthed* lion," alluding either to his roaring, or to his tearing with his mouth the mantle of Thiſbe:

"Which lion vile with bloody *mouth* did ſtain."

M. Mason.

Well mouſed *lion!*] To *mouſe* ſignified to mammock, to tear in pieces, as a cat tears a mouſe. Malone.

[6] Dem. *And* ſo comes *Pyramus.*
Lyſ. *And* then *the* moon vaniſhes.] The old copies read:

"*Dem.* And *then came* Pyramus."
"*Lyſ.* And ſo the *lion* vaniſhed."

It were needleſs to ſay any thing in defence of Dr. Farmer's emendation. The reader indeed may aſk why this glaring corruption was ſuffered to remain ſo long in the text. Steevens.

[7] —— *glittering ſtreams,*] The old copies read—*beams.* Steevens.

" But ſtay ;—O ſpite !
" But mark ;—Poor knight,
" What dreadful dole is here ?
" Eyes, do you ſee ?
" How can it be ?
" O dainty duck ! O dear !
" Thy mantle good,
" What, ſtain'd with blood ?
" Approach, ye furies fell ![8]
" O fates ! come, come ;
" Cut thread and thrum ;[9]
" Quail, cruſh, conclude, and quell ![1]"

The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[8] *Approach, ye furies fell !*] Somewhat like this our poet might poſſibly have recollected in " A lytell Treatyſe cleped *La Conuſaunce d'Amours.* Printed by Richard Pynſon," no date :

" O ye mooſt cruell and rabbyſhe lions fell,
" Come nowe and teare the corps of Pyramus !
" Ye ſauage beeſtes that in theſe rockes dwell,
" If blode to you be ſo delicious,
" Come and gnawe my wretched body dolorous !
" And on the kerchef with face pale and tryſt,
" He loked ofte, and it right ſwetely kiſt." STEEVENS.

Approach, ye furies fell !
O fates ! come, come, &c.] The poet here, and in the following lines ſpoken by Thiſbe—

" O ſiſters three,
" Come, come to me,
" With hands as pale as milk—"

probably intended to ridicule a paſſage in *Damon and Pythias,* by Richard Edwards, 1582 :

" Ye *furies,* all at once
" On me your torments trie :—
" Gripe me, you greedy greefs,
" And preſent pangues of death,
" *You ſiſters three, with cruel handes*
" *With ſpeed come ſtop my breath !*" MALONE.

[9] —— *cut thread and* thrum ;] *Thrum* is the end or extremity of a weaver's warp ; it is popularly uſed for very coarſe yarn. The maids now call a mop of yarn a *thrum mop.* WARNER.

The. This paſſion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look ſad.

Hip. Beſhrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. "O, wherefore, nature, didſt thou lions frame?
"Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear:
"Which is—no, no—which was the faireſt dame,
"That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.[2]
"Come, tears, confound;[3]
"Out, ſword, and wound
"The pap of Pyramus:
"Ay, that left pap,
"Where heart doth hop:[4]—
"Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

So, in *Hannibal and Scipio*, 1637:

"——no rough pelt of *thrums*,
"To fight with weather."

Again, in Chapman's tranſlation of the 16th *Iliad*:

"And tapeſtries all golden fring'd, and curl'd with *thrumbs* behind."

So, in Howell's *Letter to Sir Paul Neale, Knt.* "Tranſlations are like the wrong ſide of a Turkey carpet, which uſeth to be full of *thrums* and knots, and nothing ſo even as the right ſide."

The thought is borrowed from *Don Quixote*. Steevens.

[1] ——*and* quell!] To *quell* is to murther, to deſtroy. So, in the 12th pageant of the *Luſus Coventriæ*, commonly called the *Corpus Chriſti Play*. MS. Cott. Veſp. D. viii:

"That he the lawe may here do,
"With ſtonys her to *quell*." Steevens.

[2] ——*cheer.*] i e. countenance. So, in Chaucer's *Clerke's Tale*, Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 8117:

"——paſſing any wight
"Of ſo yong age, as wel in *chere* as dede." Steevens.

[3] *Come, tears,* confound;] Thus, in Golding's Ovid:

"——one night (he ſayd) ſhall louers two *confounde*." Ritson.

[4] *Ay, that left* pap,
Where heart doth hop:] Leſt our author ſhould ſeem charge-

" Now am I dead,
" Now am I fled;
" My ſoul is in the ſky:
" Tongue, loſe thy light!
" Moon, take thy flight!
" Now die, die, die, die, die.
[*Dies.—Exit* Moonſhine.

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Leſs than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a ſurgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an aſs.[5]

Hip. How chance moonſhine is gone, before Thiſbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by ſtar-light.—Here ſhe comes; and her paſſion ends the play.

Enter Thisbe.

Hip. Methinks, ſhe ſhould not uſe a long one, for ſuch a Pyramus: I hope, ſhe will be brief.

able with an inefficient rhyme, it ought to be remembered that the broad pronunciation, now almoſt peculiar to the Scotch, was anciently current in England. Throughout the old copies of Shakſpeare's plays, " tattered" is always ſpelt " tottered;" *Pap* therefore was ſounded, *Pop*. The context reminds us of a paſſage in the ſeventh Satire of *Juvenal:*

" —— *læva* in parte *mamillæ*
" Nil *ſalit*—." Steevens.

[5] —— *and prove an aſs.*] The character of Theſeus throughout this play is more exalted in its humanity, than its greatneſs. Though ſome ſenſible obſervations on life, and animated deſcriptions fall from him, as it is ſaid of Iago, *you ſhall taſte him more as a ſoldier than as a wit,* which is a diſtinction he is here ſtriving to deſerve, though with little ſucceſs; as in ſupport of his pretenſions he never riſes higher than a *pun,* and frequently ſinks as low as a *quibble.* Steevens.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance,[6] which Pyramus, which Thiſbe, is the better.[7]

Lys. She hath ſpied him already with thoſe ſweet eyes.

Dem. And thus ſhe moans,[8] *videlicet.*——

This. "Aſleep, my love?
"What, dead, my dove?
"O Pyramus, ariſe,
"Speak, ſpeak. Quite dumb?
"Dead, dead? A tomb
"Muſt cover thy ſweet eyes.

[6] *A* mote *will turn the balance,*] The old copies have—*moth*; but Mr. Malone very juſtly obſerves that *moth* was merely the ancient mode of ſpelling *mote.* So, in *King Henry V:* "Waſh every *moth* (i. e. *mote*) out of his conſcience." Steevens.

[7] The firſt quarto makes this ſpeech a little longer, but not better. Johnson.

The paſſage omitted is,—"He for a man, God warned us; ſhe for a woman, God bleſs us." Steevens.

[8] *And thus ſhe* moans,] The old copies concur in reading—*means*; which Mr. Theobald changed into—moans; and the next ſpeech of Thiſbe appears to countenance his alteration:

"Lovers, make *moan.*" Steevens.

Mr. Theobald alters *means* to *moans:* but *means* had anciently the ſame ſignification. Mr. Pinkerton (under the name of Robert Heron, Eſq.) obſerves that it is a common term in the Scotch law, ſignifying to *tell,* to *relate,* to *declare*; and the petitions to the lords of ſeſſion in Scotland, run: "To the lords of council and ſeſſion humbly *means* and ſhows your petitioner." Here, however, it evidently ſignifies *complains.* Bills in Chancery begin in a ſimilar manner: "Humbly *complaining* ſheweth unto your lordſhip," &c. The word occurs in an ancient manuſcript in my own poſſeſſion:

"This ender day wen me was wo,
"Under a bugh ther I lay,
"Naght gale to *mene* me to."

So again, in a very ancient Scottiſh ſong:

"I hard ane may ſair mwrne and *meyne.*" Ritson.

" Theſe lily brows,
" This cherry noſe,[9]
" Theſe yellow cowſlip cheeks,
" Are gone, are gone:
" Lovers, make moan!
" His eyes were green as leeks.[1]

Thus alſo, in the *Cronykil of A. Wyntown*, B. VIII. ch. xxxvi. v. 87;

" Bot playnt; ná duie, ná yhit *mening*
" Mycht helpe noucht—;"

See alſo, v. 110. STEEVENS.

[9] *Theſe lily* brows,
This cherry noſe,] The old copy reads:
" Theſe lily *lips*," &c. STEEVENS.

All Thiſbe's lamentation, till now, runs in regular rhyme and metre. But both, by ſome accident, are in this ſingle inſtance interrupted. I ſuſpect the poet wrote:

Theſe lily brows,
This cherry noſe.

Now *black* brows being a beauty, *lily* brows are as ridiculous as a *cherry* noſe, *green* eyes, or *cowſlip* cheeks. THEOBALD.

Theobald's emendation is ſupported by the following paſſage in *As you like it:*

" 'Tis not your *inky brows*, your black ſilk hair—."

And by another, in *The Winter's Tale:*

" ——— not for becauſe
" Your brows are blacker, yet *black brows* they ſay
" Become ſome women beſt." RITSON.

Lily lips are changed to *lily brows* for the ſake of the rhyme, but this cannot be right: Thiſbe has before celebrated her Pyramus, as—

" Lilly-white of hue."

It ſhould be:

" Theſe lips lilly,
" This noſe cherry."

This mode of poſition adds not a little to the burleſque of the paſſage. FARMER.

We meet with ſomewhat like this paſſage in George Peele's *Old Wives Tale*, 1595:

" Her corall lippes, her *crimſon chinne*.—Thou art a flouting knave. Her corall lippes her *crimſon chinne!*" STEEVENS.

" O ſiſters three,
" Come, come, to me,
" With hands as pale as milk;
" Lay them in gore,
" Since you have ſhore
" With ſhears his thread of ſilk.
" Tongue, not a word:—
" Come, truſty ſword;
" Come, blade, my breaſt imbrue:
" And farewell, friends;—
" Thus Thiſbe ends:
" Adieu, adieu, adieu." [*Dies.*

The. Moonſhine and lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and wall too.

Bot. No, I aſſure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it pleaſe you to ſee the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomaſk dance,[2] between two of our company?[3]

[1] *His eyes were* green *as leeks.*] Thus alſo the nurſe in *Romeo and Juliet*, ſpeaking of Paris, ſays:

" —— an eagle, madam,
" Hath not ſo *green*, ſo quick, ſo fair an eye."

See note on this paſſage. Steevens.

[2] —— *a Bergomaſk dance,*] Sir Thomas Hanmer obſerves in his *Gloſſary*, that this is a dance after the manner of the peaſants of *Bergomaſco*, a country in Italy, belonging to the Venetians. All the buffoons in Italy affect to imitate the ridiculous jargon of that people; and from thence it became alſo a cuſtom to imitate their manner of dancing. Steevens.

[3] —— *our company?*] At the concluſion of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Beggar's Buſh*, there ſeems to be a ſneer at this character of *Bottom*; but I do not very clearly perceive its drift. The beggars have reſolved to embark for England, and exerciſe their profeſſion there. One of them adds:

" —— we have a courſe;—
" The ſpirit of *Bottom*, is grown bottomleſs."

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuſe. Never excuſe; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had play'd Pyramus, and hanged himſelf in Thiſbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and ſo it is, truly; and very notably diſcharged. But come, your Bergomaſk: let your epilogue alone.

[*Here a dance of* Clowns.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almoſt fairy time.
I fear we ſhall out-ſleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable-groſs play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gait[4] of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—
A fortnight hold we this ſolemnity,
In nightly revels, and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

This may mean, that either the publick grew indifferent to bad actors, to plays in general, or to characters, the humour of which conſiſted in blunders. Steevens.

[4] —— heavy *gait*—] i. e. *ſlow paſſage, progreſs*. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*: "You muſt ſend the aſs upon the horſe, for he is ſlow-*gaited*." In another play we have—"*heavy-gaited* toads." Steevens.

SCENE II.

Enter PUCK.

PUCK. Now the hungry lion roars,[5]
And the wolf behowls the moon;[6]
Whilſt the heavy ploughman ſnores,
All with weary taſk fordone.[7]

[5] *Now the hungry lion roars,* &c.] It has been juſtly obſerved by an anonymous writer, that "among this aſſemblage of familiar circumſtances attending midnight, either in England or its neighbouring kingdoms, Shakſpeare would never have thought of intermixing the exotick idea of the *hungry lion roaring,* which can be heard no nearer than in the deſerts of Africa, if he had not read in the 104th *Pſalm:* "Thou makeſt darkneſs that it may be *night,* wherein all the beaſts of the foreſt do move; the *lions roaring* after their prey, do ſeek their meat from God." MALONE.

Shakſpeare might have found the *midnight roar of the Lion* aſſociated with the *howl of the Wolf,* in Phaer's tranſlation of the following lines in the ſeventh *Æneid:*

" Hinc exaudiri gemitus iræque *leonum*
" Vincla recuſantum, et *ſera ſub nocte rudentum;*
" —— ac formæ magnorum *ululare luporum.*

I do not, however, perceive the juſtneſs of the foregoing anonymous writer's obſervation. Puck, who could "encircle the earth in forty minutes," like his fairy miſtreſs, might have ſnuffed "the ſpiced Indian air;" and conſequently an image, foreign to Europeans, might have been obvious to him. He therefore was at liberty to—

" Talk as familiarly of *roaring lions,*
" As maids of fifteen do of puppy-dogs."

Our poet, however, inattentive to little proprieties, has ſometimes introduced his wild beaſts in regions where they are never found. Thus in *Arden,* a foreſt in French Flanders, we hear of a *lioneſs,* and a *bear* deſtroys Antigonus in *Bohemia.* STEEVENS.

[6] *And the wolf* behowls *the moon;*] In the old copies: "And the wolf *beholds* the moon." As 'tis the deſign of theſe lines to characterize the animals, as they preſent themſelves at the hour of midnight; and as the wolf is not juſtly characterized by ſaying he *beholds* the moon, which other beaſts of prey, then awake,

Now the waſted brands do glow,
Whilſt the ſcritch-owl, ſcritching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a ſhroud.

do: and as the ſounds theſe animals make at that ſeaſon, ſeem alſo intended to be repreſented, I make no queſtion but the poet wrote:

"And the wolf *behowls* the moon."

For ſo the wolf is exactly characterized, it being his peculiar property to *howl at the moon.* (*Behowl*, as *bemoan*, *beſeem*, and an hundred others.) WARBURTON.

So, in Marſton's *Antonio and Mellida*, where the whole paſſage ſeems to be copied from this of our author:

"Now *barks* the *wolfe* againſt the full cheek'd *moon*,
"Now lyons half-clam'd entrals *roar for food*,
"Now croaks the toad, and night-crows *ſcreech aloud*,
"Flutt'ring 'bout caſements of departing ſouls;
"Now *gape* the *graves*, and thro' their yawns let looſe
"Impriſon'd ſpirits to reviſit earth." THEOBALD.

The alteration is better than the original reading; but perhaps the author meant only to ſay, that the wolf *gazes* at the moon. JOHNSON.

I think, "Now the wolf *behowls* the *moon*," was the original text. The alluſion is frequently met with in the works of our author and his contemporaries. "'Tis like the *howling* of Iriſh wolves againſt the *moon*," ſays he, in his *As you like it*; and Maſſinger, in his *New Way to pay old Debts*, makes an uſurer feel only—

"——as the *moon* is mov'd
"When wolves with hunger pin'd, *howl* at her brightneſs." FARMER.

The word *beholds* was in the time of Shakſpeare frequently written *behoulds*, (as, I ſuppoſe, it was then pronounced,) which probably occaſioned the miſtake.

It is obſervable, that in the paſſage of Lodge's *Roſalynda*, 1592, which Shakſpeare ſeems to have had in his thoughts, when he wrote, in *As you like it*:—"*'Tis like the* howling *of Iriſh* wolves *againſt* the moon:"—the expreſſion is found, that Marſton has uſed inſtead of *behowls*. "In courting Phebe, thou *barkeſt* with the wolves of Syria againſt the moon."

Theſe lines alſo in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. I. c. v. ſt. 30. which Shakſpeare might have remembered, add ſupport to the emendation now made:

Now it is the time of night,[8]
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his ſprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecat's team,
From the preſence of the ſun,
Following darkneſs like a dream,
Now are frolick; not a mouſe
Shall diſturb this hallow'd houſe:
I am ſent, with broom, before,
To ſweep the duſt behind the door.[9]

" And all the while ſhe [*Night*] ſtood upon the ground,
" The wakeful dogs did never ceaſe to bay;—
" The meſſenger of death, the ghaſtly owle,
" With drery ſhrieks did alſo her bewray;
" And hungry *wolves* continually did *howle*
" At her abhorred face, ſo filthy and ſo fowle."

MALONE.

[7] ——*fordone.*] i. e. overcome. So Spenſer, *Fairy Queen*, B. I. c. x. ſt. 33:

" And many ſouls in dolour had *foredone.*"

Again, in Jarvis Markham's *Engliſh Arcadia*, 1607:

" —fore-wearied with ſtriving, and *fore-done* with the tyrannous rage of her enemy."

Again, in the ancient metrical romance of *Sir Bevis of Hampton*, bl. l. no date:

" But by the other day at none,
" Theſe two dragons were *foredone.*" STEEVENS.

[8] *Now it is the time of night*, &c.] So, in *Hamlet*:

" 'Tis *now* the very witching *time of night*,
" When *churchyards* yawn—." STEEVENS.

[9] *I am ſent, with broom, before,*
To ſweep the duſt behind the door.] Cleanlineſs is always neceſſary to invite the reſidence and the favour of the fairies:

" Theſe make our girls their ſlutt'ry rue,
" By pinching them both black and blue,
" And put a penny in their ſhoe
" The houſe for cleanly ſweeping." *Drayton.*

JOHNSON.

Enter OBERON *and* TITANIA, *with their Train.*

OBE. Through this houſe give glimmering light,[1]
By the dead and drowſy fire:
Every elf, and fairy ſprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;[2]
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

TITA. Firſt, rehearſe this ſong by rote:
To each word a warbling note,
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we ſing, and bleſs this place.

To ſweep the duſt behind the door, is a common expreſſion, and a common practice in large old houſes; where the doors of halls and galleries are thrown backward, and ſeldom or ever ſhut. FARMER.

[1] *Through this houſe give glimmering light,*] Milton perhaps had this picture in his thought:

" And glowing embers through the room
" Teach light to counterfeit a gloom." *Il Penſeroſo.*

So, Drayton:

" Hence ſhadows, ſeeming idle ſhapes
" Of little friſking elves and apes,
" To earth do make their wanton 'ſcapes,
" As hope of paſtime haſtes them."

I think it ſhould be read:

" Through this houſe *in* glimmering light." JOHNSON.

[2] —— *as light as bird from brier;*] This compariſon is a very ancient one, being found in one of the poems of Lawrence Minot, p. 31:

" That are was *blith als brid on brere.*" STEEVENS.

SONG, AND DANCE.

Obe. Now, until the break of day,[3]
Through this houſe each fairy ſtray.
To the beſt bride-bed will we,
Which by us ſhall bleſſed be;[4]
And the iſſue, there create,
Ever ſhall be fortunate.
So ſhall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be:

[3] *Now, until* &c.] This ſpeech, which both the old quartos give to Oberon, is in the edition of 1623, and in all the following, printed as the ſong. I have reſtored it to Oberon, as it apparently contains not the bleſſing which he intends to beſtow on the bed, but his declaration that he will bleſs it, and his orders to the fairies how to perform the neceſſary rites. But where then is the ſong?—I am afraid it is gone after many other things of greater value. The truth is that two ſongs are loſt. The ſeries of the ſcene is this; after the ſpeech of Puck, Oberon enters, and calls his fairies to a ſong, which ſong is apparently wanting in all the copies. Next Titania leads another ſong, which is indeed loſt like the former, though the editors have endeavoured to find it. Then Oberon diſmiſſes his fairies to the deſpatch of the ceremonies.

The ſongs, I ſuppoſe were loſt, becauſe they were not inſerted in the players' parts, from which the drama was printed.

JOHNSON.

[4] *To the beſt* bride-bed *will we,*
Which by us ſhall bleſſed be;] So, in Chaucer's *Marchantes Tale,* Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 9693:

"And whan the *bed* was with the preeſt *ybleſſed*—."

We learn alſo from "Articles ordained by *King Henry VII.* for the Regulation of his Houſehold," that this ceremony was obſerved at the marriage of a Princeſs. "—All men at her comming in to bee voided, except woemen, till ſhee bee brought to her *bedd*; and the man both; he ſittinge in his bedd in his ſhirte, with a gowne caſt about him. Then the Biſhoppe, with the Chaplaines, to come in, and *bleſſe the bedd:* then everie man to avoide without any drinke, ſave the twoe eſtates, if they liſte, priviely." p. 129. STEEVENS.

And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their iſſue ſtand;
Never mole, hare-lip,[5] nor ſcar,
Nor mark prodigious,[6] ſuch as are
Deſpiſed in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.—
With this field-dew conſecrate,
Every fairy take his gait;[7]
And each ſeveral chamber bleſs,[8]
Through this palace with ſweet peace:

[5] —— hare-lip,] This defect in children ſeems to have been ſo much dreaded, that numerous were the charms applied for its prevention. The following might be as efficacious as any of the reſt. "If a woman with chylde have her ſmocke ſlyt at the neather ende or ſkyrt thereof, &c. the ſame chylde that ſhe then goeth withall, ſhall be ſafe from having a cloven or *hare lippe*." Thomas Lupton's *Fourth Book of Notable Thinges*, 4to. bl. l. STEEVENS.

[6] *Nor mark* prodigious,] *Prodigious* has here its primitive ſignification of *portentous*. So, in *King Richard III*:

"If ever he have child, abortive be it,
"*Prodigious*, and untimely brought to light." STEEVENS.

[7] —— *take his* gait;] i. e. take his *way*, or direct his *ſteps*. So, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. I. c. viii:

"And guide his weary *gate* both to and fro."

Again, in a Scottiſh Proverb:

"A man may ſpeer the *gate* to Rome."

Again, in *The Mercer's Play*, among the Cheſter collection of *Whitſun Myſteries*, p. —:

"Therefore goe not through his cuntrey,
"Nor the *gate* you came to day."

Again, and more appoſitely, in one of the poems of Lawrence Minot, p. 50:

"*Take thi gate* unto Gines,
"And grete tham wele thare;—" STEEVENS.

By *gate*, I believe, is meant, the door of each chamber. M. MASON.

Gait, for a *path* or road, is commonly uſed at preſent in the northern counties. HARRIS.

[8] *Every fairy take his gait;*
And each ſeveral chamber bleſs, &c.] The ſame ſuperſtitious

E'er ſhall it in ſafety reſt,
And the owner of it bleſt.
Trip away;
Make no ſtay;
Meet me all by break of day.
[*Exeunt* OBERON, TITANIA, *and Train.*

PUCK. *If we ſhadows have offended,*
Think but this, (*and all is mended,*)
That you have but ſlumber'd here,
While theſe viſions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend;
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I'm an honeſt Puck,[9]
If we have unearned luck[1]
Now to 'ſcape the ſerpent's tongue,[2]
We will make amends, ere long:

kind of benediction occurs in Chaucer's *Miller's Tale,* v. 3479, Tyrwhitt's edition:

" I crouche thee from elves, and from wightes.
" Therwith the nightſpel ſaid he anon rightes
" On foure halves of the hous aboute,
" And on the threſwold of the dore withoute.
" Jeſu Criſt, and Seint Benedight,
" Bliſſe this hous from every wicked wight,
" Fro the nightes mare, the wite Paternoſter," &c.
STEEVENS.

[9] —— *an* honeſt *Puck,*] See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, &c. Act II. ſc. i. on the words—" *ſweet* Puck." STEEVENS.

[1] —— *unearned luck*—] i. e. if we have better fortune than we have deſerved. STEEVENS.

[2] *Now to 'ſcape the ſerpent's tongue,*] That is, if we be diſmiſſed without hiſſes. JOHNSON.

So, in J. Markham's *Engliſh Arcadia,* 1607:

" But the nymph, after the cuſtom of diſtreſt tragedians, whoſe firſt act is entertained with a *ſnaky ſalutation,*" &c.
STEEVENS.

Elſe the Puck a liar call.
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands,[3] *if we be friends,*
And Robin ſhall reſtore amends.

[Exit.[4]

[3] *Give me your hands,*] That is, Clap your hands. Give us your applauſe. JOHNSON.

[4] Wild and fantaſtical as this play is, all the parts in their various modes are well written, and give the kind of pleaſure which the author deſigned. Fairies in his time were much in faſhion; common tradition had made them familiar, and Spenſer's poem had made them great. JOHNSON.

Johnſon's concluding obſervation on this play, is not conceived with his uſual judgment. There is no analogy or reſemblance whatever between the Fairies of Spenſer, and thoſe of Shakſpeare. The Fairies of Spenſer, as appears from his deſcription of them in the ſecond book of the Fairy Queen, canto x. were a race of mortals created by Prometheus, of the human ſize, ſhape, and affections, and ſubject to death. But thoſe of Shakſpeare, and of common tradition, as Johnſon calls them, were a diminutive race of ſportful beings, endowed with immortality and ſupernatural power, totally different from thoſe of Spenſer. M. MASON.

See pp. 369, 370, 371.

And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back, &c. &c. &c.] Dr. Warburton, whoſe ingenuity and acuteneſs have been long admired, is now, I believe, pretty generally thought to have ſometimes ſeen not only what no other perſon would ever have been able to diſcover, but what, in reality, unleſs in his own playful imagination, did not exiſt. Criticiſm is a taliſman, which has, on more than one occaſion, diſpelled the illuſion, of this mighty magician. I ſhall not diſpute, that, by the *fair veſtal,* Shakſpeare intended a compliment to Queen Elizabeth, who, I am willing to believe, at the age of ſixty-eight, was no leſs *chaſte* than *beautiful*; but whether any other part of Oberon's ſpeech have an allegorical meaning or not, I preſume, in direct oppoſition to Dr. Warburton, to contend that it agrees with any other

rather than with Mary Queen of Scots. The "mixture of ſatire and panegyrick" I ſhall examine anon: I only wiſh to know, for the preſent, why it would have been "inconvenient for the author to ſpeak openly" in "diſpraiſe" of the Scotiſh Queen. If he meant to pleaſe "the imperial votreſs," no incenſe could have been half ſo grateful as the blackeſt calumny. But, it ſeems, "her ſucceſſor would not forgive her ſatiriſt." Who then was her "ſucceſſor" when this play was written? Mary's ſon, James? I am perſuaded that, had Dr. Warburton been better read in the hiſtory of thoſe times, he would not have found this monarch's ſucceſſion quite ſo certain, at that period, as to have prevented Shakſpeare, who was by no means the refined ſpeculatiſt he would induce one to ſuppoſe, from gratifying the "fair veſtal" with ſentiments ſo agreeable to her. However, if "the poet has ſo well marked out every diſtinguiſhing circumſtance of her life and character, in this beautiful allegory, as will leave no room to doubt about his ſecret meaning," there is an end of all controverſy. For, though the ſatire would be cowardly, falſe, and infamous, yet, ſince it was couched under an allegory, which, while perſpicuous as glaſs to Elizabeth, would have become opake as a mill-ſtone to her ſucceſſor, Shakſpeare, lying as ſnug as his own Ariel in a cowſlip's bell, would have had no reaſon to apprehend any ill conſequences from it. Now, though our ſpeculative bard might not be able to foreſee the ſagacity of the Scotiſh king in ſmelling out a plot, as I believe it was ſome years after that he gave any proof of his excellence that way, he could not but have heard of his being an admirable witch-finder; and, ſurely, the ſkill requiſite to detect a witch muſt be ſufficient to develope an allegory; ſo that I muſt needs queſtion the propriety of the compliment here paid to the poet's prudence. Queen Mary "is called a *Mermaid*, 1. to denote her reign over a kingdom ſituate in the ſea." In that reſpect at leaſt Elizabeth was as much a mermaid as herſelf. "And 2. her beauty and intemperate luſt; for as Elizabeth for her chaſtity is called a Veſtal, this unfortunate lady, on a contrary account, is called a *mermaid*." All this is as falſe as it is fooliſh: The mermaid was never the emblem of luſt; nor was the "gentle Shakſpeare" of a character or diſpoſition to have inſulted the memory of a murdered princeſs by ſo infamous a charge. The moſt abandoned libeler, even Buchanan himſelf, never accuſed her of "intemperate luſt;" and it is pretty well underſtood at preſent that, if either of theſe ladies were remarkable for her purity, it was *not* Queen Elizabeth. "3. An ancient ſtory may be ſuppoſed to be here alluded to: the Emperor Julian tells us that the *Sirens* (which with all the modern poets are *mermaids*) contended for precedency with the Muſes, who overcoming

them took away their wings." Can any thing be more ridiculous? *Mermaids* are half women and half *fiſhes:* where then are their wings? or what poſſible uſe could they make of them if they had any? The *Sirens* which Julian ſpeaks of were partly women and partly *birds:* ſo that "the polluſion," as good-man Dull hath it, by no means "holds in the exchange." "The quarrels between Mary and Elizabeth had the ſame cauſe and the ſame iſſue." That is, they contended for precedency, and Elizabeth overcoming took away the others *wings*. The ſecret of their conteſt for precedency ſhould ſeem to have been confined to Dr. Warburton: It would be in vain to enquire after it in the hiſtory of the time. The Queen of Scots, indeed, flew for refuge to her treacherous rival, (who is here again the mermaid of the allegory, alluring to deſtruction, by her ſongs or fair ſpeeches,) and wearing, it ſhould ſeem, like a cherubim, her wings on her neck, Elizabeth, who was determined ſhe ſhould fly no more, in her eagerneſs to tear them away, happened inadvertently to take off her head. The ſituation of the poet's mermaid, *on a dolphin's back*, "evidently marks out that diſtinguiſhing circumſtance in Mary's fortune, her marriage with the dauphin of France." A mermaid would ſeem to have but a ſtrangely aukward ſeat on the back of a dolphin; but that, to be ſure, is the poet's affair, and not the commentators: the latter, however, is certainly anſwerable for placing a Queen on the back of her huſband: a very extraordinary ſituation one would think, for a married lady; and of which I only recollect a ſingle inſtance, in the common print of "a poor man loaded with miſchief." Mermaids are ſuppoſed to ſing, but their *dulcet and harmonious breath* muſt in this inſtance to ſuit the allegory, allude to "thoſe great abilities of genius and learning," which rendered Queen Mary "the moſt accompliſhed princeſs of her age." This compliment could not fail of being highly agreeable to the "fair Veſtal." "By the rude ſea is meant Scotland *incircled with the ocean*, which roſe up in arms againſt the regent, while ſhe [Mary] was in France. But her return home quieted theſe diſorders: and had not her ſtrange ill conduct afterwards more violently inflamed them, ſhe might have paſſed her whole life in peace." Dr. Warburton whoſe ſkill in geography, ſeems to match his knowledge of hiſtory and acuteneſs in allegory, muſt be allowed the ſole merit of diſcovering Scotland to be an *iſland*. But, as to the diſorders of that country being quieted by the Queen's return, it appears from hiſtory to be full as peaceable before as it is at any time after that event. Whether, in the revival or continuance of theſe diſorders, ſhe, or her ideot huſband, or fanatical ſubjects were moſt to blame, is a point upon which doctors ſtill differ;

but, it is evident, that, if the enchanting ſong of the commentator's mermaid civilized the rude ſea for a time, it was only to render it, in an inſtant, more boiſterous than ever: thoſe great abilities of genius and learning, which rendered her the moſt accompliſhed princeſs of her age, not availing her among a parcel of ferocious and enthuſiaſtic barbarians, whom even the lyre of Orpheus had in vain warbled to humanize. Brantome, who accompanied her, ſays ſhe was welcomed home by a mob of five or ſix hundred ragamuffins, who, in diſcord with the moſt execrable inſtruments, ſung *pſalms* (which ſhe was ſuppoſed to diſlike) under her chamber window: *He!* adds he, *quelle muſique & quelle repos pour ſa nuit!*" However, it ſeems "there is great juſtneſs and beauty in this image, as the vulgar opinion is, that the mermaid always ſings in ſtorms." "The vulgar opinion," I am perſuaded, is peculiar to the ingenious commentator; as, if the mermaid is ever ſuppoſed to ſing, it is in *calms*, which preſage ſtorms. I can perceive no propriety in calling the inſurrection of the Northern earls the quarrel of Queen Mary, unleſs in ſo far as it was that of the religion ſhe profeſſed. But this perhaps is the leaſt objectionable part of a chimerical allegory of which the poet himſelf had no idea, and which the commentator, to whoſe creative fancy it owes its exiſtence, ſeems to have very juſtly characterized, in telling us it is "out of nature;" that is, as I conceive, perfectly groundleſs and unnatural. RITSON.

END OF VOL. IV.

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